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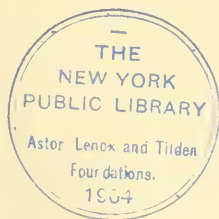
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TOMLINSON FORT, SR.
Taken about 1855.

MEMOIRS

...OF THE...

FORT AND FANNIN FAMILIES

EDITED AND COMPILED

BY

KATE HAYNES FORT



1903

PRESS OF MACGOWAN & COOKE CO.
CHATTANOOGA

H.S.

*IN LOVING MEMORY
OF
MY FATHER AND MOTHER
THIS VOLUME IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.*



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Franklin manuscript 107-

PREFACE.

The memoirs of my mother, Martha Low Fort, were dictated to my sister Fannie, (Mrs. Julius L. Brown) and myself, in the summer of 1881, at Macon, Ga., two years before my mother's death. She was a modest woman, and it was only at our earnest solicitation that she consented to relate these reminiscences.

We felt that the lives of our father and mother and the facts concerning the Fort and Fannin families, united by their marriage, were of such interest and importance to their descendants that they should be preserved. With much reluctance, and frequently interrupted by illness, my mother, then seventy-seven years of age, dictated her memoirs.

She omitted much concerning herself, being disinclined to speak freely of my father's and of her own virtues, nor did she tell all that was known to the family of my father's long, varied and illustrious career. These omissions were due in part to her modesty, and also to a memory less clear than in early life. Therefore, in order to finish these reminiscences, and present the surviving members of the family more complete biographical sketches of our beloved parents, I have supplemented my mother's memoirs with much additional information that I possess. I have also added sketches, stories, and other matter prepared by different members of the family which throw more light on the Fort and Fannin families and especially on the lives of Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort. I believe that I am in better position to do this than any other member of the family, as I was longer and more closely associated with our mother and have made this collection of family history a work of years.

Our family and those who knew them best have always considered the lives of our parents full of ben-

ediction and an example to their posterity, and I thought that this volume might perpetuate the deep veneration in which they are held. My earnest desire is that it may inculcate in the minds of the younger members of our family an emulation of the virtues of their ancestors. It has been with this intention that I have prepared these memoirs and the contents of this volume, and now present them to the descendants of Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort.

I am indebted to several relatives for correct data regarding their families, and to my brothers, sisters, and my nephew, George Fort Milton, for their contributions, aid and encouragement. I regret that I have been unable to obtain an article from Brother Tomlinson, but am under especial obligations to him for valuable assistance and information received.

I have been sustained in this effort at book making by the desire to gratify the wishes of my family, and a conviction, as far as I have been able to learn, of the truth of the statements herein given.

KATE HAYNES FORT.

Chattanooga, Tenn., June 1903.

MEMOIRS OF MARTHA LOW FORT.

MACON, GEORGIA, JANUARY, 1881.

I, Martha Low Fort, am seventy-seven years old, and to gratify a whim of my children have consented to turn story teller and write, for their amusement, all I can remember of my own and my husband's families as well as some of the incidents of my long life. True, I do not hold the pen myself but dictate to my daughters.

I

To begin this little history of the Fort-Fannin families I will commence with Arthur Fort, the father of my husband. Of course I do not know so much of his family as I do of my own.

Arthur Fort came of English parentage. I only know that three brothers, Moses, Arthur and Elias, first settled in North Carolina and afterward scattered to different parts of the country. Dr. Fort's family being descended from one of them. Arthur Fort, father of my husband, was born January 15th, 1750. He was living in Burke County, Georgia, when the Revolutionary war broke out. Before the war he had married a widow, Mrs. Whitehead, formerly Miss Susannah Tomlinson. She came of a Pennsylvania Quaker family, was a very small woman, with dark hair and eyes, she was a gentle, loving mother, her children ever retained a tender memory of her. She died December 13th, 1820. She had one son by her first marriage and eight sons and daughters by her second. Her oldest child Sarah, was born the 14th of August, 1779; Moses, March 17th, 1782; Arthur, April 3rd, 1785; Tomlinson, July 14th, 1787; Elizabeth, December 26th, 1789; Susannah, March 11th, 1792;

Zachariah Cox, February 12th, 1795; Owen Charlton, December 1st, 1798.

Arthur Fort, the father of this family, was a man of strong original mind. His early opportunities were poor, but he was possessed of uncommon intellect and passion for reading and was a leading spirit in the stirring times in which he lived. He was a great patriot, served in Georgia with distinction during the Revolution. When Sir James Wright evacuated Savannah, Georgia, he was put in charge of the Government house. This I heard in a lecture delivered by Mr. Stevens, author of Stevens' History of Georgia, in Milledgeville. Before Georgia was organized as a State, Arthur Fort was one of the men appointed as one of the first Executive Council. The members of this Council were the authors of the Code of Laws for the State, this fact can be verified in the archives of the State. He fought against the Indians with great bravery during the Revolution. On one occasion he was in a fort on the Ogeechee river, when it was surrounded by savages. The garrison was out of provisions and some one had to go for help. Arthur Fort volunteered to go, he stripped off his clothes except pants and shirt, tied a handkerchief around his head, mounted the fleetest horse in the fort. The gate was cautiously opened and he dashed out, through the watching Indians. They were so astounded at his daring that they set up a shout, a few hurried shots were fired at him, but he made good his escape and soon brought relief to the besieged fort. During the war he made a few stolen visits home and was once betrayed by a Tory neighbor, which was the cause of quite a dramatic scene. This neighbor collected a band of Tories and came in to take Arthur Fort a prisoner and kill him. His wife threw herself in front of her husband and one of the soldiers said, "I'll not kill him, little women, for your sake." The Tories

contented themselves with deprivations of all kinds, even cutting the cloth from the loom, a great calamity in those times. Arthur Fort ever after that vowed to kill that neighbor on sight, the war being over, he took his gun and went out to hunt him. The man seeing Arthur Fort coming fell down at his feet, threw up his hands and begged for mercy. Arthur could not kill such a wretch, but went up and kicked him, as if he had been a dog, and left him, his vengeance having been appeased.

After the country became more quiet, he settled on the shores of the Ogeechee river in Warren County, Georgia, where he lived for many years, representing his county in the Legislature and assisting in forming many of the most important laws of Georgia. Most of his children were born at this home. They afterwards moved to Twiggs County, Georgia, where he died on November 16th, 1833. He had two brothers who were soldiers in the Revolution. One of them died of smallpox in Charleston, S. C. during the war. He had also a maiden sister, "old aunt Rhoda," who lived in a little house in his yard. She was quite a shrew, they said, and odd in her dress, tormenting her young nieces by coming before their beaux in sack and petticoat. Her brother always took care of her and she died a few years before he did.

His children married as follows: Sarah, to Appleton Rossetter; Moses, to Eudocia Walton Moore; Arthur, to Mary Newsom; Tomlinson, to Martha Low Fannin; Elizabeth, to Lovett B. Smith; Susannah, first to Robert Jemmison, and second to Samuel Hunter; Zachariah Cox, to Amanda Beckham; Owen Charleton, died unmarried. He was a young physician of promise, he died and is buried in Twiggs County, Georgia, at thirty years of age.

These were all honest and upright men and women, unusually intelligent and devoted to information of

all kinds. They were tall in stature, the men generally being over six feet, the women also were tall and spare, rather plain in appearance and brusque in manner, but they were very sincere. They were generally of a blonde type with light hair and blue eyes. Moses, a lawyer by profession, was perhaps the most showy of the brothers having extraordinary conversational abilities and shining talents. He was made Judge of the Superior Court, but soon retired from active business. Eudocia, his wife, deserves special mention, she outlived her husband many years. She educated and maintained her family and was a jewel among women. I have rarely met her equal for fine sense, extraordinary industry and sterling worth.

Arthur Fort, my husband's father, lived to be very old, he left a stainless name. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for fifty years. He rode on horseback fifty miles to hear the first Methodist preacher who visited this section, it was old Bishop Asbury. He took great interest in the politics of the country, had the papers read to him daily during his many years of blindness. He died of a sudden attack of pneumonia, and my husband, who was sent for to see him, arrived only a few hours before his death. It was during a very exciting election, and the old man roused up to ask news of it. He was told that his candidate, Governor Lumpkin, the democrat, was elected Governor of the State. The dying man bowed his head signifying satisfaction, and in a few moments breathed his last. He died November 16th, 1833.

II

My husband, Dr. Tomlinson Fort, graduated at the Philadelphia Medical College in Pennsylvania and became the most distinguished physician in the State, also a leading figure in politics. He represented his

county twelve years in the legislature and his district in congress two years. The expenses pertaining to his large family compelled him to retire from politics and devote himself to his profession. He served as a captain in the war of 1812, and was severely wounded in a battle with the Indians in Florida. He organized his company, "The Baldwin Volunteers," in Milledgeville, and my uncle Abram Fannin was his first lieutenant. The battle in which Dr. Fort was wounded took place at night, Colonel Williams commanding. The United States soldiers were ambuscaded by the Indians and nearly every man wounded. Colonel Williams was shot seven times, once while in Dr. Fort's arms. There was a rude fort called a blockhouse, built of logs, twelve miles from the fort, situated in a dense swamp. The troops were attacked from both sides of the road and they could only guess the whereabouts of the enemy from the flashes of their guns. Defense was hopeless. Dr. Fort went to each man, touched him on the shoulder and whispered, "Retreat to the Blockhouse." He was suddenly shot in the knee, while still supporting Colonel Williams in his arms. He laid Colonel Williams down in the bushes, whispering to him, "lie quiet or the Indians may find you and scalp you." However they did not find Colonel Williams, he was brought into the blockhouse in the morning and there died. Dr. Fort walked twelve miles that unfortunate night, he was assisted by two of his men who would not desert him. Resting frequently, guiding his way by the stars, he succeeded in reaching the block house at day-break. Afterwards he was ill for weeks. As soon as he was able to travel he went to Darien, and from thence to his father's in Twiggs County, Georgia. He was on crutches for eighteen months.

Uncle Abram Fannin, Dr. Fort's lieutenant, served through the war, rising to the position of Paymaster

General with rank of Major. When I was a child I well remember seeing him when he stopped at my father's home in Putnam County, Georgia. He was on his way from Washington City to Old Fort Hawkins, now a part of the city of Macon, Georgia. He had with him great boxes filled with money with which to pay off the soldiers.

It will not do to close this little sketch of my husband without referring to his great domestic virtues. Absorbed, as was his time, by his extensive practice and numerous outside interests, he was never neglectful of wife and children. He was a great student and able writer. He wrote a valuable work on medicine, published in 1849, called "Fort's Medical Practice." This added greatly to his reputation and has been extensively used in the South and West. The wound he received in the Indian war was at last the cause of his death. He was attacked with a strange disease pronounced by physicians "lead poison," caused by the presence of the ball in his knee. He had the ball removed, but with no beneficial result. The physicians of Milledgeville, fearing for his life, refused to perform the operation. But Dr. Fort insisted that it should come out, and made his son George (then a young physician) undertake the operation. Dr. Eve, a noted surgeon of Augusta, was sent for and assisted. Dr. Fort himself held his knee and directed the knife. As may be seen he had great nerve. The operation, as far as removing the ball was concerned, was successful but did no good, and for ten years he suffered paroxysms of great agony. He died in Milledgeville, Georgia, on the 11th of May, 1859, in the seventy-third year of his age. The immediate cause of his death was erysipelas of the head. He is buried in Milledgeville, where he had lived about fifty years. He died honored and lamented after an upright and useful life. The funeral

was large, the stores were closed, the military and all public bodies attended. I can honestly say that I think my husband was a truly great man. He certainly stood in the foremost rank of the men of his time. Of him it can be said as of his father, no stain rests upon his name. .

I think I have about finished what I know of the older branches of the Forts, and just here, before I begin with my own family, I must say that on reading over this I fear one might think me a little inclined to boasting, but I speak in no such spirit. I certainly do know that my husband's people and my own have stood well in the world, and I trust I am as humble as well as a proud woman. I will now continue with some minuteness, as I know the indulgent ears that are to listen to this family recital.

III.

I know less of my mother's family than of my father's, so will give but a few bare facts. Grandfather Daniel Low, my mother's father, was of English parentage and a Virginian by birth. At the breaking out of the Revolutionary war he was living in Rockingham County, Virginia. His father and mother dying when he was young, he had been reared by his grand parents. He had an elder brother and one sister; being a second son he inherited nothing from his parents. He served through the war, was a captain in General Washington's army, was with Washington in all of his campaigns. Was at Trenton, Brandywine and Yorktown. Daniel Low married Miss Patty Scott, of Virginia, and left his wife and only child at his grand parents, only returning once to see them during the seven years' war. He was tall and commanding, was a gentleman and a noble man. When a child I remember him, as a grand old man, telling over his battles.

After the war my Grandfather Low moved to Georgia with the vast tide of emigrants coming South from Virginia. He brought with him his grand parents, very aged people (I remember seeing him.) They died soon after they came, and are buried at the old family burying ground in Hancock County, Georgia, where rests the remains of my parents and many relatives. My grandfather became a very rich man, the richest, indeed, in the "up country" of Georgia. A year or two before the war of 1812 the cotton gin was invented and the culture of cotton was thereby largely increased. When the war was over grandfather had four hundred bales of cotton packed under his gin house. There had been no demand for cotton during the war. His elder and only brother also moved to Georgia, lived near Augusta, kept fine horses and indulged largely in all of the fashionable sports of the day, sports which were participated in by the gentry, such as horse-racing, cock-fighting and drinking. Every man of wealth then kept brandy on his sideboard.

Grandfather Low left four sons, John, George, William and Seymour, and one daughter, Betsey, my mother. My mother was finely educated in Virginia, and at Salem, North Carolina. I have seen the old house in Virginia where she was sent to dancing school. She was quite a belle, a light-haired, blue-eyed blonde, not very pretty but gentle and lovely in disposition. Sister Ann (Mrs. Porter,) resembled her more than any of my sisters. Uncle Seymour Low (Grandfather's favorite son) died when a young man, unmarried. Uncle John Low moved to Alabama. After my father's death, Uncle George Low, who was an avaricious man, persuaded Grandfather Low (now in his dotage) to move to Tennessee. There he induced him to make a will cutting off my mother's children from any share in his property. My mother

was dead at this time and it was easy to defraud the orphans. Naturally, since that time, we have neither had nor desired intercourse with the Lows. Grandfather Low died, and was soon followed by Grandmother Low. They died and are buried in Tennessee.

IV

I cannot speak with certainty of the elder Fannins. My grandfather on my father's side, was named James Fannin. He was born November 22nd, 1739, he was of Irish descent, was born, I think, in Ireland. He came (if I remember rightly) to America with his parents when a child. Of this I am not certain. His parents probably settled in South or North Carolina, and he doubtless moved, when a young man, to Georgia, where he married Elizabeth Saffold in Washington County, Georgia, on the 13th of October, 1767. Elizabeth Saffold was born November 12th, 1743, in Virginia, I think. Her family had moved to Georgia. She was of good birth, highly educated, had even been taught French, which was unusual in those days. She had those advantages, as her father was a wealthy man and her brothers became men of prominence from their superior character and intelligence.

When the American colonies revolted against Great Britain, grandfather James Fannin, became a rebel, taking sides with the Colonies. His elder brother, Edmund, joined the English and became an officer in their army. The elder brother in most families, usually went to the English, because they generally inherited the property and titles, if there was a title. After the Revolutionary war Edmund was appointed Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia. I have never kept up with him, and cannot speak with certainty. History recalls that he became a very prominent man and died in England.

When I was a girl in Philadelphia, where I was

being educated at school, I there met the two daughters of Uncle Edmund Fannin on their way to Richmond to visit their sister, who had married a Mr. Wickham, a celebrated lawyer of Richmond. In appearance they were real Fannins. They had met the Misses Lyman (who were my teachers,) in London, they were calling on them and hearing my name mentioned, they asked to see me. Before the Revolutionary war our name was spelled like theirs with a "g" Fanning. Our grandfather and his family considered that Edmund, in joining the British, had disgraced the family, they determined to drop the "g" from our name, it was ever afterwards spelled without it. Grandfather Fannin settled in Greene County, Georgia, where he became the father of ten children, namely, Ann, married to Mr. Mapp, Sarah to Mr. Allison, (nephew of Wade Hampton, grandfather of the present Senator Hampton, of South Carolina), William to Katie Martin, Joseph Decker (my father) to Betsy Low, Isham to Margaret Porter, John H. to Mary Flewellyn Wright (a widow), James W. to Ann Fletcher, Jephtha to Katie Porter, Elizabeth to Stephen Bishop, and Abram Baldwin to Jane Williamson. All married, lived and died in Georgia.

Grandfather Fannin was a man of means, he gave his children every advantage that the country afforded, they were well educated. The daughters were noble women and famous for their beauty, while the sons were honorable, chivalrous, full of humor and strikingly handsome. They were of a pure blonde type. My uncles stood high in the communities in which they lived, several of them repeatedly representing their counties in the legislature. The times were wild, the country new and rough, men engaged in personal encounters and drank a good deal. The first time my husband (Dr. Fort), ever saw my father was in Milledgeville, and on an

occasion that illustrates the customs of that period. A drunken rowdy was in the hotel (the old McComb's hotel, still standing), swearing and breaking up everything around him, the people were afraid to go near him. My father was in bed, but hearing the uproar he arose, went into the room and kicked the drunken fellow into the street. Duels were universally tolerated. Two of my uncles considered their honor wounded by being taunted with the "Tory blood" of their uncle Edmund, and had recourse to this mode of settling their difficulties. Uncle Abram received a ball in the leg. Uncle John wounded his antagonist badly, and walking up to him said, "Crowder, if I have killed you forgive me." Crowder retorted, "I won't," whereupon Uncle John finished the absurd conversation by, "Well, if you won't then I don't care." As may be seen, Uncle John was quite a character. While on the subject of these personal encounters I might as well mention another of which my father was the hero. One morning I remember seeing my father spring into the house explaining to mother, "Well Betsy, I have whipped the bully of the county." He was himself slightly bitten on the thumb, however. Violent inflammation followed, threatening to cost him his life. The physicians declared he must lose his arm, and prepared to take it off. He threw them off, declaring, "I will die with both arms on my body." He recovered.

Colonel Abercrombie, his antagonist, was also unfortunate, for father bit off a piece of his chin. In a former encounter Colonel Abercrombie had lost a part of his nose and ever after that wore a black silk nose, he seemed to have earned his title, "bully of the county." A few years after this Colonel Abercrombie's only daughter ran away with a vagabond, coming to my father (then a Justice of the Peace,) to be married. Father led her to mother, turning to the

man Harris, remarking "I shall not marry you until I hear from her father." He then sent a note to Colonel Abercrombie, giving him the facts, and soon received this answer. "As she has run away the sooner she is married the better I will be pleased." This was the first marriage I ever witnessed. Shortly after this, father met Colonel Abercrombie; who offered his hand, they were friends after that. Years afterwards my father met Mrs. Harris living near Augusta, Georgia, in a destitute condition and on his informing Colonel Abercrombie, he took her home. Her husband died, and she afterwards married the distinguished Hiram Warner of the Supreme Court of this State. But I am digressing and will go back to the marriage of my father and mother.

V

My father and mother were married at mother's home in Hancock County, Georgia, March 15th, 1802. I have often heard mother describe their wedding costumes. Father wore white cassimere pants, fastened at the knees with large buttons of brilliants, white silk stockings and black pump shoes. He wore a white vest, and a blue cloth dress coat with brass buttons. He had beautiful, abundant light brown hair, which was long and plaited down his back, tied with a white ribbon. His hair was not cut off until many years after his marriage. He wore the fashionable long comb to hold back his hair, and was said to be the handsomest man in the county. He was Sheriff of this county at the time he married, but owned nothing but his fine horse, saddle and bridle, his father afterwards assisted him. Mother's wedding dress was a very fine white sprigged India muslin. And this flourishing young couple began life in a log house with one room, such are the inconsistencies of life in a new country. Very soon their affairs im-

proved for their parents gave them some negroes, which were then considered most valuable. I have often heard father laugh and tell how he first saw mother as a girl of fourteen. Her parents when moving to Georgia camped by Grandfather Fannin's home, with all their slaves and horses. Seeing an only daughter in the family and such a fortune, his brothers teased and told him there was a chance for a wife for him. My parents settled in Putnam County about fifteen miles from the town of Eatonton, Georgia, beginning life in humble style. Mother's father had resented her marrying a poor man and gave her very little. He did not even give her a negro until he saw that in attempting to do some washing her hands had bled. He could not stand that and sent her a slave at once. My parents were among the first settlers in Putnam County after the Indians left. An enterprising man like father was not long content with a log house, but soon had built one of the first frame houses in the county, perhaps the first. Every plank was sawed by hand as there were no mills. All of their children were born here, namely: Martha Low, born January 8th, 1804, married to Tomlinson Fort of Milledgeville, Georgia, October 28th, 1824; Ann Mapp, born October 31st, 1806, married John W. Porter of Madison, Georgia; James A., born February 5th, 1810, died 1818. Betsey Minerva, born May 5th, 1812, married Seaborn Johnson, of Madison, Georgia; Sallie Allison, born August 19th, 1815, married Stewart Floyd, of Madison, Georgia; Joseph Decker, born May 22nd, 1818, still living and unmarried. The families of my sisters are dear to me, they are good and true men and women.

My father held important trusts during his life, was sheriff, justice of the peace, and member of the legislature. He was in the war of 1812, also my uncle John, Abram and Jephtha were all at Fort Hawkins near Macon, and served in the army during the war of

1812. Father was captain of a Light Horse Company and rode a bay horse named Bolus. The first mother knew of his going was, having him come in and throw into her lap his jacket with brass buttons and his fur cap. His company rendezvoused at Fort Hawkins now in ruins on the Ocmulgee river, near Macon. From this point they were sent out against the Indians. Father returned in safety from the war. In times of peace he was an energetic and enterprising citizen. He imported the first Bermuda grass into that section of Georgia. He brought it from Augusta, Georgia, where he went to sell his cotton, he had the grass carefully packed in his saddle-bags. On reaching home it was planted by the front porch where it was watered. Bermuda grass so useful for grazing purposes, now covers the hills of Georgia. He also brought the first mule into the country, he was a prosperous planter, one of those men who was always up with the times. At that time Indigo was largely cultivated and used for dyeing the cloth, this was made at home. My father's clothes were quite noted as fine specimens of weaving. But you need not fancy that we had no silks. I can remember some that my mother had that could almost stand alone, especially one like a peacock's changeable breast that struck my young fancy. Our underclothing was entirely of linen, cotton cloth, except coarse "homespun," as it was called, being unknown. The first piece of calico I ever saw was a dress father brought me from Eatonton. It cost one dollar per yard and was extremely coarse, it had a dark blue ground with little white spades all over it. This was just before gins were used. Cotton was cultivated only in small patches, it was not yet "King," the seed had to be picked out by hand. This was the winter evening employment of the women and children and was a tedious process. Each person had their pile of cotton



MARTHA LOW FORT,
Taken 1828.

placed near the fire, in order that the heat might make the seed separate easily from the lint.

Father was a successful man, and though he died quite young, left for that age a handsome property. The manner of his death was singular. He was siezed at ten o'clock in the morning with a violent pain in his knee, the agony increasing until you could hear him scream for a long distance. He could get no relief, and died with great suffering the next day after he was attacked. He became cold hours before his death. The physicians called the disease cold plague. The country was new and very sickly. This disease so prevalent then seems now to be unknown. In the fall of the year the sickness was terrible, almost everybody on the plantations would have chills, and many died of the terrible bilious fevers. The negroes would come up regularly for their dose of Peruvian bark (a dreadful substitute for quinine), which had not then been introduced. During the sickly season lights were scarcely out of the houses at night, and the doctors were fairly exhausted with their labors. The practice of medicine was crude, calomel was given in enormous doses and often caused frightful salivation. At this time patients with fever were kept in a close room and not allowed to touch water. I remember an attack of fever I had and how I felt that I would die of thirst. One night it seemed I could bear it no longer, seeing the nurse leave the room for a little while I crawled from the bed to a bucket of water and drank just as much as I wanted, no body knew it and it did me no harm.

Eight days after father's death mother lost a promising son, James, eight years old, from a singular accident. A piece of hickory-nut shell became lodged in his windpipe, this produced a case of rapid consumption and caused his death. Mother had been passionately devoted to father and this double blow

almost unsettled her reason. Six months after father's death brother Joe was born.

It is confusing to write a story of this kind, so many things come crowding on one's memory. Long as it has been, the incidents of childhood rise up so clearly, little traits of character in the dear ones gone. Like a photograph I see my odd Uncle John and hear the quaint humor of his sayings. Away back almost into infancy I recall him as he rode up to our house one day. Mother was out on a visit and the three little girls, Martha (myself), Ann, and Minerva were left with their nurses. Uncle John came in gayer than usual, from an extra glass, and proposed to bore our ears for us, promising wonderful ear-rings and presents. Of course we agreed and thought we had a grand surprise on hand. Running to meet father and mother to show them our ears and tell them what ornaments we were to have. "Yes," said father "poor little things, they must now be fixed like the Indian squaws, I shall have holes bored all around the ears and take them out for a show," which set us crying in concert, while he said to mother if he had been there he would have thrashed the rascal. I also recall how Uncle John would call in a half dozen little darkeys that were always around, and make them wash his feet. He had very long and certainly very singular toes, which could hold objects as if they had been fingers. Often have I heard a luckless darkey squeal from a pinch with those same queer toes. A strain of humor ran through the whole Fannin family. Father showed it also, and often my quiet, dignified mother, had her ideas shocked by her gay husband's pranks. He would call in an old darkey, Mose by name, and say "now Mose, give us Tarleton's defeat" and Mose would sing how "Brave General Morgan did Tarleton defeat." Then father would make him dance and mother would say "How can you Mr. Fannin." Father

loved music, had a fine voice and often sang himself. Among his favorite songs were, "Wife, Children and Friends" and "Erin go bragh." He was fond of making me sing, as a tiny child, he loved the gay side of life and early had me taught to dance as well as sing. It would seem a strange life now, this life of a child in a new country. My earliest recollection, I was but a baby, is being taken by my old nurse on the front porch of our house and told to sit still, while she brought from a tree near, a big locust for me. Then I saw her go towards the tree and run away with a shriek, as the "big locust" turned out to be a large rattlesnake. I shall never forget my fright at that scene. Later on were the sports of the country child, the rabbit hunts at night were great frolics. To see the negroes with torches carrying bags to catch the game, these bags were put over holes in the fence where the rabbits got in the garden and there was a scene of such screaming and racing, the frightened little rabbits sought to go out by their usual ways and were caught in the bags and killed. I remember one night we killed thirteen and great was the excitement, for Guinea, the little pet dog, ran into one of the traps and was knocked in the head, great sensation and many tears. But Guinea revived, and I have remembered this incident all these years, and have forgotten so many important matters. But it would be tedious to dwell on these little things that bring smiles and almost tears. I grew up in the country with the best advantages that we could get, until I was a tall girl of fourteen with already a lover in that simple, old fashion time, and then an event of great importance to me took place.

VI

Uncle Abram Fannin came to pay us a visit and made a proposition to my mother, that certainly had a

lasting effect upon my life. I was a great favorite with him, he was a prosperous cotton merchant of Savannah, Georgia, and was a generous man of fortune. He was at that time on his way to the North, and persuaded mother to let him take me with him and put me at school. A trip to the North was then a serious undertaking, far more so than a trip to Europe is now. I had little time and made slight preparations for the journey. I soon went down to Milledgeville with uncle, and there visited for the first time Miss Nancy Clarke at her father's place "Woodville," in Scottsboro, Georgia, she was a noted girl, daughter of Governor Clarke, and was engaged to be married to Uncle Abram. This engagement was afterwards broken, through a foolish quarrel, such as lovers had then, as well as now. She thought that he had neglected to come to see her when he should have done so. Here began that friendship between Nancy Clarke and myself which has continued with us a lifetime.

We only remained a few days at "Woodville," then set out for Savannah, where uncle fitted me out for school, modest preparations I suppose. I only remember a green silk bonnet drawn on willow, for it had a tragic end. We embarked for New York, on a sailing vessel, and the poor little "country cracker," was desperately sick, all the way, and lay in her berth until the good ship reached Brooklyn. The ship was called the "Speed of Peace," this was before the days of steamboats, we made what was called a quick passage of seven days. But to return to the green silk bonnet, on getting out of my berth to go ashore, it was found under me mashed hopelessly flat, and I had to enter the city bareheaded. A ferry boat propelled by horses, carried us over to the great New York, and we were soon established in a boarding house on Broadway, down near the Battery. After consulting friends,

uncle took me over to Elizabethtown, New Jersey, to a large boarding school, then quite famous and kept by a Miss Hall. It was a new experience to me to be in a great four story house with an hundred girls of all sorts and sizes. It was a hard kind of experience, under very severe discipline and full of that rebellion always found under such circumstances. The school was generally called the "Corner Convent." The girls had all kinds of frolics when they could conceal them, and usually spent their pocket change on taffy and cakes. Our fare was meagre, the bed rooms never had a fire in them and we really suffered from cold. Our bathing arrangements were of the simplest, large tubs of water were placed in a latticed room and there, amidst the free winds of heaven we managed as best we could. In the meantime I studied hard, I practiced on the harp until my fingers were blistered, learned music on a dumb piano (whose keys I tried to break) and picked up a little French. Some of my uncle's friends in Elizabethtown were very good to me, especially General and Mrs. Wingfield Scott who often had me to spend the day with them, and giving me pleasures such as school girls love. This is the General Scott, who afterwards became so distinguished in American history. But such a school as this ought not and did not prosper. Miss Hall the principal of the school was tyrannical, she was cruelly unkind to a girl under her charge, who died while with her. Public indignation was aroused to such a degree about this, that the school was broken up at once, the pupils leaving for their homes. Uncle being in New York at the time, came and took me to Philadelphia. He placed me at a very superior school there, in charge of the Misses Lyman. They were very elegant ladies, their father had been our Minister to England.

Then came a year of school life that was a priv-

ilege indeed. It was pleasant to live with ladies who had no punishment for the pupils beyond a polite, "will you walk into the other room." We were not prisoners, but were allowed to walk out and even pay visits. Several of the girls were from Savannah, Georgia, and were my friends. Then I paid charming visits to some girls from Philadelphia. How vividly I remember Lizzie Marcon and the days I spent in her handsome home on Chestnut street, with its elegant parlors and liveried servants. It was while at this school that I met Uncle Edmund Fannin's daughters. So time passed happily, until three years had transformed me into a young woman and Uncle Abram came on North to carry me home. But have I mentioned that cousin James Fannin was being educated at West Point while I was in Philadelphia, and occasionally came to see me. He was a son of uncle Isham Fannin, was sent to West Point at fifteen years of age. He was a gallant handsome lad, whom I loved dearly, we were almost like brother and sister.

Just before cousin James graduated he unfortunately had a fight with one of the boys and ran away to Georgia, where he married and moved to Texas. His career afterwards is well known. He was a colonel in the Texan War of Independence. History tells of his bravery, he was in command of a fort at Golaid, Texas, he was surrounded and forced to surrender with his three hundred men. How basely they were ordered shot, by the Mexican General, Santa Anna. How cruelly his men and himself had suffered from hunger and thirst. Colonel Fannin when shot was unable to stand, but sat in his chair, and told them not to blindfold him "but shoot to the heart." A pitiful end of a brave man. He took off his watch with the request that if possible it should be sent to his wife.

But to return, my good uncle came, never can I

forget his kindness, it extended into every detail. Of course a young lady needed an outfit and my indulgent uncle told Miss Lyman to see to it. The result was a lot of pretty things for me. Would you like to know what a girl wore in 1821? Well, I had three bonnets, a white cut velvet and plumes, a blue plush, with plumes, and a white leghorn. Then my riding dress, (this is now called a travelling dress), was a purple lady's cloth with shoes to match. I had a black canton crepe dress and an elegant flowered black silk, trimmed up to the knees with rows of narrow ribbon, quilled on in bunches. Another pretty silk was a striped gold and white morning dress, open in front to show the embroidered white petticoat beneath. I had beautiful white dresses, one of mull trimmed with embroidery with blue ribbon under it, one was embroidered by hand to the knee and another was unlike any I see now. It was of muslin to the knee and from there down of the thinnest mull with tucks of the thicker sewed on. That dress was copied by several. My shoes were of a cloth called prunella, of colors to match my dresses. This was a fine preparation for life in the country of Georgia. However, I soon found a use for these dresses in Richmond. I was to have spent the winter in Savannah and to have been present at uncle's marriage with Jane Williamson, my schoolmate, but hearing of the yellow fever then raging there we returned home by land in a stage coach, three weeks travel, night and day. A memorable journey was this, five gentlemen were in the party, among them Major Anthony Porter of Savannah, an accomplished gentleman and a beau of mine. Nothing they could do was spared to make my trip one to be remembered, and so it is. Often now at night I fancy I hear the echoing horn blown by the drivers as we entered a town or village. I recall the jokes, the laughter, the poetry, quoted on these

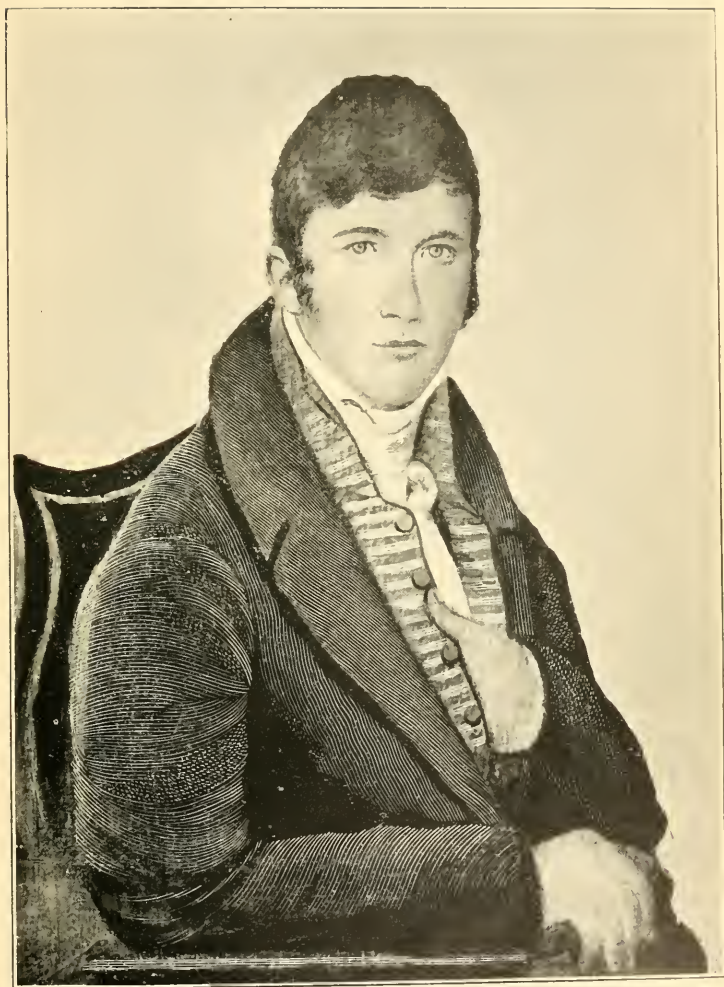
perfect moonlight nights, all was light hearted enjoyment, suited to my age and situation.

At length we reached Richmond, Virginia, and rested a few days. My uncle had friends there and we were charmingly entertained by them. Judge Roan (whose first wife was a daughter of Patrick Henry) gave a little entertainment to his daughter, Miss Eliza Roan, (afterwards my friend, Mrs. Governor McDonald of Georgia) and myself. Among the guests was a brother of Mrs. General Scott, a Mr. Mayo, and I suppose I must have liked compliments for I do not forget that he asked Eliza Roan, "who is that angel?" I was a pretty girl, I was told.

Leaving Richmond, the stage travel began again with its romance and spice of accidents. Once the horses broke loose and ran off leaving us in the midst of a vast piney woods pond in Carolina. How to get me to dry land was the question, the gentlemen soon solved this problem by carrying me bodily. And then began the walk of six miles through a sandy pine, barren road, oh, how tired I was. Uncle encouraged me on with "just a little farther" by constantly imagining he saw a house ahead. Every few yards I had to stop to get the sand out of my slippers, when we did reach a log house I dropped down upon a bed, utterly exhausted, and slept until late the next day, when uncle awoke me and said the coach was at the door.

VII

The last journey was over and with dismayed eyes I saw my mother's house in the distance. Could this shabby, common looking place be my home, and those "crackerish looking" children running down the lane be my brothers and sisters? Just look at their clothes and rough shoes, but so it was, I was indeed on my "native heath" again. All of this was a terrible and depressing experience for me, a trial of which I could



TOMLINSON FORT, SR.
Taken about 1820.



not complain and certainly could expect no sympathy.

My dear mother was as tender to me as a mother could be, but Georgia, the country and surroundings were then so very rough, I thought I could scarcely ever be reconciled to it. I had my horse and rode in my gig, (mother gave me a handsome one,) with a servant behind me dressed in livery, blue coat with red collar and cuffs, a relic of the war of 1812, an old soldier's coat that I found at home. Then too I read constantly, I don't know what I should have done at first but for a library owned by an old English neighbor, Mrs. Fielder, who kindly loaned me her books. The neighbors were not slow to remark that I could not even make a dress for a negro, and it was noised abroad that my teeth were full of gold, so I was a sort of nine days wonder. Time of course, brought all this right, and my life became a pleasant one.

My mother gave me one thousand dollars, I bought a piano, (I never had a harp,) and some furniture for our house, was beginning to feel quite nicely fixed up, when my kind mother died. She left the children, brother Joe was just three years old, to my care, telling me I must do the best I could for them. We were peculiarly desolate and at first I did not know what to do, but we finally moved to the home of our guardian, a Mr. Davis. I had now to think of the education of my young sisters. There were no schools near, I determined to establish one, and taking our negroes had a house put under my own direction. I heard of a good teacher who lived fifteen miles off, and drove over in my gig and engaged her. The neighbors patronized my school and it continued for a year. We only lived a short time with our guardian, I found his family coarse and uncongenial and decided to leave them. I induced our friend and neighbor, Mrs. Fielder, then a widow, to take us to board. She was

a woman of bright intelligence with an interesting family of daughters, who became my lifetime friends. The two years spent with her are among my brightest recollections.

I had a long spell of fever, my health suffered so, that by good cousin Adam Saffold's advice I went to Madison to board and put sister Ann to school there.

VIII

I passed my youth in Madison and was married there. Sister Ann was the first of the sisters to marry, she married at seventeen years of age. Six months later I was married at sister Ann's home. Several years afterwards sisters Minerva and Sarah were married with a double wedding, also in Sister Ann's house at Madison, Georgia. I received many offers of marriage from the best men in the country, had a devoted admirer in Mirabeau Lamar, (he was afterward President of Texas), a most romantic one in Mr. Wm. H. Sparks, (still living,) and many others, were it worth while to mention them. Speaking of Mr. Sparks reminds me of the great camp-meetings that were held by the churches in that day, they took the places of our modern summer resorts. There congregated the people both for religious meetings and social amusements, and there met the belles and beaux. It is difficult in this day of calm religious discussion, to understand the wild enthusiasm of those "heroic days" of the church. One meeting I remember especially where old Bishop Capers preached his famous sermon on "Thou art the man." The people became fairly crazed with excitement, they fell prostrate on the ground and indeed it was a scene of almost frightful enthusiasm. It was there, too, that I received news of the sudden death of Dr. Erwin, of Madison, a brilliant young man. I was hesitating in my mind as to whether or not I should marry him. In order to dir

cover my feelings, Wm. Sparks came up to me and without preface said "Dr. Erwin is dead." I was so shocked I immediately left the camp meeting.

But at last I met my future husband. I was first introduced to him at Milledgeville, one evening while playing a game of cards called vint-un, with Governor D. B. Mitchell's daughter and some other girls. He at once began to pay me attention and the girls laughingly told me that I had caught the old "quaker," his demeanor was very grave. The courtship ran smoothly enough, and we were married when he was thirty seven and I was twenty.

We had a very quiet wedding at sister Ann's. My dress was a white embroidered muslin, made short and trimmed around the neck and sleeves with wide real thread lace. I wore white kid gloves, with one button, a white silk sash with flowers stamped on it. My slippers were of white ribbed silk with no heels, tied around the ankles with wide white ribbon, and stockings of white silk, my hair was curled and dressed in fresh natural flowers. My underclothing was of fine linen and trimmed with thread cambric ruffles and real lace edgings, very neat, not the mass of lace and embroidery now worn. My gloves had been sent me by a gentleman friend, as I put them on every finger burst out and I had to borrow Sophia Rossetter's in which to be married. She was Dr. Fort's niece who had come to the wedding. Dr. Fort wore a blue, swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, a white vest, blue pants, low quartered shoes, and silk stockings. The tailor (the father of General George H. Doles, of Confederate fame), had to sit up all night to make these clothes, for Dr. Fort forgot to order them in time. Clothes never occupied much of his thoughts.

IX

We moved at once to Milledgeville and boarded for six months, then went to house-keeping in the house where we lived for forty long years. Two years after our marriage Dr. Fort was sent to congress and I went with him, taking our only child, Julia, and going on in our own carriage. Those two years were bright ones and are vividly remembered. I met many cultivated and distinguished people, boarded with the Bigelows of Boston and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Everett.

Mr. Everett was a very intelligent and charming man, and she a nice, though unremarkable woman. I met of course, the first people of the land, dining more than once at the President's and saw a good deal of society. I met Henry Clay, with his light blue eyes and eloquent tongue, and Mrs. Clay, a good but plain woman, whom he had married while in obscurity and then had outgrown. Also Daniel Webster, who with his great head and solemn ways was not a favorite with women. He had a terrible love scrape with an obscure girl there, and was only kept from marrying her by his friends. But the greatest of all to me, was my own and my husband's friend, John C. Calhoun of South Carolina. Dr. Fort always said that I admired him because he flattered me so much. I don't know about that, he certainly showed me many pleasant attentions, often taking me in to dinner, and conversing with me in that confidential strain, always flattering, from one whose confidence is valuable. Such a brilliant eye and fascinating manner I have never seen equaled. His wife I also knew quite well, we boarded in the same house with Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun. Dr. Fort and Mr. Calhoun became devoted friends.

The next winter we kept house on "F" street, and there George, my eldest son, was born, and named George Washington. I saw the inauguration of General Jackson, from a convenient place arranged for

the wives of the members of Congress. His progress up the avenue was simple and dignified. After that we had the long journey home before us, Dr. Fort, myself and two children with Eliza, our colored nurse, made up the party. Noisy company sometimes, for it seemed to me that George cried hundreds of miles of the way. Once when we were crossing some river in a flat boat, I became almost desperate and threw the screaming child on the opposite seat of the carriage, nearly crying myself. Dr. Fort walked outside and afterwards teased me, declaring he kept a watch on me, expecting to see me throw George in the river. The trip was full of small adventures, there were many swollen rivers, that we forded at great risk. The trip was rendered much more pleasant by the company of Governor and Mrs. Wilson Lumpkin, who returned in their carriage to Georgia when we did. Dr. Fort's daring, in the matter of fording streams, filled Mrs. Lumpkin with horror, she would scold him roundly, but follow if the ford proved good. Their carriage would sometimes be behind ours and Mrs. Lumpkin often handed me small articles I had left at the last stopping place, saying she traced me by my possessions. My family accuse my daughter Sallie of being like me in that respect. Near Salem, North Carolina, Julia was taken suddenly ill, we were forced to stop there three weeks. Never shall I forget the order and neatness of everything there, and the kindness of those gentle people, the Moravians. We visited their school, which was a famous one of many years standing, my mother was educated there. On Julia's recovery we started home and reached there after a trying trip that had lasted six weeks. To give an idea of my exhaustion, when we reached home I went out in the garden, stooped to pick a strawberry and fainted.

Dr. Fort felt now compelled to give up politics. He

was a devoted democrat, but he always said that the Union was stronger than slavery. He could not afford to give up his valuable practice and with a growing family he determined to retire to private life. Milledgeville was the capital and the society was good. The prominent men of the State often congregated there and I knew them all. Dr. Fort's position made us entertain a good deal and I was always fond of going out and keeping up with the times. His practice was very extensive, he had the rare gift of inspiring great confidence and attaching men to him, so that his services were in demand all over the State. One instance of his professional life is perhaps of interest. I came in from a drive one afternoon and found sitting on our steps a young man, John Clarke, a son of Governor Clarke. He came forward to assist me from the carriage and I noticed that his hand was burning hot. He said he was sick and had come to see the Doctor to find out what was the matter with him. It proved to be a very serious thing, as Dr. Fort soon pronounced it to be, a case of virulent smallpox. This was the first case ever known in the up-country of Georgia, it seems absurd now, to recall the panic that it created. The people were frantic with fear, a committee of gentlemen met and declared that Dr. Fort should not attend the case, fearing that he would spread the disease. Dr. Fort, in reply, simply put a gun behind his front door and dared any man to molest him in the discharge of his duty. The house in which the young man lay sick, was nailed up and Dr. Fort had to get into his room by means of a ladder. He would put the medicine and water in a chair by the bed of the sufferer and then had to leave him alone, for he could get no one to nurse him. One morning, on paying his usual visit he found that young Clarke had died in the night. Dr. Fort with difficulty found some one who would bury him and it was done at

night, only Dr. Fort and the grave digger attending. After danger was over a vote of thanks was tendered Dr. Fort by the same citizens, who before were almost ready to mob him. It was quite amusing for some time to see my neighbors, with camphor held to their noses, call out from a distance and ask how we all were. Dr. Fort knew how to protect us and we escaped safely. John Clarke's family were at the North during his sickness and death. When they returned home they made Dr. Fort a handsome present of a solid silver tea service and a dozen spoons and forks. The forks we did not use for many years, they were unknown in our section and we did not care to incur the odium of "putting on airs." This silver, which we have always termed the Clarke silver, we highly prize and have used it now for many years.

X

I won't recall the trials and troubles of my life, you all know them. You know of the debts that weighed on my spirits, while my husband made so much money that we lived bountifully. Like Martha of old, I have been too anxious about many things, and I was wrong, for we had enough and to spare.

It would seem that some are elected to have the charge of many people, it has been so with me. I had a number of our relatives to live with me at different times, brother Joe always, and many people came and went as they pleased. And then I had thirteen children, eight girls and five boys, four of my children died in infancy and nine have lived to be grown. These facts tell of themselves of an eventful and busy life. I have lived to see buried seven of my children, three of them grown men and women. Many funerals and marriages have taken place under my roof. I have seen married in my house four of

my daughters, two grand daughters, my husband's orphan niece, Lizzie Fort, who lived with us, and Lizzie Ingram, an orphan girl who lived with us fourteen years.

Lizzie Ingram was devoted to the family and left to us a pleasant legacy of odd and brilliant sayings. This large and now scattered family were reared under the institution of slavery, and the family in the kitchen were associated with it, by tender and affectionate ties. This generation will never know the good humored names of "Aunt and Uncle" a term of respect given to the old negroes. We were no dealers in slaves, having a great dislike to both the buying and selling of the negroes. We only owned enough for our house-servants, the ante-bellum usage demanded about a score, they often out numbered the white family in the house, were of all ages and sizes. The one my children most loved (who keeps house for me now in the winter) is the old nurse Nancy, a busy gentle little creature, but a real lady in character and one with most useful accomplishments. Every family incident has her in the back-ground, in the pantry making delicious dishes, in the house, making dresses, in the sick room, with the softest step and hand, as a nurse she was unrivaled. Her memory seems now to be a store house, full of "Miss Julia," "Miss Martha," "Miss Sue" and "Miss Kate's" old finery when they went to "the Springs" and took her.

In 1859 we lost our gentle daughter Sue with consumption. She was one of those sweet saints who are the favorites while living and who leave blessed memories. She was delicate from her birth, and "Sue's room" was the most sacred and yet the most cheerful spot in the house. Her father nursed her with the greatest care, and he seemed spared for that work. On returning from her funeral he took to his bed and was never out of it again and in three weeks he was

laid beside dear Sue in the cemetery. He had long been an invalid from the wound he received in the war of 1812, but the immediate cause of his death was from erysipelas. He died on May 9th, 1859, honored, respected and lamented. The funeral took place from the old home and was one of the largest ever held in Milledgeville. These sad deaths were a great shock to us. I was devoted to my husband and was stricken indeed by his loss. George our eldest son, now took his father's place as head of the family, a better brother never lived and I am sure no mother ever had such a treasure of a son.

XI

In 1861 began our terrible Civil war, all three of my sons were in it. George was surgeon in the Twenty-eighth Georgia, but on account of his very poor health was forced to resign early in the struggle. Tomlinson and John served through that fearful four years. Tom entered as a lieutenant, was afterwards made captain in the First Georgia Regulars. John entered as a private in the Baldwin Volunteers (named for Dr. Fort's old command), he was afterwards made a lieutenant in the First Georgia Regulars. Both were complimented for their bravery and had their share of sickness and wounds. Tom was four times wounded, first at Malvern Hill and very severely at the Second Battle of Manassas, John only once had the skin broken on his hand in the battle of Oclustee in Florida. We women at home did all that we could for the soldiers. I was made President of the "Soldiers Relief Society," in Milledgeville and my girls made shirts, coats, knit socks, even made cartridges. The events of the war are history and do not come within the scope of this domestic tale.


While this dreadful strife was waging we learned the meaning of doing without luxuries of all kinds,

and resorted to expedients in the matter of dress, which were not very pleasant at the time. Coffee, lemons, ice, white sugar, with many other articles, became things of the past with us. But all of this was as nothing, compared to the sorrows at home by death, which seemed to follow us at this time.

On March 1, 1863, my son-in-law, Colonel Edward David Huguenin, died in Macon, Georgia, after a lingering and painful illness.

Nine months after his death, on November 30, 1863, his wife, my brilliant charming Julia, died in Macon, Georgia. She was thrown from her carriage, her leg was fractured, and after a lingering illness of two months, she died. We took her to Milledgeville, and laid her in the cemetery there. She was so strong and blooming when she was thus cut down, leaving five children, the eldest fifteen years old, the youngest a baby at the breast. On her death bed she requested me to move to Macon to live, if agreeable to me, as the opportunities were better for the education of her children. She left me in her will her home in Macon, carriages, horses and house servants; the family was to be supported from the plantations in Sumpter County, Georgia. She was then a very rich woman, owning over four hundred slaves, and the freeing of them after the war left her children poor, in common with most of our wealthy Southern families. So I had a young family to raise in my old age, and had to leave the home of my lifetime. George and the family were anxious for me to make the move to Macon, and I made the sacrifice.

About eight months after Julia's death, her little Julia, (an exquisite child), died in Macon, aged about three years and six months. Death seemed to pursue us, for on May 4, 1866, I lost my son George, a sorrow beyond words, was this. I have lived to see all of my



Huguenin grandchildren grown and married except Dora, who is now eighteen years old.

This is all the story of my life, is it not? I have but to add the dates of the births, the deaths and the marriages. But before I do so, I want to say a word about my sisters. We have all spent our entire lives in an intercourse of great harmony and love, with a constant correspondence and frequent visits. Our families have been much together, and I can say without vanity, that they are lovely, refined and useful people. We have tried to verify our maxim, that under all circumstances we should continue to love each other. For fifty years our band of five was unbroken, and then sister Ann died. Sister Sarah followed, leaving sister Minerva, brother Joe and myself. Sister Minerva lives at Cave Spring, Georgia, brother Joe, as I have said before, has always lived with me. He is bright and original, and has added the spice of his odd genius to the pleasant and homely interests of our family life. He, like myself, is getting old, and is now my pleasant companion in the chimney corner.


XII.

And now my life is quiet. Other people are doing the world's work. I live much in the past, while trying to do what good I can in the present. I have seen marvelous changes. I have taken a trip myself on the first train that ever made a run on the State or Western and Atlantic Railroad of Georgia, and have seen inventions that looked little short of miraculous. I have seen slavery abolished, and thank God for it. My husband often said he hated to die and leave his children in a slave State. But it is well that we cannot order our lives, they are planned for us better than we know. God is over all, peace reigns, and the country seems gradually drawing together in harmony and love.

MEMOIRS OF KATE HAYNES FORT.

It is with great diffidence that I attempt to add to these memoirs of my dear mother. I am urged by my family to continue this history up to the present time, and give family details that the modesty of my mother forbade. She was a very modest woman, and has touched lightly upon many incidents in the lives of my father and herself and of her large household. As I have been the only one of the daughters to remain unmarried, it has been my privilege to be nearer to my mother, and more with her than the other members of the family. I felt that in justice to her, to her children, grand-children and great-grand-children, I would endeavor to give them my experience in the annals of a family whom we have all been brought up to love and honor. I can truthfully say that I think our mother was a great woman, of noble character, and gifted in mind and person with all the attributes that adorn and elevate womanhood. As a girl she was beautiful, and at fifty years of age she was still a handsome woman, of commanding presence and charming personality, with a gift of making friends, rare to find. As she grew older she wore a white lace kerchief and cap, similar to that we see in the familiar portrait of Martha Washington, and was often said to resemble her.

It is difficult to separate this recital from my mother's. I can only do the best I can, and give my story in my own way. I propose to begin with my early recollections, given from memory and the traditions of my childhood that were told me by father and mother, taking up first the history of the Fort family. We know but little of their early history, it is only as we have grown older that we have awaken-



ed to an interest in our ancestors. We might have learned much from father, but we were young when he died, and at that time had given no thought to the history of our grand-father.

Aunt Eudocia Fort was the wife of Uncle Moses Fort, a brother of my father's. She was noted for her intelligence, strict truth, and fine character. She lived for many years in grand-father Fort's family and obtained this information regarding the Forts, direct from him. They were given by Aunt Eudocia to her son Thomas Moore Fort, of Louisiana, and sent to us by his son, Moses Fort. These facts are also mentioned in some of the Archives of the States of Georgia and North Carolina, in White's Historical Collections of Georgia, and in Stevens' History of Georgia.

In 1676 an armament was sent out from England under Admiral Sir John Berry, to quell the rebellion commanded by Nathaniel Bacon, in Virginia. The vessel the regiment came on, was named the "Bristol." It had two colonels, Morrison and Hubert Jeffries by name. In this armament my grand-father, Arthur Fort, says there were three brothers by the name of Fort, their names were Moses, Arthur and Elias. Arthur Fort was our ancestor. He was a wagon master in the army. Bacon died, the rebellion died with him, and the three brothers all remained and settled in North Carolina on the Neuse river. As far as we have been able to learn this was the beginning of the Fort family in America. Their descendants scattered over the country, principally locating in the South and Southwest. To this ancestor, Arthur Fort, was born, among other children, a son by the name of Arthur, who was the father of my grand-father, this son was also called Arthur, he was our grand-father, he was born in North Carolina, on the Neuse river, January 15, 1750.

My grand-father's mother's name was Sallie Pace. She had a brother living in Elbert County, Georgia, by the name of Barney Pace, at the time of the death of my grand-father. My great-grand-father moved with his family, to South Carolina, and settled on the waters of the Great Pedee. Some of his cousins moved to the same neighborhood. Here my grand-father was raised. He moved to Georgia and married the widow of Charles Whitehead, whose maiden name was Susannah Tomlinson. Her father's family were Quakers, living in Pennsylvania. He left them and moved to North Carolina, where he settled about eighty miles from the place where my great-grand-father Fort was born. He there married a Miss Martha Charleton. Twins were born to them, a son and a daughter. The son died at nineteen years of age, and the daughter was my grand-mother Fort, of whom Aunt Eudocia says, "she was a good woman, one of the salt of the earth." Her father was a blacksmith by trade. He died and left her quite wealthy. She had a son by her first husband, whose name was Richard Whitehead. After her marriage to my grand-father there were born to them eight children. My mother has given their names, the dates of their birth, and whom they married. Tomlinson, our father, was their fourth child.

A family of the Forts whose grand-father was named Elias, settled in Tennessee in 1791. They became leading citizens of the State. The late Colonel Edmund A. Fort was for many years a prominent man in West Tennessee. Branches of the Fort family settled in New Jersey and Illinois, many of them have been distinguished, and have held positions of honor in the country.

Mother has mentioned grand-father's talents, his patriotism and public services to his State and country. He was a man abreast of the times. He was

one of the first persons in Georgia to make use of the cotton gin, this was in 1798. In connection with his construction and use of the gin there was a controversy in Georgia, which interested the entire State, and indeed, caused Governor James Jackson in November 1800, to send a message to the Georgia Legislature against Eli Whitney and his partner Miller; who were endeavoring to establish a monopoly in the sale of gins. The planters had been induced to cultivate a great deal of cotton, by the hope that the invention of the gin would enable them more cheaply to separate the lint from the seed. Whitney encouraged this planting, but was unable to supply the demand for gins, so the plantation blacksmiths made many gins, most of them of the Holmes instead of the Whitney pattern. Whitney brought another suit for infringement, and attempted to collect a royalty of two hundred dollars (\$200.00) on each gin used. The first suit tried was against Arthur Fort and John Powell, in the Federal Court at Savannah. Arthur Fort in his answer, made a sweeping denial that Whitney had invented the gin, and insisted that the principle had been known in Europe. And that even if Whitney had invented the gin it was impracticable and not of the same design as the one he was using. He denied that he had ever seen the model of the Whitney gin, Governor Jackson also contended in his message that Whitney's invention was impracticable. It seems that if Whitney did discover the gin principle, it was a Georgian, Hoddyden Holmes, by his invention in 1796 of the "saw gin", who had made it practicable. The Federal Court however, in 1800, decided in favor of Whitney, and a perpetual injunction was granted against Fort and Powell. Arthur Fort was one of the first to recognize the value of the machine which afterwards revolutionized agriculture in the South. His reason for using the gin was entirely

defensible, and evidently he was altogether sustained by public sentiment in his State.

We did not know father's family as we did mother's. His sisters were much older than my mother, they did not live near us and naturally mother was more with her own relatives. Mother has spoken of the superior talents of the Forts, of their strong upright characters, and also whom they married. I only recollect two sisters and one brother of my father's. Uncle Moses Fort, father's brother, lived about two miles from us, at Midway, Georgia, it is his admirable wife Eudocia, of whom mention has been made. We were much attached to the family of Uncle Moses, he was a lawyer of brilliant talents, was at one time a judge of the Superior Court in Georgia. Seven children were born to Uncle Moses and his wife Eudocia, namely: Frances, died unmarried; Caroline, married to John Hammond; Thomas Moore, to Martha Connell; Moses Tomlinson, to Martha Jane Lowe; Benjamin Franklin, to Eliza Virginia Key. Arthur Walton and Eudocia died unmarried.

The men of the Fort family seemed naturally to seek professions. Thomas and Benjamin, two of the sons of Uncle Moses were talented lawyers, they moved and settled in Louisiana. Moses, another son, became a leading physician in Southern Georgia.

When I knew my father's sisters, Aunt Rossetter and Aunt Hunter, they were very interesting old ladies. They were tall and spare, were intelligent women, and like most of the Forts, had fine memories. It was very entertaining to hear them talk of the wild frontier life in Georgia, when they were young. Aunt Rossetter was a woman of fine character, she was for years a widow, and lived in Macon with her daughters, where she died and is buried. She lived to be over eighty years of age.

Aunt Sarah Fort married Appleton Rossetter

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THE CHILDREN OF TOMLINSON AND MARTHA LOW FORT
COL. HUGUENIN AND JUDGE MORGAN IN THE BACKGROUND.
TAKEN 1855.



Seven children were born to them, six daughters and one son, namely: Sophia, married to Charles Collins; Elizabeth, to Delamar Clayton; Susan, to Larkin Griffin; Mary, to Robert Clayton; Sarah was twice married, first to Hamilton Atcherson, second marriage to Thomas Hughes; Julia, to Peyton Smith; Arthur, to Mary Elizabeth Wardworth. These daughters were noted for their beauty.

Arthur Rossetter lived and died in Florida, the majority of his descendants still live there, he was a man of sterling integrity. Mrs. Sarah Hughes lived and died in Kentucky. The other members of this family settled principally in Georgia.

Aunt Hunter lived near Macon, Georgia, in an interesting and picturesque old Southern plantation home. Uncle Hunter was a very superior man. I often visited the family; Mollie, a lovely daughter of the house, was a favorite cousin of mine. Aunt Hunter lived to be over eighty years of age, she was twice married; first to Henry Jemmison, second marriage to Samuel B. Hunter. There were born to Susannah Fort and Henry Jemmison, three children, namely: Sarah Sophia, married to George A. Winn; Susan Margaret, to Dr. William J. Thomas; Robert, to Sarah Stubbs. To Susannah Fort Jemmison and Samuel B. Hunter, were born five children, namely: Eudocia, died unmarried; Louisa E., married to Dr. John Calderwood, of Louisiana; Samuel B., to Cora Solomon; Arthur Fort, to Sarah Windsor; Mary P., to Thomas J. Mell. Louisa Calderwood lived and died in Louisiana, she left no children. Samuel B. became a prominent citizen and a leading lawyer of Macon. Arthur Fort was a physician, and was a gallant soldier in the civil war. All of this family except Louisa Calderwood lived and died in Georgia.

The following are the other grand-children of my
nd parents Arthur and Susannah Fort:

Children of Arthur and Mary Newsom Fort his wife, Elizabeth, Tomlinson, Martha, William, Richard and James.

Children of Lovett Smith and Elizabeth Fort Smith his wife, Charlton, Seaborn and Susan.

Children of Zachariah Cox and Amanda Beckam Fort his wife, Mary Elizabeth and Zachariah Cox.

II

Mother has written of her early life, of the death of her father, which was followed in three years by her mother's death. How she was given charge of her brother and sisters by her mother and of the education and the marriages of her sisters and herself. Also what charming and superior women her sisters were and of their great devotion to each other. This love and interest has been continued in their families, the cousins growing up almost as sisters. I regret that in these pages I can give only a passing notice of my mother's relatives, they were so closely identified with our family it is difficult to know where to draw the line.

Mother had readily embraced the fine opportunities which had been given her for an education, which were very rare in those days, and was prepared as it were, for the great work she was so wisely to fulfill in life. It was her mission to have charge of, and superintend the rearing of many young people, how faithfully she discharged this trust all who knew her can bear witness. Three generations of her family were reared under her care, her brother and sisters, her own children, and four of her grand-children.

Uncle John Porter, the husband of Aunt Ann, was a man of noble Christian character, was a Methodist of the strictest type and became noted for his deep piety and benevolence, he was a planter and business man. His beautiful and hospitable house in Macon

was for many years the home of the Methodist preachers of Georgia, in the annual changes this church demanded of their ministers. It was at this home that mother and father were married, in Madison, Georgia October 28th, 1824, by the Reverend Remembrance Chamberlain, a Presbyterian minister. They moved at once to Milledgeville, mother taking Uncle Joe, then a boy six years of age, to live with her. Aunt Minerva and Aunt Sarah were still at school, they remained in Madison with Aunt Ann. These two sisters were married at Aunt Ann's home with a double wedding November 22nd, 1831. From Madison to Milledgeville was forty-four miles, a day's journey by carriage, the sisters and cousins exchanged long and frequent visits. Aunt Minerva lived at Cave Springs, Georgia, and though so far away was never forgotten, she was greatly beloved by them all. These four sisters were all widows for many years, none of them approving of second marriages.

My father was the leading physician of Milledgeville, and became prominent in the public affairs of the State. Three years after his marriage he was sent to congress from his district. Mr. Floyd and Mr. Johnson, the husbands of Aunt Minerva and Aunt Sarah, were prominent lawyers in the sections in which they lived.

Thirteen children were born to our parents, four died in infancy. Six daughters and three sons lived to be grown, namely: Julia, George, Martha, Susan, Kate, Tomlinson, John, Sarah and Fannie.

Aunt Ann Porter was the mother of six children. Elizabeth, married to James A. Wade; Martha, to George W. Williams; Sarah, to Azariah Graves; Henry, to Fannie Lowry; William died unmarried; John died in childhood.

Aunt Sarah Floyd was the mother of five children. Martha, married to William D. Woodson; Ann, to

Joseph Holmes ; Mary, to Boling Robinson ; Julia, to Frederick Foster ; and Stewart, to Rosetta Boling.

Aunt Minerva Johnson was the mother of seven children. Joseph, married to Emily Darden ; Sarah, to Joshua Glenn ; Jack Walker, to Lizzie Jones ; Ann, Martha, and William Seaborn, are unmarried. Narcissa and Francis died young.

This interesting groupe of cousins have generally been successful in life, and have stood high as men and women in the communities in which they have lived. They have enjoyed a lifetime of delightful intercourse together, I don't think I have ever known a family that has been more united.

Aunt Ann was the first of the sisters to enter the spiritual world. She was beloved wherever known, her children were peculiarly devoted to her. She died and was buried in Madison, Georgia, July 21st, 1875. Aunt Sarah was for years an invalid, the tender care given her by her son and daughters was beautiful to behold. She was witty and beautiful, and in appearance resembled our mother more than any of the sisters. She died in Blakely, Georgia, in 1877, and is buried in Madison, Georgia.

III.

In recalling my childhood, the noble figure of my father rises before me. He was six feet and two inches in height, and weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds. He was a great reader, generally seen with a book in his hand ; was of a thoughtful and dignified demeanor. Mother had usually to administer the punishments in this family. He loved to have his children around him, and how eagerly we watched for his home coming, claiming his hands as we ran to meet him, all rushing down the street as he drew near on his fine saddle horse "Glimpse", (he always rode horse-back at this time). He would smile, stop,

put down his foot (always incased in heavy boots) for us to stand on, and lift up for a ride as many as he could carry. And at night we gathered at his feet for a song or story, as a story-teller he was delightful; was but a poor singer, but he did his best for us.

Baby Fanny was thought by father and the family to be the most wonderful of children born. She was the youngest and pet, and was sure of a place in his arms. She is now a woman grown, and tells me of her devotion to him in her childhood, never telling anyone, but in her little prayers she always prayed that she might die before he did. I remember his telling me a little incident, as he smilingly said, was the greatest compliment ever paid him in his life. On the suburbs of the town, late one evening, as he was riding slowly along on his horse some one called to him to stop. It proved to be an old negro man whom father knew. He said, "Mars Doctor, I bin long time wantin' to tell you, dat you always 'minds me of Jesus Christ, you jus' like him, always goin' 'bout curin' de sick an' doin' good."

Father was a natural student, a self educated man I have heard him say that for twelve years before his marriage he never put out the light in his office at night until the clock struck twelve. He attended school only one term, schools were scarce in the country at this time. He taught himself the Greek and Latin necessary in his profession. I must not forget those wonderful walks in the woods with him, the neighbor's children and ourselves. He loved nature, birds especially were his delight. How he instructed us, he was a natural teacher. He was one of the original subscribers to "Audubon's Birds of America," it was issued in pamphlet form and was quite expensive, brother John is now the owner of these books. Father had a wonderful memory with a remarkable

faculty for imparting knowledge. He gave a series of lectures at our home to the neighbors and friends on "The Cosmos" that great work by Baron Humboldt. I quote from a letter recently received from brother John: "Our father was one of the greatest students that I ever knew, and the best educated man for his opportunities that I have ever known. His fund of information and knowledge upon all subjects was so remarkable that I can truthfully say that I never saw or expect to see his equal. As a writer his style and diction are models of perspicuity and beauty. At heart he was opposed to slavery." I recall hearing him say "I can never look upon my slaves with any degree of satisfaction, there ought to be no slavery, but what are we to do?" You will see the admiration of this family for their father, it has been proverbial among their friends.

My grandfather Fort advanced the money to send father to Philadelphia to attend the Jefferson Medical College, this money father afterwards repaid. Aunt Hunter, one of father's sisters told me that she spun and wove the cloth that made the shirts for this trip. Father represented Georgia in Congress of 1828 and 1829, was one of the six members allotted to the State at that time. Mother accompanied him to Washington, she has written of this memorable event in their lives. He was a member of the State Legislature for eight years, and never asked for a vote, was often out of town on "election day." The office sought the man in those times. He belonged to the old "Clarke" party in Georgia, was a Democrat and a Union man, was with General Jackson on the bank and nullification questions. He always said that the Union was stronger than slavery. It was during his term in Congress that he first met the great South Carolina statesman, John C. Calhoun, they became devoted friends, father was opposed to, while Calhoun was the apostle

of nullification, and endeavored to bring father to his views. After they separated a long correspondence on this subject ensued between them. For years we preserved these letters, mother always remarking that they might become useful to the historian. They were kept in the old secretary in our sitting room in Milledgeville.

During the civil war my sister, Mrs. Morgan, who had refuged from Memphis, Tennessee, was living in our home at Milledgeville. On the approach of Sherman's army to Milledgeville, she refuged to Macon. Some of Sherman's officers occupied our house, the secretary was broken open, the Calhoun letters (all save two that we afterward found) were stolen or destroyed. Father was for many years a trustee of the University of Georgia at Athens, and generally attended the annual commencements there, accompanied by mother. Mother graced and enjoyed the social side of life, was always ready, as I have heard her say, to go with father anywhere he wished to take her. She frequently visited his patients with him, and was in touch with his work in life. In these days people did not visit summer resorts as they do now. There were few opportunities of meeting, traveling was difficult, and long journeys were taken in private carriages. Athens' commencement was therefore a notable occasion. At this time many of the distinguished men of the State and country were gathered there. I think it was by appointment here for the last time that father and Mr. Calhoun met. Mother told me of the meeting, not forgetting to mention that Mr. Calhoun had honored her by taking her into dinner at some brilliant social function they attended. She described the excited conversation at the hotel at night, between father and Mr. Calhoun, lasting until two o'clock in the morning, Mr. Calhoun, with all his marvelous logic and eloquence endeavoring to bring father in sympa-

thy with his views on nullification. In the morning Mr. Calhoun renewed the conversation at the breakfast table; they were to leave soon after, the stage was at the door. He followed father to the stage, caught him by the coat, exclaiming: "Stop, Doctor; give me one more hour, and I know I can convince you." They never met again. On account of ill health father resigned as trustee of the University. At the request of the trustees mother presented his portrait to the University and it now hangs in one of the halls there.

IV.

This was a time when men stood as security for debts for their friends more than they do now. It was said of father that his mother had never taught him to say no. From this it will be seen that he was easily influenced to assume debts of this nature. There was a kind of wild speculation in land in this new undeveloped country which was followed by the great financial crash of 1837. People were paralyzed and the whole commercial interests of the country seemed wrecked. Father was unable to meet his obligations, and was advised by friends to take the benefit of the bankrupt act. The integrity of his character caused him to shrink from this. He is said to have remarked that he would prefer to be shot. He determined at every sacrifice, if allowed time to pay these debts, mother joining heart and hand to aid him in doing so. A friend of his said of her that as long as Mrs. Fort wore calico to church he would go on father's bond, which he did, taking only his note of hand without security. Another wealthy friend, on the same terms, loaned him twenty thousand (\$20,000) dollars at one time also without security. When this debt was finally settled the interest equaled the principal, making forty thousand (\$40,000) dollars.

Mother had not agreed with father in these financial ventures, but she was even more eager than he to settle all his obligations. Careful economy was practiced at home, and we were taught as we grew older to avoid debt as the only safe road to happiness and prosperity. Mother was almost a Spartan in her views on this subject, holding that the debtor was a slave to the creditor, in fact if not in name. Later in life father became almost a convert to her views, which fact was a great comfort to her. She felt that her large family cares had caused her to be over anxious in many things; she often felt reproached and would say: "I have not had sufficient trust in Providence; I have never wanted for anything in my life."

Father held many positions of public trust in the State. Financial embarrassments, combined with a large family, compelled him to retire from public life, just as the highest honors within the gift of the State were about to be tendered him. The position of Senator in Congress was offered him; also Governor of the State. The latter he declined in favor of Governor Schley. Governor Schley is the man who so admired mother. He said to father that if he was only out of the way he would take mother, nine children and all.

He was at one time president of the Central Bank, which was the bank of the State of Georgia, the affairs of which he conducted with signal ability. The bank closed its doors in 1837, but finally paid every dollar of indebtedness. These facts are taken from men who were better acquainted with his public life than I am.

He was one of the first trustees (there were three) and founders of the State Lunatic Asylum. He selected the spot on which it now stands, saying they would have health there, as no malaria could reach them, which has proved true; the institution has been noted for its health. Dr. Benjamin A. White, of Mill-

edgeville, was also one of the trustees of the Asylum at this time. He was a near neighbor to us for thirty years or more, was a gentleman of the old school, an original and unique character. Father and Dr. White differed widely as to professional methods, but there existed between them a beautiful friendship, which was never interrupted during their lives. They were devoted to the game of chess, Dr. White coming to our house at night to play. The old mahogany "candle-stand" was set out with two tallow candles in tall silver candle sticks, the snuffers beside. Often have I seen them for hours silently intent on the game, with an occasional "tres mal" from Dr. White. They often played until after midnight and then ate supper, both believing that eating conduced to sleep. Mother contended that Dr. White was the better player, although father would never admit this, as he disliked very much to be beaten. Mother excelled as a chess player; she often played with father, also with Dr. White, and later in life with Uncle Joe, who was a fine player.

In 1838, father made a purchase of an extensive body of land in Tennessee, in and near what is now the city of Chattanooga. Three other gentlemen were associated with him in this purchase; George and Samuel Williams, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, and Z. B. Hargrove, of Rome, Georgia, Fort and Hargrove having one share, George and Samuels Williams the other. A few years afterwards father bought out Hargrove. With remarkable foresight he always said that Chattanooga would be a city, and in all his financial difficulties he would never sell these lands. He said that this property would make the fortune of his children. In his will he provided that it should not be divided until the youngest child, Fannie, (then ten years old), was twenty-one. The property became very valuable, and it was divided in kind after father's

death. In the fall of 1883, the year of mother's death, a part of mother's and Brother George's interests were sold. Some of these lots are still unsold 1902. Father made several visits to Chattanooga when it was only a village, mother often accompanying him. On one occasion they rode to the top of Lookout Mountain on horseback, going by an Indian trail, single file. There were no roads then up the mountain, it was through a dense wilderness. Col. James A. Whiteside, a friend of father's accompanied the party, he was interested in the mountain, and very anxious to have them move to Chattanooga to live. Mother described the scene to me, as they stood enjoying the grand view. Col. Whiteside exclaimed to father: "Make your choice, Doctor; the finest lot on this mountain is yours if you will come here to live."

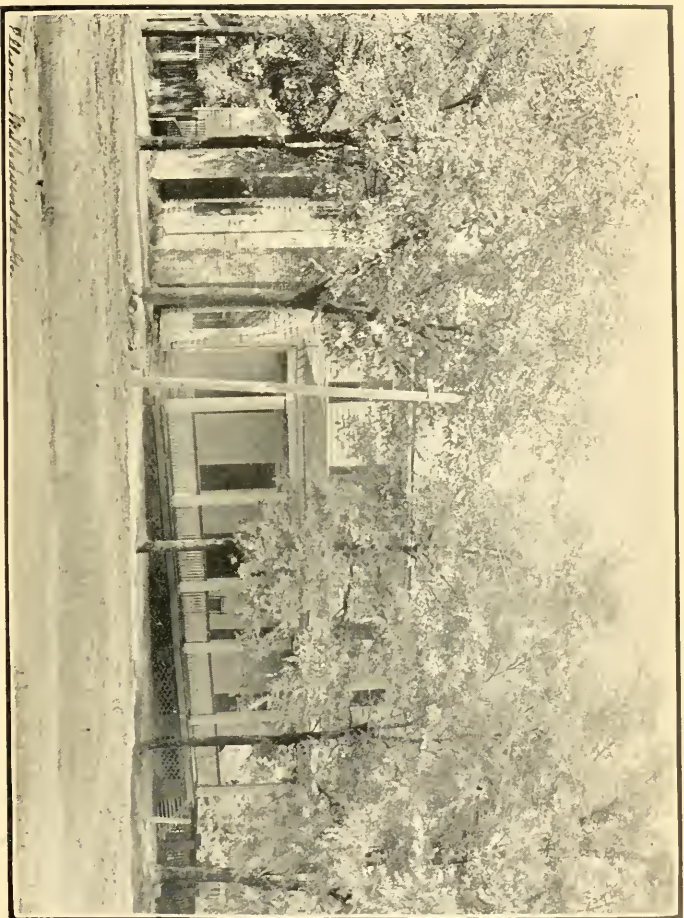
Father was for many years physician in charge of the State penitentiary located at Milledgeville. He frequently pronounced the prisoners lunatics and had them removed to the asylum, his kindness to them was proverbial. We had letters after his death from discharged prisoners, in grateful remembrance of him. Mother frequently had food prepared and sent to the sick in the penitentiary.

He was for years one of the editors of "The Federal Union" at Milledgeville, then the leading Democratic newspaper of the State. A prominent man said: "Under his leadership it was revered and obeyed as the organ of his party."

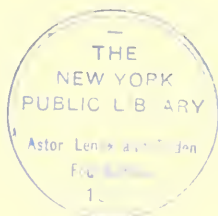
He had the power of inspiring remarkable confidence; in the sick room he stood unrivaled. An enthusiastic lady friend said of him that he had a "knock-down popularity." As has been truly said of him, "he stood at the head of his profession." His extensive practice often called him to distant parts of the State. He was a clear and forcible writer; a book

which he published called "Fort's Medical Practice" added greatly to his reputation.

He was prominent among the distinguished men of the State, Milledgeville was the capital and often interesting meetings were held at our home. Mother assisted with a generous hospitality. Frequently have I seen at our house brilliant entertainments of ladies and gentlemen assembled, at dinners and suppers, with a flow of wit and wine. Wilkes Flagg (a colored man who had once belonged to us and was noted as a waiter), was generally on hand to serve the hot apple toddy, a famous drink at that time, it is now almost unknown. The present day of "Ladies' High Teas" had not come in fashion. We kept what was then called an "open house," friends constantly coming and going. I have heard mother describe a visit made her by Miss Octavio Walton, a famous Southern belle from Florida. Her father was a friend of father's and her grandfather one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from Georgia. Her sparkling brilliancy, her grace and powers of entertaining a room filled with people, made her renowned. She preferred gentlemen, caring little for women. While not considered a beauty she was very handsome and charming, and fascinating beyond words. After an evening of entertaining she would retire to her room, throw herself on the bed exhausted, as my mother said, she was an actress and a good one. She had beautiful hands, but one of her greatest attractions was her exquisite voice. She always carried her guitar with her, playing and singing to its accompaniment with thrilling effect. Her father held an office under the government and lived at an army post. Miss Walton had learned from the officers and knew how to use them, many songs of passionate love and heroism. Her visit lasted ten days, and was one round of excitement and ovation in her



THE HOME OF THE FORT FAMILY FOR FIFTY YEARS,
MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.



honor. For years it was a standing joke with the ladies of Milledgeville how all the men married and single, went wild, and were running around after her carrying her guitar and singing her songs. It was some time before the good wives could restore their husbands to order.

A crowd followed her to the steamboat landing on the Oconee river where she took the steamer for Darien. This was before the days of railroads in that section. Miss Walton afterwards became the famous Madam LeVerte, of Mobile, Alabama. She traveled extensively and was presented to Queen Victoria, at the British Court in London. She was a talented woman and wrote a brilliant book called "Souvenirs of Travel."

V

Father was the physician and friend of all the Democratic Governors of Georgia of his time. Beginning with Clarke, Lumpkin, Gilmer, Schley, McDonald, Townes, Johnson and Brown. Among other prominent men who visited at our house, were Judge John McPherson Berrien, William H. Styles, John E. Ward of Savannah, Bishops Elliott and Capers of Georgia, the Hon. Mr. Pettigrew, the distinguished lawyer of Charleston, South Carolina, and the noted Billy Springer, famous for his graceful manners, his talents, his size and his appetite. He weighed five hundred pounds, I think it was, a servant generally carried his chair around for him. He drank at our house one evening fifteen cups of coffee, this is correct, I think. He took a seat at Governor McDonald's on one of those spindle-legged sofas of that day and all of the legs were broken off. How the memory of those "days that are no more" rise before me, but I must forbear.

Father was a liberal thinker, an earnest seeker

after truth in all things. He taught us that we had no right to form an opinion on subjects of which we knew nothing, that we must investigate before we approved or condemned. Although not a church member, he was a constant student of the Bible, often have I seen him bending over it, he was not of an orthodox turn of mind, and could not accept the creeds of the churches. Both father and mother were admirers of the ministers as men of character and talents, they were always entertained at our house during the church conventions.

In the meantime the sons and daughters of this large household were growing up and participating in this busy active life. I know it is a partial hand that wields this pen, and in this chronicle the black sheep, that is said to be in all families will be hard to find, but it is a true picture notwithstanding, if a bit colored by the warmth of love. "Sister Julia," as she was called by every child in the family became an elegant and accomplished young woman. Mother always insisted that she was beautiful, although some may have differed with her in this opinion. She was quite a belle, was more admired in society than any of the other daughters, mother and father were very proud of her. She was my mother's right hand and was universally beloved in the family. She married at the age of nineteen in Milledgeville, Georgia, April 15th, 1846, Colonel Edward David Huguenin of Savannah, Georgia. He was a widower with one child, a girl of twelve years, was a handsome man of wealth and position, with black hair and eyes and very elegant manners. I was a child of eight at that time and the wedding stands vividly before me. I recall seeing the bride descend the old fashioned stairs with her two attendants, Misses Mary Lou Boze-man and Annie Park, the groomsmen were Mr. Robert Smith of Macon and Uncle Joe Fannin. (Col.

Smith became a noted Confederate officer and was killed in the Civil war.) The bride's dress was of white tarletan, with a white embroidered lace veil reaching a little below the waist. She wore a set of silver jewelry, long ear-rings, an ornament for the hair, a pin and a bracelet. These were a wedding present which had been sent by the daughters of Uncle Abram Fannin of Savannah. This was I think, the only present she received, to give wedding presents was not fashionable at that time. Always a timid child, and frightened by the stillness and the awe of the occasion, I burst into tears and had to be taken from the room. Colonel Huguenin became a man of large wealth, owned several hundred slaves and large plantations in South Georgia, was a prominent and successful cotton planter.

A noted event in the ante-bellum days in all Southern households, especially on the large plantations, was what was termed "hog-killing time." It began with the first cold weather generally about Christmas. It was a terrible labor, dreaded by the mistress of the house but hailed with delight by the negroes, they adore the hog. All was busy excitement as the great hogs were brought in, the children claiming the tails to cook, a dainty morsel they thought them. Every home, even in the large towns had its "smoke-house" for preserving the meat, to cure fine hams was the pride of all Southern house-keepers. About three hundred hogs were raised and put up annually on the Huguenin plantations. The South was a land of plenty in those days, with all hands at work the country blossomed as the rose. The care of the sick and other onerous duties of the master and mistress on all well appointed plantations had to be seen to be appreciated. Not far from the "White-house" were the "Quarters" as they were termed, or homes of the slaves, always gay with crowds of merry,

frolicing negro children. In the fall, at the "corn-shuckings" it was thrilling to hear the wonderful singing, at night it could often be heard for miles. Music is the peculiar genius of these African people. At the harvest season the master always gave the negroes a great barbecue, and at Christmas what a holiday and merry making there was on the plantations, the dancing often lasting until broad day light, I have known great Christmas trees and fire-works given at Christmas for them. All of this is a thing of the past, the slave of the South has disappeared, I trust never to return.

Colonel Huguenin bought a handsome home in Macon, Georgia, where they located. They followed the life of the wealthy Southern planters, generally went North or to some watering place during the summer, the winters were spent in Macon and on the plantations. His favorite home was "the winter place" in southwestern Georgia, as he said he never tired of looking on his fields, which in those days of plenty, were always covered with grand crops. Like the majority of Southern gentlemen, he was very fond of hunting, kept fine bird dogs and a pack of hounds and had great sport camp hunting for deer in South Georgia. Rosa, his daughter by his first marriage, was reared by her grandmother Huguenin in Savannah, she used to visit but never lived with sister Julia, she married Colonel William G. Delony, who became a gallant Confederate soldier and colonel of a regiment, he was killed in Virginia while bravely leading his regiment during the Civil war. He was highly esteemed in Athens, Georgia, where he lived. Five children were born to my sister and Colonel Huguenin, namely, Martha Fannin, Edward David, Eliza Villarde, Julia Emily and Theodora Eugenia. They resembled their father's family, were remarkably beautiful children. Colonel Huguenin was greatly

interested in the Civil War, he equipped a Confederate company from Macon which was named in his honor, "The Huguenin Rifles," it was under the command of Captain Cicero Tharp. After a lingering illness Colonel Huguenin died in Macon, March 1, 1863, and was buried in Milledgeville. He left a large estate valued at this time (when negroes were high) at about one million dollars. His will towards his wife was most generous, she was left the handsome home in Macon and everything pertaining to it, the furniture, house servants, carriage and horses, and a child's part in the estate. He left a sum of thirty thousand dollars, to be invested in Confederate bonds to endow a school in Bibb County, Georgia, for the education of orphan girls. The war rendering Confederate money valueless, this part of the will of course, was never carried out. Mother believed in diversified interests, and advised him to invest something in bonds, but he always said that he only understood planting. His property therefore consisted only of land and negroes, and by the failure of the war the estate was almost bankrupted.

VI

Sister Martha was a very intellectual woman. She was handsome, of commanding presence being the largest of the daughters, and resembled father we thought, more than any of the family in her philosophic turn of mind. She was a remarkable musician, playing and composing on both the piano and guitar, with the gift of genius. She was married in Milledgeville at the age of nineteen by the Reverend Mr. Foote on September 19, 1854, to Robert Jarrold Morgan, a lawyer of standing from Lagrange, Georgia. He was a man of very pleasing manners, a widower of twenty-eight years, with no children. This wedding was a notable family event, Col. Huguenin, Sister Julia and

daughter Martha came from Macon, Aunt Ann Porter, Aunt Sarah Floyd, with Cousins Martha and Sallie Porter from Madison, and a large bridal party from Lagrange. I remember the preparations taking place, the piles of snowy garments all made by hand, this was before the days of the sewing machines, like the majority of Southern families we owned our own seamstress to assist in the household sewing. And the cooking that was going on for this wedding for a week and more, all done at home. There were wonderful cakes, tall white pyramids, decorated by friends in the most artistic style of the day, in gold and silver leaf, lace work and flowers. The bewildering excitement and crush at the supper, with its separate cake and meat tables groaning under whole barbecued pigs and turkeys, this was the fashion of the day. The bride was dressed in a handsome white brocaded silk, (a present from Mrs. Governor McDonald), a wreath of orange blossoms and a long tulle veil. A number of bridal presents were received, the fashion was beginning, which has now grown to such proportions. The bride and groom left the next day for Lagrange, Georgia, their future home. A few years later Mr. Morgan decided to move to Memphis, Tennessee, where they permanently located. He was a whig in politics and opposed to secession, but when the war broke out he joined the Democrats and entered the Confederate service. He raised and organized the Thirty-sixth Tennessee Regiment, served with it for two years, when he was appointed on the staff of Lieutenant General Leonidas Polk, as Judge Advocate General where he served until the death of General Polk. Afterwards he was appointed Judge of the Confederate Court of Claims, which position he occupied until the close of the war. General Polk was killed at Marietta, Georgia, June 14, 1864, Colonel Morgan was with him at the time.

After the war he returned with his family to Memphis where he resumed his profession in which he became quite distinguished. He had been a man of fortune, but lost everything by the war. He was ten years on the bench as first chancellor of Memphis, was at one time a prominent candidate for Governor of Tennessee. His marriage to my sister was unusually congenial and happy, three children were born to them, namely, Mary Louisa, Tomlinson Fort, and John Ellington. Tomlinson was born in Memphis, he died in childhood and is buried there. Mary Louisa became a very handsome girl, she married John R. Keightly of Memphis a marriage which proved to be incompatible. In a few years they were divorced, and Mary Lou was married the second time at Oxford, Ohio, to Perry W. Witt, they lived in Chicago, Illinois, Mary Lou had no children. She died at Chicago August 16, 1902, and is interred in Henderson, Kentucky. John Ellington Morgan is a tall handsome man, steady and upright, has never married, he is a business man and lives in Memphis.

Mother has mentioned Lizzie Ingram, a bright orphan girl who lived with us many years. She was devoted to our family, and was married during the war in 1861, in our house at Milledgeville, to a clever, intelligent young man of Lagrange, Georgia, Mr. Robert C. Humber, who was then a lieutenant in the army of Virginia. This war wedding took place on a fast day, the simple refreshments served were not touched by the few guests present, the bride and groom left at once for Lagrange. After the war Mr. Humber became a successful planter, settled in Putnam county, Georgia, where they reared an interesting family of seven children.

We fasted religiously during the war, how we strove in every way for success, none but those who lived at this time can know. It is difficult now to

realize the intensity of our feelings, we had no thought but to conquer in this great contest.

An orphan niece of father's, a daughter of Uncle Zachariah Fort, lived with us many years, she married at our home in Milledgeville about 1860; Miss Mary Elizabeth Fort to Mr. John W. Duncan, an intelligent lawyer. Cousin Lizzie as we always called her, would only have a small wedding, they left at once for Atlanta, where they located. She is a bright, intelligent woman, has been a widow for years and is still living in Atlanta, Georgia, 1902.

With all this large household one can imagine the brightness of our home circle. Uncle Joe and Lizzie Ingram were unique characters, the remembrance of their brilliant wit and humor still live in the family annals. Mother a natural social leader, gracefully introduced her daughters into society. Knowing my father's financial embarrassments we were simply dressed. Every possible opportunity for improvement was given us, she taught us music herself and we gave much attention to the study of French.

The holiday season was always a brilliant occasion with us. Every Christmas we had a large and handsome Christmas tree arranged in the front parlor, the members of the household vieing in kindly remembrances to each other. The servants were invited in, they stood against the wall, their ebony faces gleaming with pleasure, they were always remembered and enjoyed it as much as children. After Brother George's death John assumed the position of "paterfamilias" in the family and presided at the tree, the day ending in a great family dinner party.

The life at our home during the sessions of the Legislature is a bright picture before me. Our charming cousins from Madison were frequently with us. Cousin Martha Porter, the belle and beauty of the family and mother's namesake, Cousin Sallie Porter

and Cousin Goudalock Saffold. Afterwards Cousins Mollie Floyd, Mollie Hunter and Martha Johnson, often five or six young ladies were in the house at once. At night with these bright girls and a crowd of gallant beaux, merry voices and beautiful singing at the piano, it seemed as if there was a party every night. Anon sable "Mammy Nancy" appeared serving brandy peaches, or fruit cake and wine. These were days when brilliant conversation was the fashion of the day, card playing was unknown in our social life. And the many delightful family re-unions, the visits of Sister Julia and children at Christmas, later came Sister Martha and children all meeting at the home in Milledgeville. Sister Julia inaugurated our Christmas trees. The old homestead was a large ten room house including basement, the kitchen and servants' room were in the yard. Mother was a good provider, and I have never known her excelled as an amateur gardener. Flowers were a passion with her, the green house being a special pet, father joining her in interest with the flowers, he always grafted her orange trees which were her particular favorites.

A nephew of father's, Arthur Rossetter, lived in Florida, where there were poor schools. Mother sent for his daughter, Martha, (her namesake) to come to Milledgeville and attend school with Sallie. She lived with us about two years, and has made a superior woman. She married Mr. R. H. Sheldon, has two children and lives in Florida.

I will give another incident in father's life, while president of the Central Bank of Georgia, he went north on business for the bank. Arriving in New York City he registered at a hotel, and was shown a room up, up, innumerable flights of stairs in the attic. Always indifferent as to his dress, I have no doubt he appeared like a shabby looking countryman. Before going out to attend to some business, he deposited with

the clerk at the hotel a large sum of money belonging to the bank. On his return he was met at the door by the proprietor and clerk bowing obsequiously and apologizing for having given him so poor a room, he had been moved, was ushered into one of the best rooms in the house on the first floor. You may be sure that he was in want of no attention during the remainder of his stay. Returning home, he spent one night in Charleston, South Carolina, I cannot remember to have heard whether the fever was there at this time, but think it was. Soon after his return he was seized with a very violent attack of yellow fever, the physicians assembled in consultation said that he could not live. He called my mother to the bedside, told her not to despair, (his mind was perfectly clear) that he had not given up hope, and as long as he had this pulse (feeling it the meanwhile) he could live and he thought he would recover. He recovered, was very slow in regaining his strength, but mother thought him never so strong as he had been before this attack.

VII

Brother George had adopted father's profession, he was a natural physician, was a man of culture and intelligence with most pleasing manners. He was sent to Philadelphia, where he attended as father had done, the Jefferson Medical College. On account of failing health brother did not return to Philadelphia but graduated at the Medical College of Augusta, Georgia, which was nearer home. In father's declining health he had taken charge of his large practice, and had become one of the leading physicians of Milledgeville. Brother was never strong, this drew him peculiarly near to mother, their devotion to each other was beautiful.

How different at that time from the present, was

the business of a physician conducted. Father seemed to live on horseback, never using a buggy until his health began to fail. His favorite riding horse was called Glympse, she was the pet of the family, and so gentle that any of the children could ride her. We had a pony called Jovian, and often rode with father in the country on short trips. Glympse had never been in harness, father decided that she must be broken to drive in a buggy. We were all seated at the dinner table when the news was brought that in attempting to harness Glympse she had fallen and broken her neck. We rushed from the table, amid such a scene of weeping and lamentation. We were taught to be kind to animals, the two setter dogs, Tobe and Fleet, with Gyp, the pet poodle of Sister Susan were like members of the family. After Sue's death Gyp died, he refused to eat and we thought died of grief.

Here is a little snake story told us by father. He said that he had always thought the idea of the hair rising on the head from fright was not true. One day riding along in the woods, he heard near him the sound of a rattle-snake. Always desiring to kill a snake if possible, he got down from his horse, armed himself with what he thought was a stout rail from a fence near by. He found the snake coiled ready to strike and aimed a death blow at him, the rail broke in pieces and the snake sprang at him, just missing his head. He distinctly felt his hat rise, it came near falling from his head. He secured a better stick and killed the snake, was frightened for once in his life if never before. His children thought that he could never know fear, in all danger if he was near we flew to him for protection.

His profession averaged him, for many years, ten thousand dollars a year. Ever benevolent, his services were given alike, to the rich and the poor, he was not a

good collector. His office which as children we called "father's shop," was a small house of two rooms, built in the garden a short distance from the house fronting on the street. All physicians' offices were then called doctors' shops. Father's medicine's were ordered from the North and kept in the office (a small drug store it was), prescriptions were compounded here by himself or his students.

After Sister Martha's marriage the next daughter was our lovely Sister Susan, the children brought their troubles to her and were always sure of her sympathy, her sweet influence will ever linger with us. She was a charming attractive girl, but from her feeble organization, was able to go but little into society. On April 19th, 1859 she passed into the spiritual world, aged twenty-three years. She had as it were, been set apart, having never been able to join in the sports of the young. She was always under father's tenderest care, the children were carefully trained to play gently with her, and never under any circumstances strike her. Her death was a great shock to us.

Three weeks after Sister Susan's death we lost our dear father. He died May 11th, 1859, universally esteemed by all who knew him, as one writer said of him, "His lips were never known to utter a falsehood, no stain rests upon his name." The funeral was large, the civic and military bodies of the city attended and all stores were closed during the exercises. Dr. Samuel K. Talmage, of Oglethorpe University, and Rev. William Flinn, both of the Presbyterian church, officiated at the funeral. We were members of the congregation of the Presbyterian church. The great respect paid our father was very gratifying to us, showing the high esteem in which he was held by the people among whom he had labored and lived so long. He located in Milledgeville, in about 1806 or 1807 and had lived there fifty-three years. We sympathized

with mother, she had been devoted to father, we all felt deeply the shock of this double sorrow. Father had lived to pay almost all of his entire indebtedness. Brother George now became with mother the head of the family, he was almost a second father to us, taking a paternal interest in the boys, Tom and John, with Fannie for a special pet. He proved to be a fine business man and was in thorough sympathy with mother in her views regarding business. She had superior talents as a business woman, her great maxim was to keep out of debt, debt she considered slavery and ruin. The estate was admirably managed, the property placed on a paying basis, and the debts were soon paid. We owned some valuable city property in Milledgeville, the home there had been left to mother, and a child's part of the estate. We had never desired to be large slave owners, only our house servants, their children and a few others belonged to us. The property in Chattanooga has been mentioned, this was considered the most valuable part of our estate.

VIII

In 1861 the fearful Civil War, sometimes called the Rebellion began, as I don't like the word Rebellion, I shall call it the Civil War, those dark and stormy days are graven on my memory. In the wild excitement of secession, reason seemed swept away in a whirl of passion. There was the rush to arms, the drum, the fife, the hushed crowds at the depots to see the soldiers off to the war, alas, many never to return. The news of the battles, the anguish, the sorrow, the wounded, the dead, four years of trial and trouble, of hope and despair. The most distinguished men of the State soon assembled at Milledgeville to attend the secession convention, Herschel V. Johnson, Robert Toombs, Alexander Stephens, Thomas R. R. Cobb, Francis Bartow and others. I attended this conven-

tion, the air seemed thrilled with the gravity of the hour, the old capitol trembled under the burning eloquence of these great statesmen, it was a battle of giants. In vain they cried peace, when there was no peace, the die was cast and Georgia, following the lead of her sister States, seceded from the Union January 19th, 1861.

Father before his death, had seemed to presage the storm that was to burst over the country, he said when the issue came that the Union would be found stronger than slavery, and regretted that he could not leave his family in a free State. Mother was devoted to the union, she trembled before the horrors of war, which she felt was near at hand. Sad was "secession day" for her, and amid all the wild rejoicing over the passage of secession, she would have no bonfires or illuminations at our house.

Our household were divided on this great question, mother, Uncle Joe and Brother George for the Union, the younger members going for secession. Uncle Joe was a Douglas Democrat of the deepest dye, such a partisan and politician it was difficult to find. There was always a warm war of words when he took sides, which he generally did, but when war was finally declared all joined hands for the South, our country, to defend it right or wrong. At a meeting of the ladies in Milledgeville mother was elected president of the "Soldiers' Relief Society" and devoted herself to its onerous duties, entering upon the work heart and soul. Miss Rebecca Harris was elected secretary and I her assistant. We women were untiring in our devotion to the Southern cause, no sacrifice was beyond us. The carpets from our houses were given to the soldiers for blankets, we even made cartridges to shoot the "Yankees," which seems terrible to me now.

Tomlinson and John were both graduates of Oglethorpe University, which was then located at Midway

two miles from Milledgeville. This school once very flourishing, was closed by the war, and has since been abandoned. Tom, we considered exceptionally bright, he was a tall manly fellow, a favorite brother of mine and just twenty-one. He was admitted to the bar in Milledgeville in 1858, and had spent several months in the law office of Colonel George A. Gordon of Savannah. He returned home at father's death, but from the disturbed condition of the country (the war was at hand), he had not permanently located in his profession. He reported for several newspapers in the Legislature at Milledgeville, during the winters of 1857-1859, 1860 and 1861 and in the spring of '61 entered the army. The State of Georgia had ordered two regiments raised to be called the First and Second Georgia Regulars. Governor Brown appointed Tom a first lieutenant in the First Georgia Regulars, then under the command of Colonel Charles Williams. Tom was a young man of energy and force, he had been an ardent secessionist, and entered with enthusiasm upon his military duties. How brave and handsome we thought him in his brilliant uniform, Confederate uniforms were dazzling in brass buttons and gold lace in the early days of the war. What a change was wrought in those four dreadful years that followed. Tom's Regiment was ordered first to Tybee Island Fort Pulaski Georgia, in July, 1861, from there they were sent to Virginia, the great battle ground of the Confederacy. The war fever increased in intensity, every able bodied man in the South was hurrying to the front, among them dear John, our youngest brother, he was but a boy, being only nineteen years old. In vain mother pleaded "wait a little longer," go he would and did. The "Baldwin Blues," Captain George Doles, commanding (he afterwards became General Doles) was the first company that left Milledgeville, John's was the second. It was named

the "Baldwin Volunteers" complimentary to my father, that being the name of the company he commanded in the war of 1812. At first we thought it grand to hear the drum beat and see the soldiers march by, knowing not what war was, now alas ; we felt the awful reality that was upon us. Never shall I forget the scene when this company left. The early dawn, the soldiers marching by, in gray uniforms, guns and knap-sacks, drum and fife, to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." At the depot, the fervent "God bless you", the wailing, the sobbing, the tears, the waving handkerchiefs, and faint melancholy cheering as the train drew out of the depot amid the shrieking of the fife "The Girl I Left Behind Me", a tune that has since seemed a funeral dirge to me. Mother bade good-bye to John at home, she was so overwhelmed with grief she felt unequal to going to the depot. She sewed in John's coat a ten dollar gold piece, to be used only in a great emergency, John carried it through the war. After his return home it was stolen by a negro boy in the house, just as if it had been an ordinary dollar, a mockery as it were, on saving money. The "Baldwin Volunteers", (Captain Beck commanding), were in the Ninth Georgia Regiment, Captain Beck was elected Colonel, they were ordered to Virginia. Mother felt that it was almost more than she could bear when brother George decided that he must go into the army. He accepted a position as surgeon of the Twenty-eighth Georgia in command of Colonel Worthern, the regiment was ordered to Virginia, where the great armies of the South were assembled. Anxious were the hearts at home with all three brothers in the field, they spent the winter of 1861 and 1862 in winter quarters in Virginia, these were rude log cabins built by the soldiers. John was broken down under the hardships endured, and brother not being able to stand the

fatigue of camp life was compelled to resign. He obtained a furlough for John and they came home together, a joyful welcome was given these soldier brothers. John slowly regained his health, as soon as he was able for duty he was transferred to a cavalry company in Florida where he served several months. He was then appointed second lieutenant in Tom's regiment, the First Georgia Regulars, where he served until the close of the war. John was a brave, faithful soldier, he was never wounded, was complimented by his colonel in a special order before the regiment, for coolness and courage under fire while acting adjutant of his regiment. The first battle of Manassas took place July 21st, 1861, it electrified the country North and South. The South while shouting over this great victory was mourning her dead, among those killed were Generals Frank Bartow of Georgia and Barnard Bee of South Carolina. The older people were shocked, that amid this universal sorrow the young could still dance, but youth must and will have recreation in war as well as peace, and the furloughed soldiers who were continually at home, were social lions and eager for the dance. We only worked the harder, all of the women were knitting, mother with her own hands knit over one hundred pairs of socks for the soldiers. Our witty young sister Sallie, wrote on the back of a coat she made, 'if the soldier fights as bravely as the girl who made this coat talks, the Yankees will never see the back of it.' We wore homespun dresses, rough leather shoes, home-made gloves, made fans, buttons, and invented a little of everything we needed. We turned and remade our dresses and I have always thought that the girls looked quite as stylish and pretty then as they do in the fashionable dresses of to-day. We extracted salt (so much needed) by boiling dirt taken from the floors of our smokehouses, made coffee from rye and okra seed, tea from blackberry leaves, paid

thirty dollars a yard for calico and muslin, everything else was high in proportion.

Tom received his first wound at Malvern Hill in Virginia, July 1st, 1862, he had two ribs broken and was sent home on a furlough, recovering soon from this, he returned to the army. At the second battle of Manassas, August 30th, 1862, he was again wounded and came home on crutches with a broken leg. I remember how shocked we were as the omnibus stopped at our door in Milledgeville and all hands were assisting the wounded soldier out, with his baggage which consisted of a very few shabby bundles and a cloth haversack which appeared to have once been white. There was a picture in it of Stonewall Jackson, this had been brought to me from Richmond. It was rude, yet more valuable than diamonds, being the first picture we had seen of that great hero of the war. The South had not a more faithful devoted soldier than Tom., his vigorous constitution enabled him in about six months to rejoin his regiment.

IX

Eight months after Colonel Huguenin's death sister Julia died, mother has given an account of her tragic death. The horses were running away, in jumping from her carriage she received fatal injuries, lingered two months and died, November 30, 1863. She was a charming and accomplished woman, possessing great energy and executive ability. Thus taken from her young family, her death was universally regretted and was a severe shock and loss to us, she was the eldest child and our parents had looked upon her with peculiar pride. In her will she left her house in Macon with the carriage, horses, furniture and house servants to mother, and desired her to come there to live, if it was agreeable for her to do so. Her last hours were remarkable and most comforting, she had

her children, mother and all of the family called to her bedside. With a clear mind and voice she expressed a willingness to die if God willed, giving her children into the hands of mother and brother George, to rear and educate as they thought best. Brother's feeble health had compelled him to retire from the practice of his profession. He was left one of the executors on the estate of Colonel Huguenin, the others declining to act, he was now the only executor of this large estate and thought it best for us to move to Macon. The war had so broken up the schools in Milledgeville, we were almost forced to move to educate the children, as mother said she made the sacrifice, a sacrifice indeed it was to both Uncle Joe and herself. They had lived in Milledgeville forty years, were deeply attached to the place and left it with genuine sorrow.

In January 1864, we moved to Macon, the white family numbered ten, while the negroes in the kitchen including children were thirteen. An appalling family this would seem now, yet the Southern people were accustomed to large families, and all moved in harmony and order. Having all of the Huguenin servants, we only took to Macon our favorite nurse, aunt Nancy, with one child. I went first, taking the children to enter them at school, mother coming later.

We continued our work for the soldiers, Macon was now a vast hospital, there was said to be twenty thousand sick and wounded in and around the city. The churches with every available public building were pressed into service, the people took the sick and wounded soldiers into their houses, and had their yards filled with tents, the women assisting in every way possible in nursing them. Mother preferred to work in the hospitals, with our large family she could not take the soldiers into the house, but took charge of a ward in the Blind Asylum Hospital, she

was almost a daily visitor there, sending them breakfast from our home, sister Sallie, a servant and myself accompanied her. The soldiers went wild over the vegetables from the fine garden we had that summer. Mother and brother George had great apprehension as to the result of the war, and made every effort to provide for the future living of our large family. Quantities of provisions were brought from the plantations in Sumter County and stored at the home, even the attic was filled with hams, hidden from the Yankees. The battles were going on around Atlanta, the people were flying from their homes, while Sherman with fire and sword swept through Georgia. This was the famous "Sherman's March," (so called), not very dangerous to Sherman or his army, with nothing to oppose them but the women and children, every man in the country had long been at the front. The Yankee soldiers spread terror before them, they were like the locusts, consuming the country as they advanced. Fearful were the stories told of the devastation of this army, they left a track of desolation, burned homes, railroads torn up, and ruin everywhere. Long wagon trains of provisions were immediately sent from Macon to feed the starving people on Sherman's track, horrible is war. But all of this belongs to history.

As Sherman approached on Milledgeville sister Martha Morgan who was living in our home there, refugeed to Macon and the house was occupied by some of the Federal officers. Mother made frequent visits to Milledgeville in these days, generally returning with many packages. On one occasion, Edward Huguenin, her young grandson accompanied her, being very fond of pets, he insisted upon bringing an old drake home in his arms. When the train arrived at Gordon, a small station about fifteen miles from Macon, there were wild rumors of "the Yankees,

the Yankees are coming." Panic stricken the people crowded into the cars and forced the engineer to leave. Scarcely was the train out of sight before the Yankee General Stoneman, and his cavalry raiders came rushing upon the town. They burned the depot and much valuable property with piles of baggage belonging to the refugees, tore up the railroad, and left as quickly as they had come. The cars due in Macon at eight o'clock did not arrive until twelve that night. At midnight, here came our big-hearted mother, followed by Edward still holding the drake, and a crowd of refugeeed friends she had met on the train, all were exhausted by the exciting scenes through which they had passed. We made beds on the floor and took in the distracted refugees. Even amid all this we could laugh, as one lady friend kept exclaiming every moment, "Oh! I have lost my baggage and my brother," the baggage being preferred to the brother. The grave and the gay constantly jostle each other in the world. This was Stoneman's raid, it was an attempt to destroy the railroads going into Macon, it took place in August 1864. General Cobb then in command at Macon sent out a force who surrounded and captured General Stoneman and his entire command, of about two hundred men. A Confederate soldier, who was present when they were brought into Macon, told me that the most furious man he had ever seen was General Stoneman. He filled the air with imprecations and curses loud and deep, at his misfortune, while the Confederates were shouting with joy over his capture.

Stirring and exciting scenes have I witnessed at the hospital when the wounded soldiers were brought from the front, to see them moved from the ambulances, with groans, half clothed and clamoring for food. After such a scene one morning mother rushed home, calling to us as she entered the house "here all hands,

come into the kitchen and go to cooking, go to cooking," which we did at once. Soon we were again on our way to the hospital with large waiters of food and fresh vegetables for our poor soldiers. Mother was a bountiful house-keeper of the olden time, making vinegar and soap by the barrel, and quantities of blackberry wine, all of the surplus was given to those who were in need, this now came in for the soldiers, gladly we shared with them whatever we had and how they did enjoy it. One day we noticed a large body of cavalry, ragged and travel worn, passing our door. "What soldiers are these?" we asked. "Wheeler, Wheeler," they shouted, the same general Joe Wheeler of to-day, who was then a noted Confederate cavalry leader. "Quick, bring food, feed them," we cried, and instantly large waiters were brought out. Straight up the steep hill we lived on, rode those rough wild looking soldiers, cheering us as they came, and nearly running over the servants, they seized from the waiters the food, and turning their horses like a flash, were soon back in their places hurrying on, we knew not where. On another occasion Sallie and myself were visiting in Madison during the war, at the beautiful home of our dear Aunt Ann Porter, the house was situated on a commanding hill very near the depot. Suddenly, as the cars stopped, there were cries of "the soldiers, the soldiers," we hurried to the depot where great train loads of them were passing. They were not allowed to leave the cars, the poor, half-starved, ragged fellows, were crowded together like cattle in open cars, beneath the canopy of heaven. "Water, water," they cried, and quickly crowds gathered bringing water and food, we filled as well as we could the eager hands stretched out to us. "Who are these soldiers?" and "Where do they go?" we asked, they bravely replied, "We are Longstreet's corps on our way to the front." It was all they knew, they

wildly cheered us "Goodbye, God bless you," as the train pulled out from the depot. As for us, we wept. For days these soldiers were passing, a vast unconquered army it seemed to us, the whole town turned out, we did all that we could to feed them, meeting every train with water and food. We soon knew where "the soldiers were going," as news of the great battle of Chickamauga, fought in North Georgia and Tennessee, was flashed over the country. Longstreet's corps had taken part in the battle which was fought in September 1863. Again I must say that this is not a history of the war, but a simple recital of personal and family memories. We were living in historic days, every hour seemed fraught with thrilling interest. Like my mother, I have lived to thank God for the freedom of the slaves, one great result of the war.

Our home continued to be a center of social life with its bevy of bright young girls rushing into womanhood, and so many friends and relatives among the refugees coming and going around us. In the meantime I had assumed almost the entire care of sister Julia's children, assisted mother in every way I could with this young family. I became devoted to them, the girls were my special charge, brother George directing the education of Edward, who had been sent away to school. In August 1864, Julia, the third daughter of sister Julia, died in Macon, with measles, aged three years and six months. She was a lovely child of remarkable beauty, a dear pet of mine and also of the entire household, her loss was a heartfelt grief to us, we felt indeed, that "death loved a shining mark." She was taken to Milledgeville and laid beside her father and mother in the cemetery there. We had now no Julia in the family, and decided to change Dora's name to Julia Dora, but we could never call her Julia. I have felt for these children a love akin to a mother's love, which has

been warmly returned, and has given to my life a great deal of happiness and joy.

Even in war times love finds a way. My younger sister Sallie, was an attractive as well as a pretty girl, and overflowing with wit and humor, she was now twenty and considered herself old enough to enter the field of matrimony. When people fall in love marriage is next in order. We felt the sadness of having a wedding take place in the family while our soldier brothers were absent in the army, but to young people, the war seemed endless and war weddings had become the fashion of the day. Sarah Floyd Fort was married at Macon, Georgia, February 1, 1865, by the Reverend William Flinn of Milledgeville, to Dr. Harvey Oliver Milton of Selma, Alabama. Mr. Flinn was a Presbyterian Minister and had been our pastor at Milledgeville. Sallie met Dr. Milton in Macon, he was a gentleman of culture and refinement, was an assistant surgeon in the Confederate army, he had been in active service, was in the battle of Chickamauga, but was now transferred to one of the hospitals in Macon. For this wedding all of the "before the war" finery in the family was brought out to adorn the bride. The description and struggle of getting up a trousseau and a war wedding I will give in Sallie's own bright words. The day after the wedding Dr. and Mrs. Milton left for a visit to Dr. Milton's brother at Selma, Alabama. The family circle was broken, a great void takes place when a young lady daughter leaves the home, I felt deeply the loss of my dear sister and companion.

X.

This was a sad disastrous winter for the South and fearful were the hardships endured by our devoted soldiers. We mourned the death of our great leader General Stonewall Jackson, with a sorrow

universal, of grief that refused to be comforted. We were appalled at this loss, and that he was accidentally killed by his own soldiers, but added to the shock and horror of it. Clouds of adversity seemed to overwhelm us. Our decimated armies were retreating before the advancing hosts of the enemy which like the waves of the sea were sweeping over the Southland. Still we blindly clung to hope, "Lee was in the field," that was sufficient, "all was well." The war songs "Dixie," "Maryland, My Maryland," "We Conquer or Die," "Bonny Blue Flag," and others, were sung with more fervor than ever.

Suddenly came the news, that the Yankee General Wilson and his army were advancing on Macon. There was hurrying to and fro, hiding of valuables, and people still wildly refugeeing. And then more terrible rumors, "Lee had surrendered," "Richmond had fallen," peace was declared. This was soon followed by the startling news of the assassination of President Lincoln, on April 14th, 1865, by John Wilkes Booth, a wild, half crazy Southern fanatic. Certainly we were making fearful history, we could only hold our souls in peace and await the issue. We heard vaguely that General Howell Cobb, Confederate General in command at Macon, by orders from the Government at Washington, had gone out to meet General Wilson with a flag of truce. Dumb, paralyzed, doubting as we were, we awoke with a shock to find that all was true. The war was over, Confederate money worthless, the slaves were free, and every hope and dream of Southern empire had vanished in a night.

Our family consisted at this time of ten white members and eleven negro slaves, a typical Southern household. The negroes were at first dazed and intoxicated with freedom, but long accustomed to obedience, they were timid in demanding their rights, and on the whole, under the circumstances conducted them-

selves remarkably well. When our coachman, Charlie, (who was an excellent servant), came to bid us good-bye, mother offered him two dollars, regretting she could give him no more. He refused to take it, saying "old Miss" (they always called my mother by that name) "you keep the money, you need it, I can work, you can't." These changes were very sad for us, and it was some time before we became accustomed to this new order of living. Unaccustomed to work many old people died, under the shock of their hardships and ruined fortunes. The half of this sad story can never be told.

How little we had expected the war to end so soon. John had been sent from North Carolina to Georgia to recruit for his regiment, now decimated by the war. He arrived at home only three days before General Wilson and his army appeared before Macon, and immediately joined a company of Confederate officers, and went out to meet the enemy. They soon returned, disheartened and dispirited, by the news that was sweeping over the country. The surrender of the Confederate armies of Lee and Johnson, the flight of President Davis from Richmond and his capture by the Federals below Macon, all was confirmed.

The railroads were destroyed, John had walked the greater part of the way from North Carolina to Georgia; carrying over his shoulders a heavy piece of Confederate gray cloth, he had bought in North Carolina to make him a suit of clothes. The factories of the South ran night and day in those times, and could not supply the demand; cloth was at a premium. There was now great demoralization in the South, and much stealing took place, especially among the negroes. We lost seven horses from our stable, and soon after Wilson arrived mother thought it best to apply for a guard to protect us. Colonel James Fannin, a cousin



MARTHA LOW FORT,
Taken about 1870.

of mother's, while gallantly defending a fort at West Point, Georgia, was captured by Wilson and brought as a prisoner of war to Macon. Colonel Fannin was treated with great courtesy, was allowed his liberty, and was now staying at our house. He applied for a guard for us. A wounded Yankee Colonel and his staff were sent, one of the soldiers slept on the porch, while the Colonel occupied the sitting room. A Confederate captain from Texas, and other poor homeless Southern soldiers were also at our house. Mother entertained all that she could. We said we had Yankee-dom on one side of the house, and the Confederacy no the other. Our home was the rendezvous for Confederate officers and refugeeed friends, all now stranded at Macon without a dollar. At night especially we met, it was sad to hear the conversations over our wrecked fortunes, our humiliation, our despair. Dinner was served the Yankee Colonel (he was a rough, common man), and his party in the dining room first. We rebelled at this, but they treated us with all respect and mother thought it best to be as polite as possible to them, and she was right. Their rations were sent to the house, which mother had cooked, she presided at the table, none of the rest of the family were present. Seeing only knives at dinner, a fork was asked for. Mother said her forks were where they could not be found. An officer remarked, "Madam, did you take us all for thieves?" "I only know," replied my mother, "that when Sherman's army passed through Madison, the only forks my sister saved were those hid in her pocket," no more was said, ours had been thrown into a well in the yard. The handsomest silver which belonged to us, was given in trust to a faithful colored man named Wilkes Flagg who had formerly been a slave of father's. Wilkes was a very superior man, he possessed fine executive and financial

ability, had bought himself, wife and child, many years before freedom. He became a Baptist preacher, his friendship and lifetime devotion to our family deserves special mention. Father and mother were his friends and assisted him in every way in their power in the difficulties he sometimes encountered before the war as a free colored man. Our silver was taken to Milledgeville where he lived, and buried in his garden. When Sherman passed through Milledgeville the Yankee soldiers hearing that Wilkes had valuables entrusted to him, siezed and were attempting to hang him to force him to reveal where they were hidden, when an officer came up in time and saved his life. The silver was restored to us in safety. Mother presented Wilkes with a handsome silver cup, (he would receive no pay), in token of his loyalty and devotion to the family. A large box of silver which belonged to the Huguenin children was sent to the Sumpter County plantation for safe keeping, and placed in charge of the overseer. Hearing that the Yankees were coming, he had it thrown into an old well where it remained until the war was over. We feared it was ruined, but it was recovered and restored uninjured. But I shall ne'er be done, my life was so absorbed in the war that every incident connected with it seems of special interest.

XI.

We were extremely anxious at this time about Tomlinson, he had been left very ill with rheumatism at Raleigh, North Carolina, and was there when peace was declared. I wish to give something of the events of the last campaign of my two brothers, Tom and John, at the close of the war. Tom had entered heart and soul into the Southern cause, three times wounded and repeatedly sick, he served under great difficulties. Often with his health completely broken down, he

persisted in returning to the army and had remained with his regiment until within a few weeks of the final surrender. The South had not a more devoted soldier. His regiment was stationed in the spring of 1863, on the Apalachicola river, Hammock's Landing, Florida, a very unhealthy region, and Tom had been sent home with a severe attack of malaria which we feared at one time might prove fatal, but with youth and a good constitution he finally recovered. The Government had ordered that all sick soldiers must go to the hospital, Tom determined rather than be a "hospital rat" (as they were called), that he would return to the army if possible. Scarcely able to travel, he rejoined his regiment in Florida, where they were now stationed under the command of General Finnegan. They had recently participated in the brilliant battle and victory of Oclustee in Florida, John being in command of his company at the time. From Florida the regiment was ordered to Savannah, and spent that dreadful winter marching through the Carolinas in retreat before Sherman. Tom kept up with the regiment, although his health continued poor. He was slightly wounded on the shoulder in a battle on John's Island, South Carolina, came home on a furlough but soon returned. It was here that the regiment encountered for the first time in battle negro troops, which produced strange and mingled feelings, thus to meet our former slaves, a feeling of indignation and humiliation that could only be known to a Southerner. The winter of 1864 and 1865 was very severe, our soldiers were without tents in the rain and snow, our hearts were filled with anguish at their sufferings and at the disasters to the army. The exhausted Confederacy was in her death agony.

After the battle of Cheraw in South Carolina, Tom was first attacked with violent rheumatism. He has since been a great sufferer from this disease. John

has given a graphic picture in his paper on "the last campaign of the First Georgia Regulars," of Tom's condition at this time, of his heroic struggle to avoid being captured and how he finally fell into the hands of those lovely Southern women in Raleigh, Mrs. Rayner and her daughters. Mrs. Rayner was a noble woman of a distinguished family, she was a sister of General, also Bishop Leonidas Polk, of the Confederate army, and was a relative of President Polk. Mr. George Lamar, a Georgia officer, was at this time in Raleigh, which was about to be evacuated by the Confederate army, and has told us since the war of this circumstance. He had a cousin very ill in the hospital there, seeing Tom another Georgian, lying near also very ill, he determined if possible to remove these two soldiers to a private house, feeling sure that if they were left in the hospital they would die. Placing them in an ambulance he went with them and finally stopped at a large and elegant home, a lady came out saying she could not possibly accommodate them, that her house was full, inducing her to look at them, her compassion was moved and under great difficulties she decided to take them. They were at first placed in a house in the yard, but soon some sick soldiers left the home, when they were moved into her house. So Tom fell into the hands of the Yankees after all. Raleigh was taken, it was here that John saw him just before he left for Georgia. Tom was three months ill at this hospitable home, he arrived there about March twentieth and left June twentieth, 1865. He feels that he owes his life to the tender nursing of this noble woman and her daughters. He awoke as from a dream, to find that the Southern armies had all surrendered, the war was over and peace declared. He suffered deeply in the humiliation and defeat of the South, there was nothing to do but to join with the country in accepting the issue,

start for home as soon as possible and begin life anew. John was to leave Macon in a few days to go to Raleigh in search of Tom, he expected to walk most of the way. The railroads were destroyed and with no mails, it was impossible to receive any news. Mother was consumed with anxiety when suddenly one day Tom came walking in. Our devoted mother and all of the family gave joyful welcome to this tall, pale soldier brother. He was dressed in a coat that had been given him by our cousin, Mrs. Janie Holst of Savannah, and a shirt that had been presented him by Aunt Ann Porter in Madison where he stopped. His only baggage, I believe, was a very shabby round-about gray jacket, which he was wearing when he reached Savannah.

The Government had ordered the Confederate soldiers to remove all the gold braid and brass buttons from their coats. Tom was among a large crowd of paroled Confederates when they reached Savannah by boat from Wilmington. On landing a negro soldier stepped up to one of the Confederate soldiers and began cutting the brass buttons from his coat, instantly the negro was shot dead. Amid great excitement and fears of a wholesale lynching all of the Confederates were arrested and brought before the Provost Marshal. One of them stepped to the front, saying, "Release the prisoners, I am the man who did the killing." He was taken under strong guard and placed in jail. When morning dawned, that Confederate soldier had flown, no one could tell how, when, or where. Of course he had been freed by Confederate friends. Our Savannah relatives had taken off the brass buttons, and button mold buttons covered with black silk now adorned Tom's jacket, which I have in keeping among my souvenir's of the war. I have also his sword, this in some way was preserved and he brought it home with him. I will relate an incident that he

remembers of the battle of Cheraw, in North Carolina, he was in command of his regiment, with the Yankees in hot pursuit of them. As they rushed down the streets of Cheraw seeking the best route to cross a bridge over the Great Pedee river there, a woman came out on a porch wildly waving a sun bonnet at them, they turned at the signal and soon crossed the bridge in safety. It was already on fire, they almost ran over a few Yankee soldiers, who at great risk were trying to put it out, brave fellows they were Tom said. In 1896, he visited the Cheraw battlefield, and sought the street and house where the bonnet was waived. He was directed to call on Mrs. E. M. Vareen, President of the "Ladies' Memorial Society." She said to him, "Well, I think I am the lady you seek, as I waived the sun bonnet." She was now an old lady, and it seemed indeed strange after thirty years thus to meet her again.

We were proud of the record of our patriot soldier brothers, all of them had been equally faithful and devoted to duty. We felt that we had indeed cause for gratitude to God that they had been spared to us through the war while the whole Southland were mourning for their dead. The struggle had been gigantic and will go down to history as one of the greatest wars of modern times, illustrating the character and heroism of the American people. Although defeated, the South by her endurance, courage, and patriotism has won immortal renown.

By the freeing of the slaves, the depreciation of the property of the country and values of all kinds, poverty seemed staring us in the face. Wise heads were in charge of our affairs, with an abundance of food and but little money we managed to get on well. Trading by barter was carried on for some time, the country gradually returned to law and order. Our household negroes all left us, we could not blame

them, freedom was sweet. Even our faithful nurse, "Aunt Nancy," went with her family, her children were very ordinary, she felt it her duty to take care of them. At the division of father's estate, we gave Nancy an acre of ground in Milledgeville, and had moved on it, as a home for her, a good house with two rooms, which had been father's office, and here she lived and died. She was a prominent member of the family, coming to us in cases of sickness, a gentle nurse, was faithful and devoted to us during a long life, her memory lingers lovingly with us. Tomlinson and Fannie attended her funeral, I was unable to go at the time. She died and was buried in Milledgeville in 1887. After the war we sold the Milledgeville home to the Methodist Church for a parsonage and decided to locate permanently in Macon.

Tom was admitted to the bar in Milledgeville in August 1858. Father's estate owned valuable real estate in Chattanooga and a plantation near the city. Mother desired Tom to go there and look after this property. At a sale of government stock in Macon he bought a wagon and a pair of mules that were to be sent to this plantation in Tennessee, the railroads were so destroyed that he decided to travel through the country in this wagon. Two white men accompanied him, they were a week or more on the trip, arriving in Chattanooga in the fall of 1865. Tom afterwards decided to locate permanently there, the greater part of his life has been spent in Chattanooga. Tomlinson (mother always gave him his full name) is a gentleman in every sense of the word, is a man of talent, of great energy and the strictest integrity, is devoted to his profession and has become a prominent member of the bar. He is a public spirited citizen, has always been active in the upbuilding of Chattanooga. He was elected Mayor of Chattanooga in 1875 and served until 1876, was a member of

the Board of Public Works for six years, from 1893 to 1899, and was chairman of the Board for four years. He has given much time to the interests of the family in the management of the Chattanooga property, how faithfully he has discharged this duty all who know him will bear witness. He is tall like our father, is six feet two inches high, with light hair and blue eyes, has pleasing manners, is always polite, never forgetting in our home life to rise and offer me the best chair in the room. He is devoted to children, they soon learn to know and love him. The Rayner family, who had been wealthy and had shown him such kindness during the war, were now ruined financially. He gladly availed himself of an opportunity offered him of aiding them temporarily, they were too proud to receive any thing except as a loan. Gratitude is one of Tom's strongest characteristics.

XII.

Mother with intelligence and energy accepted the new order of things in the country. Consulting with brother George they went to work to arrange our affairs to create an income for the support of the family. The household was reorganized according to our changed fortunes, the servants were reduced from nine to three, we had now only a cook, house-maid and a nurse. The carriage horses were given up, a gardener was employed most of the time, gardening was a passion and a useful one with mother.

Since father's death our dear brother George had been to us as a father. He was mother's right hand, such a devoted son I have never seen. He was a man of fine business judgment and left to mother a valuable estate for her lifetime, at her death to be divided among his brothers and sisters. His health had rapidly failed for the past few years, the disease was a form of chronic dyspepsia. He died on May 4, 1866,

at Macon and was buried in the cemetery at Milledgeville. I have spoken of his superior character and talents, and of mother's devotion to him, she could never speak of him without tears.

Brother John studied law under our neighbor and friend, Col. L. N. Whittle, and was admitted to the bar in Macon in 1866. It now devolved upon him to come forward and take brother George's place in the family, which he did with credit to himself. He became administrator of the Huguenin estate which he ably managed, paying off a large debt upon the estate, was a successful planter and also assisted mother in the management of her business. John was ever a kind, affectionate son and brother, all of the family were devoted to him.

Edward and the girls were still at school, the girls rapidly growing into young ladies. Martha the eldest, had developed into a remarkably beautiful and fascinating girl, she was of a brilliant brunette type, with dark hair and eyes, and was for years the acknowledged beauty and belle of Macon. Fannie was our scholar, a talented girl, Lila the youngest, handsome and dignified, Edward now a college boy at Athens, Georgia, and Dora at this time a child about ten years old. Imagine this gay and merry household, three grown young ladies and all interesting and attractive girls. Our house became a fair Mecca for the beaux, every night was like an entertainment and on Sunday afternoons they held a reception. It was directly after the war, the soldier boys were eager to become acquainted with the girls. I was very proud of "my girls," as I called them, and entered into the spirit of their young lives, I bought and assisted in making their dresses and chaperoned them into our social world. I recall those bright summers at the Georgia Springs with "my girls," and at Milledgeville, with my pretty niece Martha, capturing the legis-

lators ; or on a picnic floating down the classic waters of the Ocmulgee in the moonlight ; days of youthful pleasure never to be forgotten. This was to me a work of absorbing interest and love, the dear girls rewarding me with their confidence and affection.

Our old bachelor, "uncle Joe" as every one termed him, was a striking figure in the family circle all these years, his eccentricities and never failing fund of wit and humor were a constant source of entertainment. He was a man of intelligence, had been admitted to the bar but never practiced, all of his life he seemed to dislike the routine of business, he possessed an ample fortune but had lost everything by the war. Brother George to whom he was devoted, left him an annuity, and mother now took care of him. His wit was keen and brilliant, the girls and their beaux coming in as one of his chief targets. On one occasion hearing gay voices in the parlor in the twilight, he opened the door, (not seeing that there were several gentlemen present), exclaimed "well girls, poor luck to-night, a regular water haul," retreating at the laugh which followed. Or when there had been some very young boys visiting them, he would say "girls I advise you to throw those minnows back in the river to grow," as you will see he was fond of fishing. He was an ardent partisan in politics, with never a desire for office, a democrat, "dyed in the wool." He was a gentleman of truth and honor and like many brilliant talkers was over fond of the social glass, mother had great influence over him and generally managed to keep him in pretty good order. They were now companions in their declining years, and partners in almost daily battles at their favorite game of chess, both of them being fine players.

In these great changes brought about by the war, there was always enough and to spare at our

house, and as far as possible mother extended a broad charity to all in need of assistance. I took charge of the sewing, taught the girls how to sew and also gave them music lessons for a while after the war. After leaving school sewing was a part of the education of the Southern girls, they made their own underwear and dresses, ready made clothes for ladies were unknown at this time. Lila resembled her mother, she developed a great talent for sewing, and soon excelled her teacher. Music was an accomplishment thought necessary for all girls in good society, and much time was given to it. Fannie was a superior musician, excelling on the piano, while Martha, who had a full rich voice, was the best singer among the girls.

And now began the marrying and giving in marriage. Lila was the first of the girls to break our charmed circle, she was the youngest, just eighteen, and the intended bridegroom only twenty-three. Mr. Tarver was a steady and clever young man, was of a prominent and wealthy Georgia family, this was a marriage of youth, love and prosperity. Eliza Villard Huguenin was married at Macon, Georgia, to Benjamin Marcus Tarver May 19th, 1869, by the Rev. Henry Bunn, a Baptist minister and grand-father of the bridegroom. We gave them a brilliant wedding, with a band of music and dancing, and had the house beautifully decorated. The supper table was gorgeous with the family cut glass and silver which had been all saved from the Yankees and was now used for the first time since the war. I have rarely seen as handsome cut glass, silver and jewelry as these Huguenin children inherited, their father was very fond of such things and had generously indulged his excellent taste in beautiful gifts to his family. The young couple left soon after the wedding ceremony for a Northern tour. Lila made a handsome bride in a dress of plain white silk with long tulle veil, she

received many handsome presents. What excitement there was in the family over this first marriage among these girls and how busy we had been with the simple trousseau. Our means were limited but we did for her the best we could at the time. The family circle seemed broken with the loss of this dear girl, but changes however great, soon readjust themselves and our lives moved on as usual.

For many years Judge Morgan, sister Martha and their two children Mary Lou and John, spent a part of every summer with us in Macon. Judge Morgan was a very pleasant man in the family, we were all fond of him. Mother had been an accomplished musician in her youth and sang beautifully, she taught her daughters music which was a great source of pleasure to us. Sister Martha was the most superior musician in the family, she composed brilliantly, I have rarely heard her excelled as a performer on both the piano and the guitar. Brother George had given me a beautiful guitar, it was a favorite instrument of mother's. We sat on the tall colonnade those summer nights, I with the guitar leading, and all of the dear girls joining in singing the old songs our mother loved. Sometimes we went serenading the neighbors in the moonlight. Halcyon days were these, sweet memories cluster around them.

Our house continued attractive for the young people, Martha and Fannie with their friends making life bright around us, the end was near, sooner than we expected. Martha rather suddenly decided to marry Captain Joseph Marshall Johnston of New York, a gentleman who had been paying her attention for some time. He was a native Tennessean of excellent family, a superior man in every respect, and a banker by profession. He was in the commissary department of the Confederate army as captain during the Civil War, was first in Longstreet's corps, after-

wards transferred to Mississippi, where he served under General Forrest until the close of the war. Martha was a favorite in the family, although so admired she was not at all vain, but was a very modest and timid woman, a faculty always pleasing and attractive in a young girl. She would not listen to anything except a simple day wedding, we had to yield to her wishes. She was married in a handsome traveling dress of silver grey poplin, the bride and groom leaving immediately for a trip North. The bride-groom was urgent, insisting that the marriage take place at once, which gave us only about five weeks in which to make ready the not very elaborate trousseau. It was in the lovely month of June, we decorated the house beautifully with natural flowers, a few intimate friends with the relatives were bidden to this pretty morning wedding. Martha Fannin Huguenin was married June 11th, 1871, at Macon, Georgia, to Joseph Marshall Johnston, of New York, by the Rev. Benjamin Johnson, of the Episcopal Church. This was another sad loss from the family circle. Weddings were in the air around us, in less than six months sister Fannie was married. She had become engaged before Martha's marriage to Julius Brown, of Atlanta, Georgia, and the day was set for November 8th. We thought that the two girls might arrange for a double wedding, but there was no such word as wait with Captain Johnston. What a busy time was this, two weddings and two trousseaux in six months. We sent for Nancy, our old nurse and seamstress, to assist us, it was absorbing and interesting work, no idle bread was ours that summer. Frances Gilmer Fort was married at Macon, Georgia, November 8th, 1871, to Julius Lewis Brown, of Atlanta, Georgia, by the Rev. Benjamin Johnson, of the Episcopal Church. Mr. Brown was a young man of superior talents, he was the son of ex-Governor Joseph E. Brown of Georgia, and was a lawyer by profession.

Our families had been friends for years. We lived near the executive mansion in Milledgeville, during Governor Brown's administration and Fannie and Julius had been sweethearts almost from childhood. Their marriage gave universal pleasure to both families. Our friends assisted in decorating the house in old-fashioned style for the wedding, green wreathes with paper and natural flowers were used with charming effect. The finances of the family had improved by this time, and the trousseau was quite handsome. The bride looked lovely in her wedding dress of white silk trimmed in tulle and lace, which had been sent out from New York. The table was exquisitely decorated by Mrs. Thweatt an artist friend from Milledgeville, beautiful cakes were ornamented with raised icing and silver and gold leaf, an art almost unknown now. There was a large and brilliant wedding, Martha Johnston came from New York, our beautiful cousin Martha Wade from Madison, and Governor and Mrs. Brown, their son Frank and daughter Mary from Atlanta. The bridesmaids were Martha Wade, Mary Brown, Amelia Dessau and Ellen Holt. The bride and groom left the next day for a Northern tour. Changed indeed now, was this once merry household, bereft of all of our young girls, we seemed to enter upon a new order of life.

XIII.

January the 8th was mother's birthday and the date of General Jackson's famous victory at New Orleans in 1815. It was ushered in, as were all national holidays in old Milledgeville, by the piercing notes of the fife and drum as they were marched through the streets at the dawn of day, always followed by a crowd of small boys. I can still see old Stirling, the tall colored drummer proudly beating his immense bass drum, such drums are not used now.



THE HOME OF THE FORT FAMILY FOR TWENTY YEARS,
MACON, GA.

While walking at his side was little Hammerheels, (as he was called), a small colored fifer blowing the fife with all his might, and very stirring music they made. This was a noted day in our family, all of the children, grand-children and great-grand-children that could attend, came home every year at this time to honor mother's birthday. Tomlinson now made his annual visit home, Martha Johnston came with little Richard Wilson Johnston, Fannie with young Martha Fort Brown and Sallie with George Fort Milton. Happiness and pleasure reigned at these family reunions. We always decorated the house and on one occasion had seventy-five lighted tapers (which was mother's age), on a tall stand on the dinner table. It was a goodly sight to see us assembled around that festive board, children and grand-children all present. Mother presided with charming grace and dignity, with what happiness she beamed upon us as we touched our glasses with toasts in her honor and sometimes read original poems, Uncle Joe always had something good to say for "sister," whom he revered. She objected to our making her presents, so we gave it up, she preferred to give rather than to receive. On one occasion a black silk dress was given her made to order, I well remember how handsome she appeared in it at the dinner table. She was so fond of giving we turned our gifts into a fund for her to give away in charity. Unknown to her we arranged a box on the parlor table with a card attached "to our mother to be given by her in charity, from her children, grand-children and great-grand-children" all contributing. She wept as she read it, how I linger over these sweet memories.

Edward Huguenin, sister Julia's only son, was educated at the State University at Athens, Georgia, he had developed into a steady clever young man of fine business qualities. When the Federal General

Wilson was advancing on Macon, Edward, then a boy of fifteen, joined a company of boys and furloughed soldiers, and went forth to meet the invaders of his country. These young soldiers only served a few days as peace soon followed, yet it was an evidence of their patriotism. After completing his education Edward decided to enter the cotton warehouse business in Macon and was very successful. On October 23, 1874, he married Miss Mary E. Randell, a beautiful and charming girl of Albany, Georgia, coming to live in Macon.

Sister Martha Morgan's two children lived with us two years in Macon, in order to take advantage of the fine schools there. Mary Lou attended Wesleyan Female College and John went to Mercer University. Mother's home was open to her children and grandchildren as long as she lived, until I was older I never realized how arduous had been the duties in the life work of our mother.

The valuable property belonging to father's estate in Milledgeville had been well managed by mother, she was ably assisted by Mr. Pleasant M. Compton of Milledgeville, a superior and successful man and lifetime friend of the family. He said of mother that she was the finest business woman he had ever known. With the Chattanooga and Milledgeville property we were able to live generously and well.

Mrs. Lizzie Ingram Humber, who had lived with us so long and married in our home in Milledgeville came to visit us in Macon, she induced mother to take charge of her two daughters to attend the Wesleyan Female College at Macon with Dora. Mr. Humber was now a prosperous planter, they lived near Milledgeville and had an interesting family of children. The Humber girls were bright and attractive, I took almost entire charge of them, buying and arranging their wardrobes the same as for Dora, they were about

her age. Dora was now my special pet, with lovely Emily and witty Mary, I had again in charge three interesting girls to keep me busy. I was "Aunt Kate" to all and became very fond of them, Emily was with us four years and Mary three, they have ever been our lifetime friends. Emily married Dr. Joseph H. White, who is now a distinguished surgeon in the U. S. Navy, Mary is unmarried 1903.

On one of Fannie's visits to us in Macon she lost her second child, Elizabeth, after a severe and sudden illness of three days. She was a lovely child of thirteen months, too lovely for earth, she was removed to Heaven to be reared by the angels of God. Julius Brown and his mother, dear Mrs. Brown, came from Atlanta to be with us. A severe blow to the parents was this, their first great sorrow and sad indeed was the return home, the little one was laid in the cemetery at Atlanta. Elizabeth Grisham Brown died at Macon, Georgia, June 7th, 1877.

We had almost given over brother John to old bachelordom, we felt that he quite belonged to us and were loath to part with him, Cupid had only tarried, John's time came at last. He met in Atlanta, Georgia, Miss Lulah Hay Ellis, by chance it seemed, and yet we know that nothing happens by chance. Miss Ellis was a handsome and attractive young woman and with brother John to see her was to love her, again and yet again they met and love won the day. She lived with her brother, Mr. W. B. Ellis, a prominent lawyer of Atlanta. Here they were married, John Porter Fort to Tallulah Hay Ellis October 28th, 1881, by the Rev. William F. Cooke of the Methodist Church. It was a pretty home wedding, the bride was very handsome in her wedding dress of white silk, and the groom was always the handsomest member of the Fort family. Mother was in feeble health at this time, but had come from Macon to be present

at the marriage of dear John. After the ceremony John and Lulah made a pretty picture as they knelt at mother's feet for her blessing. Many relatives and friends were among the wedding guests, but no one felt more important than our old black nurse Aunt Nancy, who had accompanied mother as a maid to see "Mars John" married. Numerous and handsome were the wedding gifts and none were more appreciated than a red woolen comfort made and presented by "aunt Nancy", (mother supplying the materials). After the ceremony the bride and groom left for a Northern tour.

Two children were born to Dr. Milton and sister Sallie. Tomlinson Fort, born at Macon, Georgia, November 29, 1865, George Fort, born at Macon, July 16, 1869. Dr. Milton and Sallie lived in Villula, Alabama for about a year, where Tomlinson their young son died, and is buried, he was a bright interesting boy nine months old, he died September 14, 1866. They afterwards bought a farm five miles from Macon, Georgia, where they lived for several years. In 1879 by the advice of mother they decided to sell their home near Macon and move to Chattanooga, Tennessee, where they could manage the property they owned there, to much better advantage. This proved to be a wise move and added greatly to their prosperity and happiness. Their family consisted of Dr. Milton, Sallie, their son George and Mrs. Sarah Ellert Milton, the mother of Dr. Milton. Mrs. Milton was an old lady in feeble health, she died shortly after they arrived in Chattanooga, aged seventy-five years. She was a devoted member of the Baptist Church, kind and good, she is buried in the Citizens Cemetery at Chattanooga.

Our dear mother's health had been failing for some time, housekeeping duties had become too onerous for her and she determined to give it up into the hands of some of the younger members of the family. Cap-

tain Johnston intended to make Macon his home and wished to come there for the winter. Our house was large, Martha desired to live with us, and decided to take the home and keep house for the family. She came with little Richard, young baby Martha and a faithful Irish girl Maggie Corkery by name as nurse, Maggie became prominent and very popular in the family, her warm heart making friends with every one, she lived with Martha over twenty years until she married. Richard was a noble little boy, he became a great pet with mother. We formed a large and pleasant household, Martha proving to be a famous manager and house-keeper.

Dora had grown into a handsome, graceful young woman, which fact the young men soon discovered and another wedding was dawning upon us. The right man had appeared and been accepted, in the person of Mr. John R. Ellis of Macon. There was little thought for weddings with us now, we were consumed with anxiety, regarding the alarming condition of mother's health at this time. Sister Martha Morgan had been sent for from Memphis and was with us, but she was suddenly called to Saint Louis by the dangerous illness there of her son John. Sallie Milton, Tomlinson and Fannie were also there and our faithful old nurse, Aunt Nancy, to assist us. After a lingering illness of several months our dear mother died at Macon, June 14, 1883, in the eightieth year of her age. With the exception of sister Martha every member of the family were present, when her beautiful spirit passed into eternity. A number of friends joined us in the sad journey to Milledgeville, where we laid her in the cemetery beside those dear ones she had so loved in life. The funeral was large, it took place at the Methodist church in Milledgeville and was preached by Rev. Dr. Joseph Key of the Methodist church, her pastor at Macon, it was a noble eulogy on our mother.

Dr. Key was assisted in the services by the Rev. Mr. Bigham of the Methodist church of Milledgeville, an old friend of the family.

Mother and father sympathized in their broad and liberal views on the subject of religion, father having always taught us to examine all questions before finally deciding to accept them. Several years before mother's death she decided to join the Mulberry Street Methodist church at Macon and was baptized at home by the pastor the Rev. Mr. Branch. This was a great comfort to her, all of her sisters were members of this church and she had long desired to join it, but from a natural timidity had hesitated to connect herself with any of the churches. I feel myself unequal to the task of speaking of our dear mother, her long and useful life is her eulogy and her epitaph. Gifted in person, mind and manners, generous, hospitable, charitable, devoted wife, tender, loving mother, her children arise and call her blessed, faithfully and well has she fulfilled her life's work. One of her constant maxims to us was "continue to love each other as long as your lives shall last." I consider it a blessing to have had such parents as were ours, may we so live as to meet them in that glorious eternity where partings are no more.

And now came the sad ordeal of the breaking up of the home where we had lived twenty years. Dora was twenty years old and was soon to be married to Mr. John R. Ellis of Macon. Mr. Ellis resided in Macon and was engaged in the dry goods business, he was an exemplary young man, steady and energetic. The marriage which had been delayed on account of mother's death, was arranged to take place before we left the home and as soon as possible. Julia Theodora Huguenin and John Richard Ellis were married at Macon, Georgia, August 21, 1883, by the Rev. Joseph S. Key of the Methodist church. This

was the seventh wedding that had occurred in our family in the twenty years we had lived in Macon. On account of our recent bereavement it was a quiet, sad wedding, only a few friends and relatives were present. The bride was married in a traveling dress, the young couple leaving soon after the ceremony for a tour North. I was very fond of Dora and felt in losing her that I was desolate indeed, left alone in the world.

Mother's will had restored the house and furniture in Macon to the Huguenin children, her personal property with the silver, china and glass were given to me. After Dora's marriage the family scattered, Captain Johnston and family went North for the summer, leaving only Uncle Joe and myself at the home of all that large household. It was my duty to pack up and arrange everything preparatory to move. The furniture was sold and divided among the Huguenin children. It was a sad change for Uncle Joe and myself, he had been almost broken hearted at the loss of our mother, he went to live with brother John and his excellent wife. My dear family had been most kind, many homes were offered to me. My health had declined under all these trials and sister Martha, to whom I was devoted, urged me to spend the winter in Memphis with her, I decided to do so. In September I left for Memphis, bidding home and friends farewell.

The family annals are over, the leading characters have passed from the stage, the curtain falls, what more have I to tell? I feel that this record is unfinished without some further mention of the descendants of these honored ancestors, their children, grandchildren and great grand-children.

XIV.

I am now sixty-five years of age, which would be called a good old age by the young, although we can-

not feel ourselves old, age seems to recede from us as we advance towards it. I have seen great changes in the world in my time and marvelous discoveries have taken place. The wonders in electricity, the powers of sound, the vast reservoirs of coal, gas and oil hidden beneath the earth, have been brought forth for the use of man, and the advance that has been made in the education of the masses. All of these remarkable events and discoveries have revolutionized our order of living, they are so startling it seems indeed as if the spiritual world was drawing nearer to the earth. Great movements are slow to develop in the human mind, we must be prepared before we can receive. I believe that all of this new light, that is descending upon the world is from God, it is given to man as rapidly as he is capable of receiving it. But none of the new issues have interested me more than the position that woman is taking in the world. How interested our mother was in all questions relating to the public good, especially in this, the "woman question" as it is termed. She believed that woman should be placed, legally, morally and intellectually on the same plane as man, she would have rejoiced to see this day, in the dawn of the twentieth century when woman is slowly and steadily rising to the position that God intended her to fill in life, to be the companion and equal of man. God speed the day.

Tomlinson and myself having never married, were the old bachelor and old maid of the family, we had always felt that we would make our home together in the future. Tom has spent the greater part of his life in Chattanooga, and has given much time and energy to the interest of the Fort estate there. Several members of the family were in Chattanooga in the fall of 1883, when the principal part of our property there was divided among the heirs, it was said to have sold at a high valuation. My

health continued so uncertain that I did not move to Chattanooga until the fall of 1885, at which time Tom and myself began housekeeping, an experience which we have greatly enjoyed for nearly twenty years, our home has been headquarters for the family meetings. We have tried to carry out our mother's constant advice to us, "continue to love each other as long as your lives shall last." An important epoch in my life to me has been a three months tour in Europe with a charming party in 1890. This was a dream of artistic beauty, delight and charming memory which ever lingers with me.


In coming to Chattanooga I had anticipated the great pleasure of being a great deal with my dear sisters, Martha Morgan and Sallie Milton, sister Martha lived in Memphis and Sallie in Chattanooga. Alas! for human hopes. In the winter of 1886, sister Martha who had been in poor health for some years, was seized with a fatal illness which resulted in her death, in Memphis February 23d, 1886. She was laid beside her infant son, Tomlinson Fort, they are interred in Memphis. This was a sad blow to us, she had almost taken mother's place in my life. I have mentioned her superior talents, she was a great and good woman, with loving charity towards all the world. After her marriage in order to be with her husband she joined the Methodist church, although she told the minister that from girlhood she had been a believer in the doctrine of religion as taught by Emanuel Sweedenborg, she died in that faith. I was in entire sympathy with her in these religious views, as were also several of my relatives in the Fort family. Sister Martha and myself always felt that it was a blessing from God that we were permitted to receive these truths which we believed in God's own time, will gradually dawn upon the world. She left two children, Mrs. Mary Lou Witt of Chicago, Ills.,

and John Ellington Morgan of Memphis. Mary Lou's second marriage was a happy one, Mr. Witt is a clever man, she died in Chicago, Ills., August 16th, 1902, she is buried in Henderson, Kentucky, the old home of her husband. Judge Morgan married the third time in 1889, Mrs. Josephine Sykes of Aberdeen, Mississippi. He died at Aberdeen in 1899, and was interred in Memphis, Tennessee. John Morgan is the last of his family, he is a clever man, he is drifting into a genial old bachelor, is unmarried, 1902.

Mother left in her will a legacy to Uncle Joe, saying that he should not be dependent upon any of her children for a support, she always maintained that a life of dependence was degrading. Uncle Joe felt her loss deeply, after her death he never seemed to take much interest in life, was always a man of feeble organization, and as he grew older he became very infirm. He was tenderly cared for by brother John and his lovely wife, at their home Coolweewahee, Dougherty County, Georgia, where he died May 18th, 1886. We took him to Milledgeville and laid him beside the "dear sister" he had loved so well. I have mentioned his intelligence and unique character and his devotion to our family interests, the memory of his bright personality will ever stand vividly before us in the family circle. I append a sketch written of him by my sister, Mrs. Julius Brown.

In August 1899, mother's sister, Mrs. Minerva Elizabeth Johnson, died at her home in Talladega, Alabama, aged eighty-seven years, she was the last living member of mother's family. She was buried at her old home, Cave Springs, Georgia, brother Tomlinson and myself attended the funeral. Aunt Minerva combined fine business qualities with rare gentleness and loveliness of character, making her beloved wherever known. She was an invalid for many years, but retained her faculties to the last, her children

have made superior men and women. Her eldest son, the late Dr. Joseph Johnson, was for many years principal of the Deaf and Dumb Institution of Alabama and also of the institution for the blind, both of which are located at Talladega, Alabama.

Julius Brown and sister Fannie have made their home in Atlanta, two children have been born to them, Martha Fort and Elizabeth Grisham, Elizabeth died in infancy. Julius Brown is a man of superior talents, he is a public spirited citizen, was chairman of the Walker Monument Association, which has recently erected in Atlanta 1902, a monument to General W. H. T. Walker of Georgia, a distinguished Confederate General. Mr. Brown has risen to eminence in Masonry, is a Past Grand Commander of the Knights Templar of Georgia. With fine taste he has collected at his home a valuable museum of anti-quarian art and literature, and is said to own the finest private library in the South. He was sole counsel for the Western and Atlantic Railroad of Georgia from 1871 to 1891. He entered the Civil War as a cadet from the Georgia Military Institute of Marietta, Georgia. The cadets were ordered into service in 1864, and served until the close of the war, he was but sixteen years of age at this time. These boys did valiant service in the army, several of them were killed in battle.

Fannie is a brilliant woman, gifted both in head and heart, she has been almost a daughter to me. Martha Fort Brown, her talented daughter, is a companion worthy of her mother, if she so desires I believe that she could become distinguished in the literary world. Martha is unmarried, 1902.

Friends will smile at these memoirs "what still eulogizing?" "Yes, if I am to write this book." That the majority of my family are worthy descendants of their noble sires is but true, smile as ye may, I fear that these laudations will continue.

I have mentioned John as a man of fine character and talents, and his patriotism as a soldier during the Civil War. While the Forts have never boasted as to their good looks, brother John could certainly be called a handsome man. He was the only brunette in the family, father said he resembled grand-mother Fort, who had dark hair and eyes. When John was a child the children called him "Black Jack," until the poor child actually thought he was black. Coming one day to mother he held up the palm of his hand and said "mother I am turning white." Like our father he loves the birds, the woods, the fields, is a naturalist and a scientist. The love of nature draws us near to God, it is said that those who have this temperament are rarely, if ever wicked people. Circumstances often shape our lives better than we can plan them, it has seemed to be so with John. After taking charge of the Huguenin estate he gave up the practice of law and determined to become a planter. He decided to go into partnership with Captain J. Marshall Johnston, (Martha's husband), they bought large cotton plantations in South-west Georgia, where John spent the winters with his family. John was the first to demonstrate the possibility of artesian wells in Georgia, he was assisted in this great enterprise by Captain Johnston. They decided to make the experiment of boring for artesian wells at Hickory Level (one of their plantations), in Dougherty County, Georgia. Success crowned their efforts, the well was five hundred and fifty feet deep, the clear and beautiful water rising like a blessing, fifteen or twenty feet above the surface of the earth, the water proved to be a pure sulphur water, its discovery has indeed been a blessing and has added greatly to the health of that region of the State. Artesian wells now abound in Southern Georgia, the people welcomed with great joy this benefaction to the country. John has a sum-

mer home at Mount Airy in North-east Georgia, where he has established extensive orchards and vineyards and entered largely into the cultivation of fruit. Like our father he excels as a delightful story teller, to see him surrounded by his children recalls our childhood's life in Milledgeville. Assisted by his admirable wife, the domestic relations of their household have been beautiful. They have six interesting children, namely, Susan Ellis, Kate Haynes, Martha Fannin, Tomlinson, John Porter and William Ellis. I do not know a better man than brother John.

As a man and citizen I can truly say that no one stands higher in Chattanooga than brother Tomlinson. He has won the reward of an upright honorable life in the respect and esteem of the people among whom he has lived so long. Tom and myself are now the eldest living members of the family, we call our house "Liberty Hall" and make our home together. We have both passed the sixty mile stage, and are traveling down the hill, or rather to me, it is up the hill of life towards glorious eternity, a thought which I love to dwell upon. Tomlinson is a true Fort in general characteristics, he is a lover of nature and a good man, calls himself an agnostic. He is a receiver of natural truth here as he sees it, and I believe that light will be given him to receive spiritual truth in eternity. As I have mentioned I am a member of the New Church or Sweedenborgian, as it is often called, to me it is the most beautiful and profound form of spiritual truth that has been given to the world. Words fail me to express what it is to my life.

XV.

And now a few words regarding the grand-children and great-grand-children of this, (to us,) very remarkable family.

Captain Johnston and Martha decided to locate in

Macon. Captain Johnston is a gentleman of character and fine business talents, he is a successful financier and has become a man of wealth. He built a handsome home on one of the most beautiful locations in Macon, here his family live in comfort and happiness and dispense a generous hospitality. Martha, now a silver haired matron, is still a handsome woman, she has ever been a social leader in Macon and excels in the management of her household. She resembles our mother in her devotion to flowers, the beautiful grounds around her house, in their arrangement and culture, attest her fine taste. Two handsome children have blessed this marriage. Richard, the eldest, born in New York City, is a young man of fine character and business ability. Martha, Jr., born on Long Island, New York, is a very handsome and superior girl, she has inherited the dower that has seemed to follow the Martha's of the family, is famous as a belle and beauty. She is said to resemble the portrait of her great-grandmother Fort when she was young. Richard and Martha are unmarried 1902. The family have lived in Macon about twenty years.

Edward Huguenin has been a man of poor health and was compelled to retire from active business. He desired to own the Macon home which had belonged to his father, and after mother's death he bought the place and his family now reside there. It is a handsome old Southern home with a tall colonade in front, colonial style, beautifully located on a commanding hill. Colonel Huguenin bought the property in about 1851, I think. There were born to Edward and Mary Huguenin two children, a son still born and a daughter who is named for her grand-mother, Julia Fort. She is their only child, is a handsome attractive girl and the idol of her parents, she is unmarried 1902. Edward takes a prominent part in military affairs in the State of Georgia, he has recently been

elected Colonel of the Second regiment of the Georgia Volunteers, State troops.

Mr. Tarver and Lila lived several years at Mr. Tarver's home, Tarversville, Twiggs County, Georgia, where Mr. Tarver owned large and valuable plantations. This was a typical large and comfortable Southern plantation home, handsomely located in a superb grove of old oak trees, near by were the "Quarters," as the homes of the negroes were called, and all of the belongings that pertain to ante-bellum Southern plantation life. Finding cotton planting unprofitable after the war, they moved to Macon for awhile and then came to Chattanooga. They lived for a few years on Lookout Mountain, but finally located in Chattanooga, where they now have a comfortable home. Lila is a superior woman, like all of the Huguenins she is handsome, has great energy and executive ability, she can (as we express it), turn her hand to anything and do it well. Life moves on pleasantly with Mr. Tarver and herself, they have no children.

Mr. Ellis and Dora live in their pretty home in Macon, Georgia. Mr. Ellis is a devoted husband and father, he is engaged in the dry goods business. Dora has the Huguenin birth-right, like her sisters, she is a handsome woman. She is a devoted mother and fine manager of the household, is noted as a house-keeper. Five children have been born to Mr. Ellis and Dora, namely, John Richard, Kate Fort, Edward Huguenin, Marshall Johnston and Tomlinson Fort, forming an interesting group of young people just on the threshold of life.

George Fort Milton is a man of superior talents. He completed his education at the University of the South, located at Sewanee, Tennessee, fearing that the severe strain of study was injuring his eyes he decided not to finish the course. He determined to adopt

literature as his profession, he is a clear and forcible writer, with a taste for books and study that reminds me of my father. He married in Chattanooga, Tennessee, February 8, 1893, Miss Caroline Mounger McCall, a woman rarely gifted in social charm, of unusual beauty and greatly beloved. She came of a good old Georgia family, her father was a merchant in Chattanooga. About eighteen months after their marriage they moved to Knoxville, Tennessee, where George had accepted a position as editor of a newspaper, the Daily Evening Sentinel. He has been very successful in the management of the paper and is now its editor and proprietor. This happy marriage so full of promise was soon to terminate. In the bloom of her youth and beauty, Carrie so beloved was taken from us, "what an office was thine; oh death." We realized how difficult it was to say, "Thy will be done." Caroline McCall Milton died in Knoxville August 1897, she was interred at Forest Hills Cemetery in Chattanooga. She left one child, George Fort Milton, Jr., born in Chattanooga November 19, 1895.

It cannot be said that our family are wanting in patriotism. In every war in which the country has been engaged from the Revolution down to the present day they have been represented. George Milton served as first lieutenant in the late Spanish-American War. He was in the Sixth Regiment of Tennessee Immunes, United States Volunteers, under the command of Colonel Lawrence Tyson. This war was of short duration, it began April 1, 1898, and peace was declared in April, 1899.

Dr. Milton and Sallie now decided to move to Knoxville, George was left alone, he was their only child, they felt it to be their duty as well as their desire to be with him and assist in the care of young George, Jr. They were greatly attached to Chattanooga, had lived there eighteen years, were leaving a



Three generations of the Marthas of the family, namesakes of Martha Low Fort.

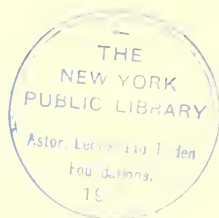
MARTHA JOHNSTON,
Grand Daughter,

MARTHA JOHNSTON, JR.
Great Grand Daughter.

MARTHA MORGAN,
Daughter.

MARTHA BROWN.

MARTHA FORT,



comfortable home and many dear friends, but as our mother had said when she left Milledgeville, they made the sacrifice. Sallie is an intelligent and lovely woman, she was always called our witty sister and the most amiable member of the family. She is now engaged in rearing her grand-child, the life of the family centers around this bright interesting boy.

And now my task is done. The twilight gathers around brother Tomlinson and myself as we linger over this eventful past of our lives, leaving the future in the hands of a loving God. Tom. often remarks to me that we are no longer young, peacefully, gratefully, we hope to continue to dwell together until our lives end. I have written with a full heart of my dear family, partial it may be, I have done my best and said what I have thought to be true. It is given in gratitude to the living and in loving memory of the dear ones who have entered into that blessed Eternity that awaits the good and true in life, in the great Beyond. And so good-bye, with a fervent "God bless you" to all of the decendants of this honored ancestry.

DEATH OF DR. TOMLINSON FORT.

[From the Atlanta Medical and Surgical Journal, June 1859.]

The readers of this journal will learn with profound sorrow, that Dr. Tomlinson Fort, one of the most venerable and eminent members of the medical profession of Georgia, departed this life at his residence in Milledgeville, on the morning of Wednesday, the eleventh of May. Though advanced in years, he was still vigorous; and none of the brightness of his intellect had been dimmed by the waste of time. He has sunk into the grave, and left us to feel that the loss is one of no common character, either to the profession which he adorned, or the commonwealth of which he was so worthy a citizen. Half a century of activity as a physician and a statesman, has secured for Dr. Fort a name that the people "will not willingly let die."—His life furnishes much instruction to others, by showing, that honor and virtue, and intelligence, are the true standards of greatness; and that though there may be many obstacles to overcome, by holding these as the cardinal points of life, the goal of success may be finally achieved.

Dr. Fort sprang from a worthy sire, a patriot and a statesman of the Revolutionary struggle. His father, Arthur Fort, was a soldier in those times, when to be a soldier, was to imperil not only life, but property and family. Tradition has encircled his brow with enduring laurels; it has said of him, that he constituted one of the committee of Public Safety, to whose wisdom and prudence and vigilance, in those dark hours of danger and trial, the lives of their countrymen were entrusted; and it has transmitted to his posterity the gratifying assurance, that he contributed his full share in the protection of the colo-

nies in their time of struggle, and that he aided in safely launching them into independence. He was among those who were chosen by the people, to frame a constitution for the State of Georgia, when she emerged from the revolution. He united in constructing the new government, and was one of the signers of the Organic Law of our State. Living to a green old age, he was permitted to see the country for which he had fought, and suffered and labored, advancing in a career of unexampled prosperity. His son, Tomlinson, born in the county of Warren, on the 11th of July, 1787, was brought up inured to the hardships and privations of a newly settled territory. Knowing little of his early life, we can only say, that he never had the advantages of a collegiate education. His own untiring energy; his love of learning, combined with a strong native intellect, enabled him to acquire the vast amount of knowledge of which he was the possessor. Early in the present century, he repaired to Philadelphia to attend Medical Lectures, and qualify himself for the practice of his profession. The celebrated Dr. Rush, was then in the zenith of his fame, and under the charm of his prelections, Dr. Fort first imbibed that remarkable zeal in medical science, which distinguished him throughout his long life. Soon after obtaining his degree, he located in the town of Milledgeville, and commenced the practice of medicine. Devoting himself with great ardor to his duties and studies, he soon began to occupy a high position, and this eminence he maintained for fifty years. It may justly be said of him, that few men have been regarded with greater confidence in the management of diseases.

His professional career was not the only channel through which Dr. Fort acquired his wide-spread reputation. Eminently fitted for public service he was often called on by his fellow citizens to occupy posi-

tions of responsibility and usefulness. When the Seminole Indians were harassing the frontiers of Georgia and Florida—Dr. Fort offered his services, and was appointed to a command under Gen. Daniel Newman. During the campaign in which he served, he was wounded in the knee, so seriously, that we believe he never entirely recovered from it. The ball was not extracted until within the last few years of his life.

During the memorable struggles between Gen. Clarke and George M. Troup, Dr. Fort was identified with one of the prominent leaders, of what was then called the "Clarke Party." Those who remember the fierce and furious warfare of that period, inform us that it was a contest between giants, and that no such scenes have ever been enacted in Georgia since. The struggles and the leaders have now nearly all passed away, and their feuds are spoken of without a vestige of the passion and feeling which characterized the manner in which they were conducted. New political organizations have been established, and those who once were bitter enemies, have been found standing side by side in defense of the same common principles. Dr. Fort was for a number of years, a member of the Georgia Legislature, from the county of Baldwin, and took an active part in the advocacy of all measures calculated to promote and elevate the State. So highly esteemed were his services, that in 1827 and 1828, he was elected on the general ticket, one of the Representatives from Georgia, in the congress of the United States. On his retirement from this post, he became President of the Central Bank, and continued to discharge the duties of that responsible station for a number of years. He distinguished himself as an earnest and powerful advocate of the Internal Improvement System, commenced by the State twenty-five years ago, and we have heard from a contempor-

ary and early friend of Dr. Fort, that no man contributed more to the prosecution of our great State work—the Western & Atlantic Railroad.

The most remarkable feature of Dr. Fort's intellect was its striking originality. He seemed to view all questions in a manner strictly his own, and his powerful mind never failed to shed new light on everything it touched. His knowledge of books was extensive and diversified. In conversation he poured out vast streams of curious lore, and seemed familiar with every subject that could be suggested. It was delightful to listen to him expatiating on some point in physical science, or in history. What was before mysterious or hardly explicable, became under his lucid and comprehensive explanation, clear and interesting. He stripped science of its difficulties, and made it accessible to the most uninitiated.

His home at Milledgeville, was, for a quarter of a century, a notable place, frequented by a wide circle of the learned and able men of the State; of that circle he was the center, and those who were wont to surround him in social enjoyment, will feel that there is a void which can never be filled, and that death has robbed the capital of one of its greatest attractions. Let his example never be forgotten, but brighten with accumulating years, and let his memory be sacred in the profession of which he was so bright an ornament, and among the people to whom he consecrated so much of his active life.

We append the following report of the proceedings of the physicians of Milledgeville relative to the death of Dr. Fort :

“ At a meeting of the physicians of Milledgeville, held this day, Dr. G. D. Case was called to the chair, and Dr. S. G. White requested to act as secretary, when the following preamble and resolutions were adopted :

Whereas, it has pleased the Almighty to remove from his sphere of usefulness our venerable and beloved brother, Tomlinson Fort, who for nearly fifty years has labored arduously, with great ability and success professionally in this community, and whose eminent reputation is commensurate with the Southern country.

Resolved, That we deeply deplore the loss our profession has sustained in the death of one, who for so many years, has adorned, dignified and most creditably exercised our time-honored vocation.

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with the family of our deceased brother, in this their sorest affliction, and heartily commend them to Him, who alone can medicate to the broken heart, and soothe the wounded spirit.

Resolved, That we will, as a body attend the funeral obsequies of our departed brother, and wear the usual badge of mourning thirty days.

Resolved, That the Secretary be requested to present a copy of these proceedings to the family, and furnish the papers of the city with another for publication.

Resolved, That we consider these resolutions merely as a professional tribute to our brother, leaving the detailed and minute recital of his history to those who may write his obituary.

Resolved, That a notice of the death of our venerated brother be published in the Medical Journals of the State.

G. D. CASE, Chairman.

S. G. WHITE, Secretary.

Milledgeville, May 11, 1859.

TOMLINSON FORT, M. D.

[From Atlanta Medical and Surgical Journal, May 1885.]

Our picture gallery is ornamented this month with the likeness of one of the most distinguished and successful physicians who has ever lived in the State of Georgia.

Dr. Tomlinson Fort was of English ancestry. His father, Hon. Arthur Fort, came to Georgia when a young man, before the revolutionary war, and was an active participant in the stirring scenes of that eventful period. As a member of the Committee of Safety; as a soldier in the field against British, Tories and Indians; as a member of the Legislature, he gave to the patriots' cause and to his country the benefit of his clear intellect, his true heart and his strong arm.

He married a Mrs. Whitehead (*nee* Tomlinson), of Burke county, and reared a numerous family of children, the fourth of whom, named after his mother's family, Tomlinson, is the subject of this sketch.

Dr. Fort was born in 1787, precisely coeval with the constitution of the United States. After the then usual period of apprenticeship or private pupilage, he repaired to Philadelphia and prepared himself for graduation in the University of Pennsylvania, under the tuition of Rush, Physic and their confreres, who then illustrated that renowned institution.

Returning to Georgia, he settled in Milledgeville, the capital of the State, where he spent his entire professional life. His success came early and knew no diminution. His dignified manners and his absolute integrity inspired confidence and respect, and a peculiar magnetism drew to him the strong, personal attachment of all with whom he came in contact. His reputation was not long confined to the town or county

of his residence, but extended widely over the State, and few, if any, of the physicians of the State have ever gained so large a clientage or such honorable distinction. Dr. Fort brought to bear in his practice a well-balanced mind, a large stock of common sense, keenness of observation and a power of analysis, which enabled him to judge truly of popular superstitions, reckless assertions of authors, and to reject, when he deemed them erroneous, the dogmas, even of his favorite teacher, Dr. Rush. To the revolution in the practice of physic which occurred during his life, which delivered us from the ravages of mercury and salivation, from the dangerous, indiscriminate use of the lancet, and from the horrible torture of days of fever without the solace of a single drop of cold water, Dr. Fort contributed his full share.

He was not a voluminous contributor to the periodical, professional literature of the period, but late in life he published a volume of some seven hundred pages, which he modestly called a "Dissertation on the Practice of Medicine." This book he dedicated to the physicians of the State of Georgia, as a grateful acknowledgment of the kindness, respect and confidence which he had experienced at the hands of every one of them with whom he had the honor of becoming acquainted. This work, he says, "is, in its nature, ephemeral." Its author does not claim for it a place among the standard works of the day, but some of the more important diseases are treated at considerable length and with great ability. It exhibits throughout, the care, candor, acumen, originality and courage of conviction of its author. No physician can read it without instruction, or finish its perusal without the highest respect for his moral as well as professional characteristics. As a book for the guidance of families, where good medical advice is not attainable, it is held in high esteem.

Dr. Fort's popularity and influence in the city of his residence were overwhelming. The first case of small-pox that ever occurred there was under his care. He gave to it the conscientious attention he deemed requisite, but the alarm in the community was so great that neither nurse nor shelter could be procured, and the doctor furnished one and became the other. The alarmed citizens, in a town meeting, resolved to compel him, by violence, if necessary, to desist from his attentions. He quietly placed a loaded gun at his door and notified them that he would permit no one to interrupt the discharge of his professional duties. When the danger was passed, the fickle mob again met and passed a resolution of thanks, complimenting him on his courage and fidelity.

The sufferer was a son of Governor Clarke, whose family presented the doctor with a magnificent service of silver-plate as a token of gratitude.

Laborious in his profession, as he was for many years, he was not unmindful of any of the duties of citizenship. In the war of 1812, he raised and commanded a company, and received in battle a wound in the knee, which gave him great suffering during the remainder of his life.

He represented Baldwin county eight years in the halls of legislation, and the State two years in the Congress of the United States.

A sketch of his political character and standing, kindly furnished by his distinguished and venerable friend, the Hon. Junius Hillyer, is subjoined.

Of the life in Washington his then young wife writes as follows: "Two years after our marriage my husband was sent to Congress. I went with him, taking our only child, Julia, going in our own carriage.

"Those two years in Washington were bright ones and are vividly remembered. I met many agreeable and cultivated people, boarded with the Bigelows of

Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Everett. He was a charming man, and she a very nice, though not remarkable person. I met, of course, the best people in the land; dined more than once at the President's (Adams), and saw a great deal of society. I met Henry Clay, with his bright blue eye and eloquent tongue, and Mrs. Clay, a good but plain woman, whom he had married in obscurity and had afterwards outgrown. Also Webster, who, with his great head and solemn ways, was not a favorite with women. But the greatest of all to me was my own and my husband's friend, John C. Calhoun. Such a brilliant eye and such fascinating manners I have never seen since.

"I saw the inauguration of President Jackson. His progress up the avenue on horseback was simple, yet dignified."

At the close of his term in Congress, Dr. Fort retired from active political life; the wants of a growing family and the expenses of a profuse and generous hospitality demanded the resources of his large professional income, and he sacrificed a most brilliant public career upon the altar of domestic and social obligation.

Dr. Fort, in 1824, married Miss Martha Fannin, one of the most admired and accomplished belles of the elegant society which at that time existed in Middle Georgia. The Fannin family, already distinguished in Ireland before their emigration to the colonies, has representatives in nearly every State from Canada to Texas, the men always noted for patriotism and personal valor, the women for intelligence and personal beauty. The Georgia Fannins showed the ancestral traits, and none more notably than the fair representative who, at twenty years old, bound in indissoluble chains the grave, sedate, Quaker-like bachelor of thirty-seven. As the readers of

the JOURNAL are not ladies, it is useless to describe the quiet wedding or the bridal dress. The characteristic fact, however, is noted that the busy doctor forgot to order his swallow-tail coat of blue broadcloth, with large brass buttons, until almost too late to don it before the ceremony. The marriage was a happy one. Their home was established in Milledgeville, where they lived until the date of his death, 11th May, 1859.

During all that period he was at the summit of professional reputation, of social standing and political influence.

Dr. Fort left three sons and several daughters. The eldest son, Dr. George Fort, died shortly after his father. Col. Tomlinson Fort, a lawyer, and lately mayor of that city, lives in Chattanooga, unmarried. Col. John Fort, married to the accomplished sister of the Hon. W. D. Ellis, of this city, lives near Macon and is engaged in agricultural pursuits. Two of the daughters died and one is unmarried. The youngest is the wife of Julius Brown, Esq., a most prominent lawyer, and an influential and wealthy citizen of the city of Atlanta.

SKETCH OF DR. FORT.

[By Judge Junius Hillyer.]

Dr. Miller:

DEAR SIR—My knowledge of Dr. Tomlinson Fort commenced in 1828. I saw him in Milledgeville during the session of the Legislature in the fall of that year. In person he was tall, straight, symmetrical, and a form indicating endurance, health and a sound constitution. He had a sedate but cheerful, friendly expression that inspired his associates with respect and kind feelings toward him. And I do not believe

that his feelings were ever wounded by his most bitter political opponents or by any of his personal associates. When I first knew him he was in the prime of manhood, perhaps between thirty-five and forty years of age. He was an active, working member of the old Clarke party, and was personally known by every prominent man in the State, for the men of both parties sought and valued his acquaintance. Dr. Fort was not numbered among the great orators of his day. I have often heard him speak in public. He rarely spoke over half an hour, and always kept close to the questions under consideration, and without any flourishes of rhetoric or effort at the beautiful, he gave his views in a plain, straightforward, earnest manner, which commanded the attention of his hearers, while everything he said was understood clearly, and it was no labor to listen to him and follow his line of thought. Such a speaker must necessarily command attention and wield an influence. Dr. Fort, as a party man, was a strong, important leader. He held the most extreme partisan views; he held, and always openly avowed, the good old Jackson democratic doctrine, that "to the victors belong the spoils." His party motto was, "Turn them out; put the government in the hands of the Democrats." As a partisan he was pre-eminently a Bourbon Democrat. He never learned any new principles and he never changed his old ones. He was a man of the people; he lived with the people; he guided their political ideas and moulded their judgments. In his party he preferred a position in the ranks of a private. He rarely sought office. I am sure he could have attained any office in the gift of the people if he had desired it. Here we have a man who began life in the midst of the angry strife of the Federal and Republican parties, participated actively in all the stirring scenes of the last war with England. The strife over the United States

bank; the inauguration of the tariff policy; the bitter personal strife between the Clarke and Crawford parties and the Clarke and Troup parties; our controversies about the Indians and Indian lands; our angry strife about nullification and the Union; General Jackson's war on the United States bank; the sub-treasury; the war with Mexico and the acquisition of Texas; the slavery question and the compromise of 1850, stirring and moving the people through all these long years down to the time of his death, a period of half a century—all these scenes he witnessed. He mingled with the actors. He participated in the discussion of all these momentous questions with much crimination and recrimination, with many a duel and many a fight, and wide-spread hatred and life-long animosity, yet from it all he came forth in his old age out of this fiery ordeal without the smell of fire on his garments—universally beloved by all men of all parties. The reason is plain—he was wise, he was good, he was just, and he was polite.

Twelve years we were together on the Board of Trustees of the State University, and every year, for nearly thirty years, I saw him in Milledgeville, and often in other places, so I can say I knew him well. And I know his character, what his acquaintances say of him—of his private life. All can be said in one short line: *He stood through his long life above reproach.*

Through all the length and breadth of the State Dr. Fort was, in the judgment of all who knew him, in the first rank of his profession. More than one generation must pass away before, in Baldwin county, his skill, his patience and his kindness to the sick and to the poor will be forgotten.

Respectfully, JUNIUS HILLYER.

DECATUR, May 9th, 1885.

BATTLE OF TWELVE MILES SWAMP OR DAVIS CREEK.

WHICH TOOK PLACE IN FLORIDA, SEPTEMBER 11, 1812.

[By John Porter Fort.]

An account of the battle of Twelve Miles Swamp which took place in Florida during the war of 1812, in which Captain Tomlinson Fort and his company, the Baldwin Volunteers of Milledgeville, Ga., were engaged and Captain Fort was severely wounded.

On to-day, the anniversary of the marriage of our dear Father and Mother, I propose to write as far as my memory serves me, of the facts related to me by my Father of the battle in which he was wounded in Florida. I have no recollection of his statement as to any special reason for his entering the service, except that of a patriotic desire to serve his country and only know as a fact that he left Baldwin County, Georgia, after war was declared against Great Britain, as the captain of a company of fifty-nine men that he organized. The command left Milledgeville to march to Dublin on the Oconee river, via Darien to Florida, Florida was then a territory owned by Spain. At that time the United States was not only at war with Great Britain, but a practical state of war with Spain existed in Florida.

The original order that I have in my possession reads as follows :

DETACHMENT ORDERS.—“Captain Fort will order his company to assemble in Milledgeville on Wednesday the 1st of July, to march at two o'clock to Dublin.

DANIEL NEWMAN, A. G.

Commdg. D. T.”

I have the original muster roll of Father's company made at the Block House at Davis Creek, East Florida, 24th of August 1812.

That battle in which my Father was wounded, was called the battle of "Twelve Miles Swamp."

I find also the following certificate in Father's hand writing upon the muster roll of this company.

(COPY.)

"STATE OF NEW YORK,

SACKETT'S HARBOR 11th of Feb. 1814.

I certify that Captain Tomlinson Fort of the 'Georgia Volunteers' was severely wounded through the knee on the 11th of September 1812 while gallantly performing his duty in the service of the United States.

T. A. SMITH

Col. Rifle Regiment."

I also find from certain old letters from Father's First Lieutenant A. B. Fannin, that his company sympathized with him and hoped for his recovery, also that the company returned from Florida via St. Mary's and Hartford on the Ocmulgee river. Of all matters connected with his campaign in Florida, I have no recollection except of two incidents. One was the preparation for an attack on a Spanish fort, near or at St. Augustine, in which his company had scaling ladders prepared to storm the fort, but the order was never received to make the attempt; the other was the battle in which he was wounded. I obtained an account of this battle while a child in my good Father's lap, asking him questions. My recollection is about this, and it may be taken as correct: It appears that my Father's company, with a portion of other troops, was stationed in a fort or block house, and that the troops were expecting a wagon train of supplies. The train did not arrive when due and it was feared that it had been captured by the enemy, which proved to be true. It was determined to send out a detachment of men to guard the wagon train into the fort, the distance could not be more than twelve miles at furthest, it

was thought. From some cause Col. Williams, who was in command of the troops accompanied the detachment, it comprised twenty or thirty men, and would have been under command of father had not Col. Williams accompanied them, this being the case father was armed with a musket, as were all the men. It seems that they marched the entire twelve miles before they arrived where the wagon train was thought to be safe which in the meantime had been captured by the Spaniards and Indians. Fairbanks' History of Florida states that the attacking party was comprised of negroes, of whom a large number had taken refuge in Florida, but I give the account as received from my father's lips. This relief party was expected by the enemy, who had formed an ambuscade in a dense swamp near where the train was captured. The detachment did not arrive until after night-fall, when they were suddenly attacked by a body of Spaniards and Indians, consisting of one hundred and twenty-five men. On being fired upon in the darkness, Col. Williams ordered his men to stand firm and "whip the enemy." I asked my father how often he fired his musket, he said eight times during the engagement of nearly an hour. That in the mean time Col. Williams was wounded and could no longer stand, but was continually urging his men to "whip the enemy." While Col. Williams badly wounded was falling by father's side, father took him in his arms, while there Col. Williams was struck three separate times with balls, it was very dark and the soldiers shot at each other by the flashes of their guns. Father's statement is, that having laid Col. Williams down he took command of the few remaining men left and ordered them to retreat, he said that this order should have been given long before. As he was gathering the few men left together, a gun flashed in his face and a ball struck him upon the knee. He at

first thought he was slightly wounded, but soon found his boot filled with blood and his leg giving away. The firing on both sides seemed to cease, he discovered he could collect but seven men, and some of those were more or less wounded. With these men under his command he managed to retreat a mile or so when his leg gave entirely away, he authorized the men to leave him, but they refused to do so, saying that they would protect him with their lives. He used his gun as a crutch and his leg gave him great pain.

It was near midnight and the seven men were sitting close together in the woods, when a large animal either a wolf or cougar came very near them, attracted by the blood of the wounded, and threatened to attack them for a long time and did not leave until near day, they could see the glare of its eyes in the darkness. I asked father why he did not shoot it, he said that his gun was stopped up with mud from its use as a crutch, and that they dared not make any noise for fear of giving the enemy notice of their position. Next morning with the assistance of the men with him during the day he managed to walk twelve miles to the fort. One of the best men was sent to the fort with the information of the battle and the entire garrison went forward to their relief. On arriving at the battle-field it appeared that the Spaniards had retreated before daylight with most of their dead and wounded. Col. Williams was found on the battle-field alive, with fourteen bullet wounds in his person, he was taken to the fort and lived a week or more before he died, the other men left were dead. They afterwards learned that the casualties of the enemy were far in excess of theirs. The attacking force was composed mostly of Spaniards with some Indians, they numbered about 125 men and lost in killed and wounded near half of their number. It was a fight at

close range in a swamp upon a dark, foggy night, the principal shooting being at the flash of the enemies' guns. He accounted for the great loss of the Spaniards by reason of their being in close ranks, neither side closed in the contest. The ball that struck father penetrated the knee and rested by the artery, upon the nerve of the leg, the surgeons were afraid to attempt to extract it, and his leg became so drawn that he was advised to have it amputated, as he was assured that he would never again use it, he went on crutches for a long time. He stated to me that he regained the use of his leg by lifting from its position a large amount of stone from an old burial place across Fishing creek in Baldwin county, near Milledgeville, it required several months to complete this undertaking. The motive for this labor was first, by continually using the muscles of his leg in lifting these stones to thus straighten his leg and next, to see what was beneath this great pile of stone. By this work he partially regained the use of his leg and it was the real cause of his recovery. He found at the bottom of this great pile of stones the enamel of human teeth with no other vestige whatever of a human being, he then remarked to me, "my son, the enamel of the teeth is the last part of the body to decay." This bullet imbedded in our father's knee always gave him more or less pain at intervals and made a slight impediment in his walk and as time went on, the ball seemed to poison his entire system and caused him great suffering. Forty years after he was wounded, he was bedridden with lead poisoning from this ball, and it was thought that he would never walk again. He decided to have the ball extracted and brother George, his son, then a competent surgeon, agreed to attempt the operation. Brother cut into the leg upon the under side and discovered the bullet lying next to the artery upon the large nerve

of the leg. He pulled it from its place with his thumb and finger, and when it was withdrawn the pain was so great that father swooned away, and it was a long time before he recovered. The ball was a small rifle ball and had upon one side of it the plain indentation of the two front teeth of a man. It was doubtless held by the soldier in the excitement of the battle between his teeth, as he was charging his rifle with powder and preparing to load it. The ball had become partially white as it seemed to be somewhat absorbed into the system. After this operation father's health improved, but he was never well, the poison of this lead affected his system until his death.

Following is a complete roster of the company, the original spelling being preserved :

CAPTAIN.

Tomlinson Fort.

LIEUTENANTS.

Phil. D. Logan,	Ensign E. Hamilton,
A. B. Fannin,	Henry Franklin.
James S. Sims,	

SERGEANTS.

Anderson Holt,	William Bivins,
Wilson Navy,	Thos. A. Epps.

CORPORALS.

William Repeau,	John Bozeman,
B. H. Sturges,	E. M. Attaway.

PRIVATES.

Isaac Perry,	Thomas B. Grantland,
Welie Riddle,	William B. Forsythe,
George Worsham,	Elijah Hall,
Travis Straughn,	David Wright,
William Jordon,	Jeremiah Vollotini,
Samuel Buchannan,	Layton Golden,

W. I. Mordecai,	Radduck Hoard,
James Yarborough,	Robert Prestwood,
Jesse Luke,	Leroy Wylie,
David Baker,	David Imerson,
Richard Kimborough,	Hartwell W. Smith,
A. M. Harris,	Amos F. Boyington,
John McCree,	Samuel Goodall,
Zack Jourdan,	James W. Whitaker,
Simeon Sims,	John B. Hogan,
John B. Horton,	John McDonald,
Henry Freeman,	James Gamble,
Jeshua Lovett,	Coonrad Peterson,
William Moore,	Elijah Boyington,
James Austin,	Ben B. Smith.
Thomas W. A. Reeks,	

PUBLIC LIFE OF DR. TOMLINSON FORT.

[By George Fort Milton.]

The ordinary man would find sufficient employment for his activities in fifty years' hard service at an exacting profession.

Especially would this be the case if he had to provide for a large family and during much of his life was burdened with debt.

There are few so situated who would find any time for public work. But my grandfather was not an usual man. Obstacles, which to others would have proved insuperable, seemed only to stimulate him to extra effort. Before he had reached middle age he had not only attained eminence in medicine but also in politics and public life. His interest in these he no doubt inherited from his illustrious father.

From 1764, when at the early age of fifteen he had been appointed by Sir James Wright, the British governor of Georgia, a lieutenant in the Militia, Arthur Fort had occupied places of honor and prominence.

Milledgeville 5th Octr 1824

What return shall I make to my dear
Hartton, for the confidence she is pleased
to repose in me? Will she be satisfied with
the full and entire possession of a heart, once
-tangled and unhackneyed in the mazes of love?
Will she value it the more, if with a mind
above concealment or disguise she has been
moored without promises or flattering prospects
held up in array; and if the worst prospect of
-fortune has not failed to be held forth to
contemplation? You once told me not to make
you any promises, and surely you will allow
that I have not been disappointed in these.
Should time and events yet allow me to call
you the partner of my bed. I shall hardly
fail to perceive that the bond of union
is infinitely beyond all promises now made.

What a moody melancholy you have
suffered yourself to sink into. Oh that I
could do you about now. Or perhaps it
would be better if I could have a landscape
drawing of your imagination for a week

LETTER FROM TOMLINSON FORT, SR., 1824.

(Fac-simile.)



He was a member of the board of councillors or "committee of safety" under Gov. John Adam Treutlen, the Saltzburgher, in 1777, and under Gov. John Houston in 1778.

He served in the constitutional conventions of 1788 and 1798.

He was appointed judge of the Inferior Court in Warren county in 1799 and Twiggs county in 1809. The period of his public activities extended until after his son, Toml nson, had reached his 22d year; had acquired his profession at Philadelphia, and had settled in Milledgeville. The latter's first service of a public nature was at the age of 25 as captain of a volunteer company raised in Baldwin county in 1812 and called out by the State to serve against the Indians in Florida. On September 11 of that year at Davis Creek, Fla., he was wounded in the knee. There is no record of my grandfather holding any other public office until the year 1818, when he was elected to the lower house of the State Legislature from Baldwin county and was re-elected successively for eight years, or until 1825. When he entered the Legislature William Rabun was governor. He served also under John Clarke and George M. Troup. The Indians still occupied two-thirds of Georgia. Most of the white population was then largely confined to the region east of the Altamaha river. The great political question of that day in the state was the extinguishment of the Creek and Cherokee Indian titles. This the federal government had agreed to do, when Georgia for the small consideration of \$1,250,000 had yielded its claim to Mississippi. The government then bound itself to remove the Indians, "as soon as it could be done peaceably and on reasonable terms." But it had been very slow in carrying out this agreement. In fact organized tribes of Indians remained on Georgia soil until after 1836.

Other leading questions before the Legislature during the years my grandfather was a member concerned internal improvements, schools, State banks, and the penitentiary. My grandfather from the first took a leading part in the proceedings. His committee assignments were very desirable. He served at one time or another as chairman of the "committee on the penitentiary" and of the "committee on agriculture and internal improvements," and also as a member of the "committee on banks," of the "committee on education and free schools," of the "committee on the state of the republic," and of the "judiciary." He was repeatedly chairman of special committees and of the "committee of the whole." He favored every measure for public education and introduced the first bill in Georgia, of which I can find a record, for a common school system throughout the State. Failing in that he made a similar and more successful effort for Baldwin county. He took a keen interest in improving the rivers and in encouraging steam navigation.

His knowledge of finances and banking brought him into prominence with regard to the chartering and conduct of the many banks which were then being established, flooding the State with their doubtful currency.

At an extra session of the Legislature called by Gov. Clarke in 1821 to provide for the disposition of territory lately acquired from the Creeks by treaty, he was appointed on the important committee to report the necessary statutes. The land was disposed of by lottery. He believed in popular government and moved an amendment to the constitution to elect the governors by the people instead of by the Legislature.

It was defeated by a close vote, but subsequently adopted.

His humanity was shown by the introduction of a

bill to increase the ration to convicts. He was one of the leaders of the Clarke party in the House. Duncan G. Campbell was another.

This was a period of personal politics; all were Democrats.

The Federalist party was dead and the Whig party not yet in existence. The issues were of men and State measures.

John Clarke was the son of Elijah Clarke, the great partisan chief, a man who was for Georgia very much what John Sevier was for Tennessee. In disposition Gov. Clarke was like Andrew Jackson. He had a violent temper and was an unrelenting foe, but, nevertheless, was of fine mind and honest character. The well-to-do and the "low country" people looked on him as dangerous, just as similar classes elsewhere looked on "Old Hickory."

William H. Crawford, Senator from Georgia and a candidate for President in 1824 was the leader of the opposing faction and was powerfully aided by the polished and forceful Geo. M. Troup, of Savannah, who was elected Governor in that year.

The extra session of 1825 was called by Gov. Troup to take action on the Indian question, especially the massacre of William MacIntosh. At that time the relations between Georgia and the United States were greatly strained. In his message Troup advised the Legislature, "Having exhausted the argument, stand by your arms!" No other military measures were taken, however, than the purchase of 600 copies of Scott's military tactics.

The principal issue was whether or not the government Indian agent, Crowell, had been an accessory to the murder of MacIntosh.

The latter, a half-breed Indian, the nephew of Troup, after signing the treaty which yielded the Creek lands had been slain by his race. Crowell was

a Clarke man and this helped to incense the Troup party. The majority insisted that the government remove him. My grandfather made a minority report on the action of the agent, advising a more moderate course. Undoubtedly the man was innocent and the treaty a fraud, though the Senate of the United States had ratified it. My grandfather led in the fight against the governor but was unsuccessful. He does not seem, however, to have opposed Troup's Indian policy in general. In fact, the white people of Georgia were then a unit on the Indian question.

One notable resolution introduced by my grandfather in this legislature was that Africans illegally imported in violence of the laws against the slave trade should be turned over to a colonization society to be returned to Africa. The adoption of the resolution showed the feeling at that time toward the negro in a representative Southern State. My grandfather always looked with abhorrence on African slavery and regarded the negro's presence in the South a curse. He assisted several of his slaves to buy their freedom.

His next public work was in the House of Representatives of the Federal Congress. He was a member from March 4, 1827, to March 4, 1829. John Quincy Adams was President. He was elected from the state-at-large for the sixth district, his associates being John Floyd, Chas. E. Haynes, George R. Gilmer, Wilson Lumpkin, Wiley Thompson and Richard H. Wilde. Gilmer and Lumpkin afterward became governors. In the same Congress were Martin Van Buren, John Tyler, James Buchanan and James K. Polk afterward Presidents, Hugh Lawson White and John Bell afterward candidates for President, Daniel Webster, Robert Y. Hayne, Thomas H. Benton, Edward Everett and the unique "Davy" Crockett, all noted in American history. It was a famous Congress.

John C. Calhoun was Vice-president and an intimate friend of my grandfather.

He was not assigned to any committee during the first session, but during the second was placed on the "committee on the territories," a very important committee at that time for a Georgian. The tariff adopted by this Congress was known as the "tariff of abominations" and was the cause of the nullification movement in South Carolina. Besides the tariff the other important question at issue was that of internal improvements by the Federal government. This policy had not yet been established. In fact, in 1822 President Monroe had vetoed an appropriation for the Cumberland road. My grandfather stood solidly with his party on the tariff question, but favored internal improvements.

The democrats generally opposed this policy, as unconstitutional. In other respects he was a "Jackson democrat," and usually described by his contemporaries as a partisan.

On Tuesday, Jan. 8, 1828, he introduced a resolution instructing the committee on the judiciary to inquire if any of the Indian tribes had organized a government with a view to a permanent location in any of the states, and, if so, to report measures to arrest such movement. This referred to the continued presence of the Creeks, Cherokees and Seminoles in Georgia, in spite of the agreement that the government had made to remove them.

The resolution was adopted. On April 14, 1828, he took part in the discussion of the tariff bill. He spoke in favor of an amendment making the rate on indigo, then raised in the South, \$1 per pound. He said that those who supported the tariff system "again and again asserted that a protecting tariff is no tax on the consumer because, as they aver, the price is invariably reduced."

"Let us see how their faith in this maxim extends. Let them bring down the price of indigo by laying this impost."

The protectionists were in the majority however, and the argument failed. Strange how similar the controversy over the tariff then and now. On May 1, 1828, on the spur of the moment, he made an eloquent speech in defense of his State. Georgia was being criticised for having exacted a bond of the government to remove the Indians. "The permanent location of the tribes in the most valuable part of her territory can never be regarded by Georgia as anything else than an attempt to keep her in a perpetual state of pupillage; and her sons cannot be expected to submit to it in silence," he said.

His most serious address was on January 26, 1829, when he spoke for an hour and a half in favor of a bill for an appropriation for the Cumberland road, leading from Cumberland, Md., to the west. This involved the whole question of internal improvements.

The speech is a philosophic examination of the character of our union and the relation between the states and the federal government, as bearing on the question of the right of the federal government to build a road or make other improvement in a State.

It is one of the ablest discussions of the constitutional question, which afterward for a time disrupted the nation, that I have ever read, and no descendant of Tomlinson Fort can peruse this masterly oration without realizing that he was a statesman in the fullest sense. Although not a lawyer he understood the federal constitution as few have done. If the Democrats of the South had seen the matter, as they have since seen it, and this section had thus been able to secure the internal improvements that have gone elsewhere, how much richer would be the South!

He made a powerful argument for popular sovereignty.

"The powers of the government * * * are derived from a higher source," he said.

"The sovereignty it exercises is for an authority as much greater than that of a State as the whole of a people are greater than a part, and that is not only so from the reasonableness of the thing, but has been uniformly so received from the foundation of the government." "I think I have shown," he said again, "that the United States is a government of the people and that its powers are all sovereign and paramount, though in many instances not exclusive." He explained that he was the only one of the Georgia delegation voting for the appropriation. "Whatever course the attitude of public opinion of the South may set on this important question," he said, "there is one thing of which I have not a single doubt. No part of the United States is so deeply interested in maintaining the policy and practice of carrying on the work of internal improvement by aid from the government." This was his last speech in Congress. On the question of nullification my grandfather, although a close personal friend of Calhoun, stood firmly with Andrew Jackson. It is said that he met the former at the University of Georgia and talked with him one night till 2 o'clock on the subject, Calhoun endeavoring to convince my grandfather that he was right. Their correspondence was voluminous.

I have not been able to learn why my grandfather was not a candidate for re-election. It is the impression in our family that it was owing to increasing domestic cares and the necessity of closer application to his profession. In the year 1829 he was chosen a trustee of the University of Georgia, and served for twenty seven years on the governing board of that honorable institution.

In the year 1832,* he became president of the Central Bank of Georgia at Milledgeville. This bank had been organized under the Act of 1828 and its capital consisted of all the money in the treasury of the State, not otherwise appropriated, in the shares owned by the State in the Bank of Augusta, the Planter's Bank, the Bank of the State of Georgia, the Bank of Darien, and proceeds of the sale of lands.

It was a very important institution and its history something unique in finance. In the year 1834 this bank had a capital of \$2,485,733, circulation of \$237,725 and specie amounting to \$135,186. My grandfather was president until the year 1844. Although it had a stormy and checkered career it served a very useful purpose, as the Western and Atlantic Railroad was built with its notes. After the "crash" of 1837, following a period of speculation and railroad building, not only in Georgia but all over the world, the bank, as did all financial institutions, had great difficulty in realizing on its assets. In addition it was severely hampered by an act of the legislature permitting the counties of the State to use the money formerly paid as state taxes for county purposes.

During the bank's prosperity it had paid the interest on the state debt, as well as the expenses of the state government, but now the depression had come these became onerous. In fact they were a ruinous burden on the institution. Gov. McDonald a warm friend of my grandfather, to whom he was the most confidential advisor, insisted that the legislature restore and increase these taxes. When that body was about to adjourn in 1840 without doing so he ordered the treasurer not to issue warrants except when there was money in the treasury for the appropriation.

This brought the legislature to time, although

* There is some doubt about this date. I take it from an obituary article in the Federal Union. However, there is no question whatever that he served in that capacity longer than any other president.

there was a stormy scene. The bank for a time was made a political issue by the whigs. This must have been an unpleasant episode in my grandfather's life. He stuck to his difficult post, however, and came out triumphant in the end, always retaining public confidence.

On November 5, 1840, Robert Toombs, leader of the Whig party, moved a special committee to inquire fully into the management and situation of the Central Bank. This committee attempted to secure the repeal of the charter, but failed.

Gov. McDonald all the time stood loyally by the institution and spoke of it in a message as being "under the management of an able and experienced board of directors." "This institution with a liberality becoming it," he said, "had administered to the general relief with all the means at its command." "The severity of the times had been greatly mitigated," he said again, "by its magnanimous forbearance." Gov. McDonald, in an obituary article written by himself concerning my grandfather, speaking of the bank, says: "He (Dr. Fort) found it under protest for a large debt and when he retired from it in the last of 1843 or the first of 1844 he left it in full credit and its notes at par everywhere except in Savannah and Augusta, in which cities they continued to be at a small discount, but a short time."

One of the most important epochs in my grandfather's life was that during which he promoted the movement to build the great State road of Georgia (the Western & Atlantic). As early as 1825, before there was a railroad in the United States, he introduced in the Legislature a "bill to be entitled an act to lay out a central canal or railway through the State." This contemplated a junction by railway or canal of the waters of the Tennessee and of the Sa-

vannah. He was one of the pioneers in urging this road.

Gov. William Schley, who was elected in 1836, was a great friend of my grandfather. It is said that he himself had been offered the nomination for governor and had declined. Indeed, afterwards he was virtually offered election to the United States Senate. He could accept neither of these offices because of financial difficulties at that period. Under Gov. Schley, no doubt urged by my grandfather, his friend, the first message urging the construction of the Western & Atlantic railway was sent to the Legislature.

The act authorizing its construction was approved December 31, 1836, and the State of Georgia spent \$3,680,000 in completing it between Atlanta and Chattanooga. It now pays the State \$400,000 a year and is a monument to the far-seeing statesmanship that made it possible. But for the Central Bank of Georgia then under my grandfather's management, which advanced the money, it might not have been built. Seeing the future of Ross Landing, which was the terminus of this railroad, my grandfather in 1838, nearly a year before it became Chattanooga, invested largely there, to the interest of his descendants.

His position as president of the Central Bank was practically that of the controller of the finances of the State. About this time South Carolina was considering the construction by that State of the Blue Ridge railroad. In urging this policy a prominent man of that State called attention to the experience of Georgia and speaking of my grandfather's part said :

"At this period all eyes turned to this Washington of probity and comprehensiveness of view (Dr. Fort). And when it is remembered that for years he led the Democracy as one man it can easily be conceived the exultation of the engineer department when it found him prepared to take the lead in the development of

Southern resources and Western inter-communication as a central branch." It seems that these comparisons with Washington were not unusual. The "Star of San Marneo," a Democratic paper, in urging my grandfather as a candidate for Governor, also compared him to the father of our country. For some time he owned an interest in the "Federal Union," the Democratic organ at Milledgeville, and while not nominally the editor was really its directing spirit. "He placed the organ of his party on a pedestal whence his oracles were revered and obeyed by the masses," wrote Col. David C. Campbell, a succeeding editor.

He was trustee of the lunatic asylum, whose construction was largely due to his efforts, and for many years physician at the penitentiary. But for the financial losses my grandfather sustained during the panic of 1837 there is little doubt that he would have again been compelled, by pressure of the people and his natural abilities to enter public life. He could have held almost any position he might have desired. But after resigning from the Central Bank in 1844 he retired to private life. While of a modest and unobtrusive disposition he was trusted by the leaders of his party and of the State and respected as one of its most eminent men. Although rarely a speaker he was forceful and eloquent when he did speak. For many years he was called on to preside at every State democratic convention.

He died before the Civil war came on, but there is little question, from the sentiment expressed in his speech on the Cumberland road, and at other times, that he would not have been in sympathy with the secession movement. Like Bell, Stephens and other Southern leaders, who opposed secession, however, there is no doubt that had he been living he would have gone with his State, which he loved with patri-

otic devotion. My uncle, Col. Tomlinson Fort, writes me that he knew my grandfather opposed the platform of "states rights" democracy on which Chas. J. McDonald was a candidate for governor against Howell Cobb in 1851, although he voted for him on personal grounds.

Thus was rounded out the full life of my grandfather.

Any less indomitable will would have been broken by the great difficulties constantly impeding his footsteps. A weaker character would have been content with achievement in any one of his multifarious occupations. The most successful physician in all middle Georgia, to most men that would have been enough. But his incisive mind grazed eagerly on all pastures of learning and his energetic disposition sought other avenues of effort. The knowledge he acquired on almost every subject was systematically stored in his mind.

When summoned by an accurate memory it was subjected to the analysis of a perfect reason.

Physician, statesman, publicist, in all preeminent. He not only ameliorated the condition of the physical man, but by his wise counsel and leadership in national and state government and in public affairs bettered the status of the masses of her people and made the pursuit of happiness in this community less difficult.

Just as his shrewd sire had been among the first to recognize the value of the cotton gin and use it, so, he foresaw the wonderful industrial revolution which steam transportation would bring and led the movement which linked his State with the West, and made Georgia the "Empire State of the South."

At the same time he was also naturalist, literateur, master of finance, humanitarian and philanthropist. The versatility of Georgia's Dr. Fort was

not unlike that of Pennsylvania's Dr. Franklin, just as his statesmanship and probity have been compared with the father of our country.

His descendants may well study his character and attainments and emulate his example.

HISTORY OF THE LAST CAMPAIGN OF THE FIRST GEORGIA REGULARS OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY IN THE CIVIL WAR 1864-65.

[By John Porter Fort.]

In the month of December, 1864, the First Georgia Regulars, of the Confederate States Army, were encamped on Whitemarsh Island near the mouth of the Savannah river. The regiment was considered upon picket duty. A portion of the command was at all times patrolling the borders of the Island facing the sea, both night and day with a few scouts upon Wilmington Island, directly in front of Whitemarsh Island. Our duties were not arduous and our camp was in a pleasant situation about ten miles from the city of Savannah.

While thus encamped negotiations were in progress by which the authorities of the Confederate States agreed to deliver to the United States authorities at the mouth of the Savannah river a large number of Federal prisoners from Andersonville. These prisoners were delivered as sick men and without the Confederate Government receiving any equivalent for them. The United States Government had refused most positively to make any exchange of prisoners and it was with great difficulty that it was induced to consent to accept these supposed to be sick men. The Confederate States had to feed them and consequently desired to get rid of them. I saw these prisoners several thousand in number, before they embarked in some old boats and barges to float a few miles down the Savannah river to the transports prepared by the United States to receive them. There were few or no sick men among them, they were well

dressed and fully as well fed as were our troops in the field and taken care of as well as the Confederacy did its own men. Their sickness was a sham and the fraud was acquiesced in by the Confederate authorities in order to force their government to take them in their lines, as all hope for an exchange of prisoners had been abandoned. I was on the point at White-marsh Island when these barges passed, loaded with the human freight of from six to eight thousand prisoners. When the point was turned and these prisoners came in full view of their government transports at anchor waiting for them, only a short distance off with the United States flag flying at their mast heads, a great shout of rejoicing rent the air that I will ever remember. We were glad to be rid of our parting guests and their joy at leaving us expressed itself in huzzas of happiness. While thus in camp we received news every day of the march of General W. T. Sherman's army into the interior of the State of Georgia. We were all concerned for our homes and our loved ones but remained steady at the posts assigned us.

About the middle of December there came to relieve us a small command of reserves, boys between fifteen and seventeen and old men over sixty. We were ordered to march through Savannah and take our positions upon a line of battle, protecting Savannah upon the north. It seemed that the objective point of General Sherman's army was the city of Savannah. We soon formed our part of the line and assisted to complete the inferior breastworks that we occupied. We were scarcely well in position before we were confronted by large masses of troops of all arms, comprising Sherman's entire army. Our force was under the command of General W. J. Hardee and comprised from six to eight thousand men. General Sherman's army was composed of about eighty thousand men, with an immense following of slaves and

what were termed "bummers," these consisted of irregular cavalry and scouts.

General Sherman was a very cautious commander. On seeing our fortifications he dug an entrenched line opposite ours and commenced skirmishing at long range with our picket line. The First Georgia Regulars consisted at this time of about two hundred and fifty men. It was commanded by Colonel R. A. Wayne, a cool, brave, fearless officer. While in camp he was often brusque in his manners and dictatorial in his deportment, but every man and officer had unlimited confidence in him in time of danger, he had a natural aptitude for war, there was no better regimental commander in battle. I was on duty as adjutant of the regiment. After General Sherman had formed his lines of battle in our front, he sent in a flag of truce demanding the surrender of our army and the city, saying that if it was not done he could not be responsible for the acts of his troops against a city that had done so much to aid the Confederate Government. General Hardee in reply refused to surrender the army or the city but ended his communication by requesting General Sherman to be governed by the rules of civilized war in the event of the capture of the city. I never liked General Hardee's reply, he evidently felt the inefficiency of his command to cope with General Sherman's great army, and while this was doubtless true, it was bad policy to exhibit such an apprehension. With his usual policy General Sherman kept a force double our number entrenched in front of our lines, and then commenced to move a large body of troops through the swamp lands on our right and left, where we had not sufficient force to protect with a strong picket. In confronting General Sherman's army for the first time I was struck with the habit of early rising that seemed to be prevalent in that portion of his army. The Federal



CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS,
SONS OF TOMLINSON AND MARTHA LOW FORT.

Taken during the Civil War 1861-65.

GEORGE W. FORT, M. D.,
Surgeon 28th Georgia Regiment.

JOHN P. FORT,
2nd Lieut. Co. K 1st Georgia Regulars,

TOMLINSON FORT,
Capt. Co. L 1st Georgia Regulars

bugles sounded the first call all along their lines before dawn and at the earliest dawn reveille, when every soldier was expected to be in line to answer to his name. These bugle calls were a few minutes earlier than our reveille, while we used a small drum instead of a bugle. We all felt the hazard of our position. The rumor came along the line that we were to be surrendered prisoners of war, we heard this with pallid cheeks and were prepared to resist to the utmost. When these large bodies of troops were commencing the move upon our rear, it was said that such a course was contemplated. If my memory is not at fault, General Gustavus W. Smith was in Savannah at this time. He was a capable engineer, and with the greatest exertion at the very last moment placed a bridge of pontoons across the Savannah river at the wharf in the city for the retreat of the army. This was upon the evening of the twenty-second of December, 1864. As soon as it was well dark our camp fires were left burning and our entire army withdrew from our entrenchments, marched into Savannah and without serious disturbance crossed the river upon the pontoon bridge. I will never forget the event. Our regiment arrived at the bridge about midnight, along the wharves and principal streets leading to the bridge there were large bonfires burning. The fires lit up the wide, yellow river and burned brightly along the dykes and dams opposite the city, acting as a guide to the army for some miles before a place suitable for a camp could be obtained. The streets were full of negroes, affrighted women and children and citizens whispering one to another "the Yankees, the Yankees are coming." As soon as we received orders to retreat I sent the cook of our mess, an old negro named "Chance," to get us something to eat and meet us at the bridge. Savannah was Chance's home, he promised to be faithful and it

had been agreed that he should remain there. Just before arriving at the bridge we passed a store, where barrels of liquor were being rolled out in the streets and burst open with axes I thought I recognized Chance in the excited throng. Poor old Chance, his love for the "ardent" was well known, to see so much liquor wasted was more than he could endure, he failed to meet us at the bridge and the commissaries that we expected were never received. I never heard from Chance afterwards, he was a good cook, and when not over tempted a faithful servant.

The scene of our army crossing the Savannah river at midnight, with the aid of bonfires to prevent the horses and men from marching into the river and off the dykes into the water surrounding them, presented a panorama that I will always remember. The enemy anticipated some movement of this kind and were upon their arms in readiness for any emergency. General Sherman with his usual cautious tactics refused or feared to attack us, although by a bold dash he could have taken the bridge and captured our small army. The sun was barely above the horizon when I looked back over the wide rice fields from the Carolina side and saw the United States flag floating above the city hall at Savannah.

Our regiment lost two or three men wounded in the trenches in front of Savannah. I saw Dr. Cherry our surgeon, amputating the leg of one of our wounded who was shot through the knee. These men were wounded by sharp-shooters who kept a continual fire along our lines, our own sharp-shooters claimed to have repaid these losses with interest. However claims by soldiers of individual long shots should generally be taken with much allowance. A shot very near a man or slightly wounding him will often make him act in such a manner that it will appear from a distance as if he were fatally shot. With the excep-

tion of two or three men who failed to cross the river with us, we lost none. One of these men was named McGowan of Company "K," he had a sweetheart in the city and refused to leave her. General Sherman and his army rejoiced greatly over the taking of Savannah. He sent a dispatch to Washington that he had captured the city and with it twenty-six thousand bales of cotton, making a present of the cotton to the government at Washington. This cotton was worth at the time seventy or eighty cents a pound and so represented eight or nine millions of dollars, it was ordered to be turned over to a person named Draper for the United States government, under the captured and abandoned property act. From the information that I afterwards obtained nothing ever equaled the robbery and plunder of the United States in regard to this cotton. Every vessel that could be obtained from the fleet off Charleston and Savannah was brought into requisition upon which to load the cotton, it belonged mostly to private parties. It was branded with the government brand and then changed, put upon different vessels and in the end the government received only a portion of it. Who participated in this saturnalia of the seizure, claiming and selling of this cotton will never be known, neither was anyone ever called to a strict account for it.

To return to our little regiment upon the soil of South Carolina. It was very cold on the night we marched across the Savannah river, similar to the cold of February 1899, and two or three days after there came over the country a wintry blast equal to any that I recollect ever to have experienced. I was rather poorly clad and had but one double blanket, much the worse for wear. I recollect our camp fires were near a pond of water of some size and I slept at intervals upon its border, in the morning the pond was frozen over so thick that I had to break a hole in the

ice to fill my canteen. During this memorable night I fell asleep for a few minutes in a position with my head much lower than my body. The icy wind blowing over the frozen pond caused the end of my nose to be frost bitten, the effects of which I felt seriously at the time and for years afterwards and I may say at certain times up to this day.

After some weeks spent in the occupancy of Savannah and shipping away the cotton and thousands of different articles of plunder collected by the army in their march through Georgia, General Sherman moved his army upon the coast of South Carolina and commenced his memorable march through that commonwealth. This movement compelled us to abandon Charleston and all positions near the coast of South Carolina. Our army when we left Savannah, was composed of about eight thousand men of all arms, mostly what were known as "reserves" and militia with but very few regular troops, of which our regiment formed a part. It appeared to be our plan to defend various positions along and near the coast where it was expected a landing would be made. We were picketed near Pocataligo along the tide water and opposite to us were negro troops. The pickets of the two armies were close together, a narrow stream of water separating them. By agreement we refused to fire upon each other, as much useless execution might have been done by both sides. I know that I was exposed at short range to the Federal pickets, and could easily have been shot, as they also might have been.

General Sherman's great army landed at Port Royal to commence a march through the State. He was re-enforced by the Federal troops that confronted Charleston and the coasts of South Carolina. The trail of this mighty host was as a great fire and the State was given to the wind of desolation. These acts of vandalism accomplished nothing except to satisfy a

lodged hate of the invading host to the State and people of South Carolina and embitter the Southern people.

Pillars of smoke arising from barns and peaceful dwellings gave us notice that Sherman's army had commenced its forward march. The confusion in our front was extreme among the rural inhabitants. The great majority of the planters with their families came into our lines followed by many of their slaves. Our army assembled near where the Charleston and Savannah railroad crossed the Salkakatchee river and with us were the troops that had held the coast defences. This combined force amounted to ten or twelve thousand men.

Our regiment was attached to two other commands, a regiment of Georgia reserves together with a battalion, and was put under the command of Colonel John C. Ficer, a Mississippian who had lost an arm in the service. This brigade which was called Ficer's Brigade, never amounted to more than six or seven hundred men. Our entire force was under the command of General W. J. Hardee, we were a part of a division commanded by General LaFayette McLaws.

It is said that General Sherman made the remark that the Confederacy to recruit their army "was robbing the cradle and the grave." I think it not inappropriate to relate here the well remembered story of a regiment of Georgia reserves attached to our brigade. It illustrates the patriotism of our people and the expiring efforts of the Confederate Government to sustain the cause.

The Second Georgia reserves crossed the Savannah river with our army on the night of the twenty-second of December. They were composed of boys from fourteen to sixteen years of age and old men over sixty, there were but few old men, probably not over twenty. The limit of old age may have been sixty-

five, they were nearly all boys. This regiment was under the command of an old man named Simmons, he was large and very stout. I recollect his ridiculous figure upon horseback, he only attempted one day's march when he was permanently laid up for repairs. This regiment of boys when drawn up on dress parade the morning after we left Savannah, were three hundred and fifty in number. They were nearly all physically unable to carry their muskets or otherwise stand the hardships of the campaign they were to be called upon to endure. In the arduous marches with us none of the boys deserted, for they were moved by the purest patriotic impulse. My sympathies were often enlisted in beholding these young patriots attempting to keep up in our marches in front of Sherman's army. They gradually fell by the wayside, it required the nerve and muscle of a man to endure a campaign in our army, with our limited quartermaster and commissary supplies. I recollect many pathetic instances of these boys in their efforts to keep up in our arduous march across the Carolinas.

The troops in this campaign carried all their camp implements with them, every soldier had his haversack with from one to two days rations in it and his arms and ammunition. I always carried an ax, bedding for myself and messmate, whereas he carried a cooking utensil and a small tent fly. These boys had nearly all been tenderly reared and were too young to know or to care for themselves, which was so absolutely essential in such a campaign, in the cold winter season in our marches through the swamps and fields. I cannot refrain from mentioning one incident. It was a very cold, rainy night and our brigade was encamped in a swamp. There are but few swamp trees from which a temporary fire can be made under such conditions, it was with difficulty we found a tree

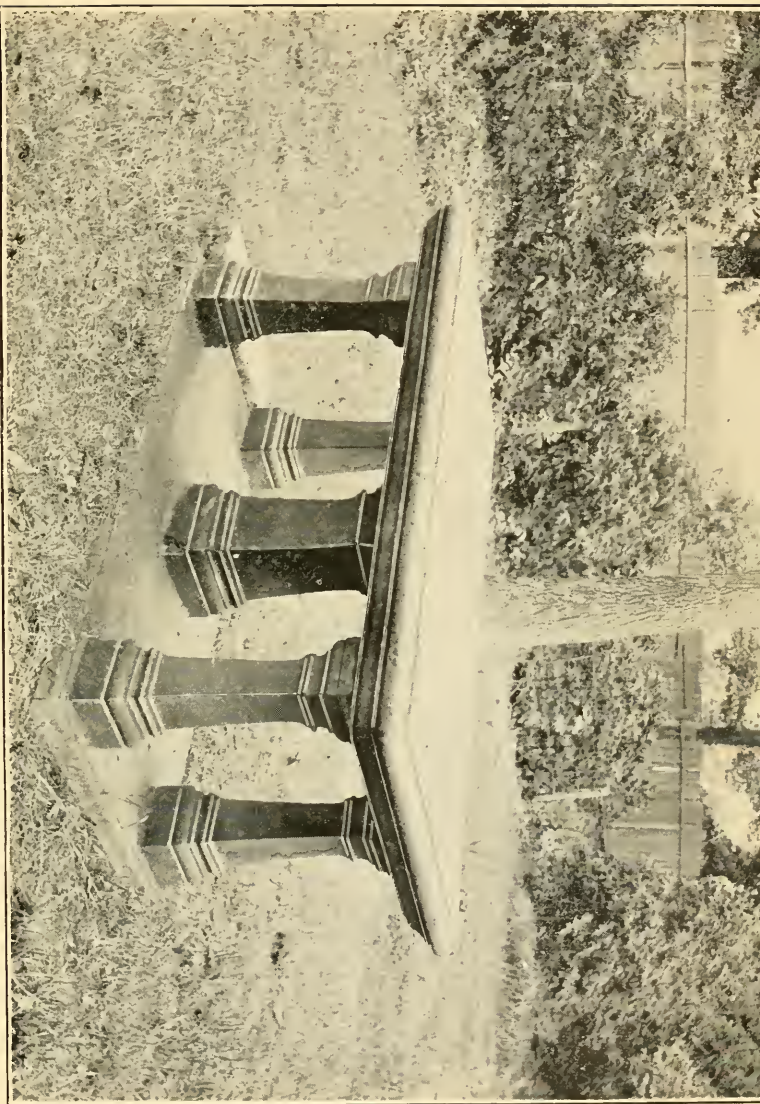
called iron wood and after making a small fire we laid down beside it to sleep as only a weary soldier can. About midnight I felt a pressure as of some one at my feet, I partly arose to order the intruder away. It was against a well recognized rule for one soldier to trespass upon a camp fire not his own. I beheld a youth, a boy, almost a child, bending over the fire with his hands stretched toward the flickering blaze, his limbs trembling with cold and exhaustion. His belt and his cartridge box was tied around his neck, his face indicating the want of water for many days, he presented an appearance of extreme wretchedness. The words of the order died upon my lips as I looked with commiseration upon this tender child that the cruel situation had caused to take up arms in defense of his home. I recognized him as some mother's darling and refrained from speaking, knowing well that the next day the Federal cavalry under Kilpatrick would pick him up by the wayside, a victim of Civil war, his end a hospital or death.

When this regiment arrived at Aversborro and were drawn up in line of battle to participate in their first engagement, there were left of them but thirty-nine all-told. From a regiment of three hundred and fifty they had been reduced by the hardships of the service, to that small number without losing one in battle. All the remainder with but few exceptions were captured I suppose, by the army before which we were retreating. It was on seeing these boys and some grey haired men among his captives that General Sherman is said to have made the before-quoted remark.

My own mess was comprised at this time of my brother Tom, who was a captain in the regiment, Lieutenant Augustus Rutherford and Lieutenant Cecil Berrien. My good mother of blessed memory, sent to my brother and myself a negro boy to wait on

us by the name of Willis Allston. He was a son of our old nurse Nancy and had the genuine negro characteristics, but was a poor cook. We had but one brigade wagon called the "skillet wagon," Willis kept with this wagon and was supposed to get up what rations he could, and find us when these had been prepared. The wagons kept so well in front of us that often for a day or so we would not see the said Willis Allston. The companies of our regiment were all small, comprising only from fifteen to twenty men each, except Company "L" my brother Tom's company which numbered about forty or fifty men. Our entire regimental force in commencing this retreat was something over two hundred men. All of the command was more or less enfeebled by malarial fevers because of bad water and location during the past summer while in front of Savannah. We were unable to obtain quinine, the only remedy known for malaria, as its importation into our lines had been forbidden by the Federal authorities. This refusal of medicine to the sick illustrated the bitterness of feeling engendered by this Civil war. The campaign through South Carolina was arduous in the extreme. Our regiment formed during nearly all the campaign the rear guard of the army. We had a small skirmish with the enemy at a place on the Salkakatchee river called Broxton's bridge and a few men were wounded at long range across this bridge that we defended for a day or so.

Our marching and counter marching taxed the endurance of which any troops were capable, and some of our best soldiers gave out. They were exhausted by reason of poor food, poor supplies and a summer encampment in a malarial region. Some few were captured, others escaped in the swamps and finally arrived at Augusta, Georgia. We probably lost one-fourth of our command before we arrived near the



THE FANNING MONUMENTS, RIVERHEAD, LONG ISLAND.

Here lies interred the body of Mrs. Hannah Fanning, the virtuous wife of Capt. James Fanning, who departed this life Sept. 10th, A. D., 1750, in the 48th year of her age.

north-western border of South Carolina. Before arriving at Cheraw we may have marched about three hundred miles, in a direct line from Savannah to Cheraw, South Carolina, our final destination, was about one hundred and seventy-five miles. We passed below Columbia, but the main body of General Sherman's army took a direct route for South Carolina's capital with the avowed purpose of its destruction. Their intention was accomplished, and the statement years afterwards by General Sherman that the Confederate cavalry had started the fire that burned a portion of the city was false. I have conversed with men who were boys at the time, who saw soldiers detailed with torches upon their work of destruction. That General Sherman in after years was ashamed of such a wanton destruction of a defenseless city, was natural, but that the act was deliberately done is true. There were so many columns of smoke continually arising in our rear, that I have no distinct recollection of seeing the smoke from Columbia, I hardly think we passed near enough to see it distinctly.

During this continuous retreat we were accompanied by detached bodies of cavalry, generally in squads of from twenty to thirty. They were called Wheeler's cavalry and seemed to be in no definite organization and could not have comprised more than two or three hundred men in all. Whenever they came near us our infantry men jeered them in such an unsparing manner that they avoided us as far as possible. I had an opportunity to speak to one of the members of this cavalry command and he said to me, that whatever opinion the other portion of the army might have of Wheeler's cavalry, that his command trusted Joe Wheeler. During our Civil war a brave infantry soldier with a rifle or musket in his hand, felt superior in battle to a soldier upon horseback.

He realized the advantage of his position and aim in an ordinary field of battle, and the inclination of infantry soldiers was at all times to speak in disrespect of the cavalry.

Our retreat was nearly continuous from Pocataligo to Chesterfield, a few miles from Cheraw in the north-west part of South Carolina, upon the borders of North Carolina. During this entire retreat I was struck with the timidity of Kilpatrick's Federal cavalry. He had a force of mounted men larger than our entire army, and by the display of ordinary courage his command might have kept our little army at bay until the Federal infantry arrived and overwhelmed us. Whenever we halted with a few hundred men and presented a front, his cavalry became aware that they were confronted by infantry, and they at once halted to await an infantry support. We became very tired of retreating and often did I hear the men of the regiment express a desire that Kilpatrick's cavalry would charge us, but they never did. If they had, I do not know how our little rear guard could have withstood those great hosts.

General N. B. Forrest had illustrated that the proper way to fight cavalry was to put the trooper on foot. Our men as a rule were good marksmen, they were armed nearly altogether with long Enfield rifles, which were loaded from the muzzle with a greased cartridge and an oblong ounce ball, a gun which held up for two hundred yards or more. We arrived at Chesterfield where we formed strong picket lines on the roads leading to Cheraw upon the Great Pee Dee river. Many incidents, both pathetic and amusing, occurred during this campaign.

One morning while at Pocataligo brother Tomlinson came into camp from outpost duty very hungry and asked Willis Alston the cook, for something to eat. We had drawn the night before, some flour, and

Willis in mixing it in the dark, had put in so much water as to make it of the consistency of glue, which when baked in the ashes formed a dark, indigestible compound, this was given to brother Tomlinson for his breakfast, but he was unable to eat it. He called for Willis and demanded that he should eat the mixture, which Willis refused to do. Brother Tomlinson, taking counsel in his hunger and wrath, drew his sword, told Willis that he had to eat it or he would cut his head off. The aforesaid Willis, trembling and in dire extremity, said "Mos Tom., you may kill me but I can't eat that bread." Suffice it to say that the head of Willis was not cut off, neither did he eat that so-called bread. It appeared to be a serious matter at the time, but in that controversy between the Caucasian and the negro, the negro or more properly speaking the bread, triumphed.

While on picket duty near Chesterfield three Federal foragers or "bummers," as they were called, came suddenly upon one of our picket posts of three men before they were aware of it. One of them was mounted upon a farm horse, and was encumbered with so much plunder that he could not get hold of his gun. While attempting to do so Sergeant Bruce of Company "I" shot him from the horse and the other two men surrendered and came across the little stream in front of the picket post. I was near at hand riding along our picket lines. The first question I asked the prisoners was as to what command they belonged. They spoke broken English and informed me that they belonged to a Pennsylvania regiment of Blair's Corps. That which struck me with more force was the reply from one of them that a day or so before he heard one of the officers say there were about eight hundred men for duty in his regiment, and seventy-six men in his company for duty at the last roll call, he did not know the size of General Blair's

Corps, but heard that it was seventeen thousand men.

When I thought of our small regiments of less than two hundred men, brigades less than four hundred, and then this Corps of General Blair's which was but a small part of General Sherman's army, and as large as our entire force in Carolina, I felt my heart sinking within me. I heard a large force in front of us and time was of such moment that I refused to allow one of the pickets to cross the small stream to inspect the dead or wounded man or more probably his plunder. It was but a very short time before a large command appeared up the road and our pickets withdrew. I hurriedly sent the two prisoners to be reported to Col. Wayne, we had no means to care for them and I do not know what became of them. They were ignorant foreigners and knew about as much of what they were fighting for as an ox, but were ready to kill, plunder and burn as long as they were paid and fed. Success in war depends upon resources which are represented by money. Our indignation was but natural when we beheld regiments and brigades of our negro slaves, armed by the United States Government in array against us, together with many regiments of foreigners who could not speak our language. But war is barbarism, it knows no law and should not exist among civilized people.

The officers and soldiers in our army were true and tried men and were ready at all times and could be relied upon to accomplish as much as could be done by any equal number of men, maintaining their position in the ranks without pay or the expectation of reward. They understood the issues of the contest and were moved by a true patriotic impulse that called them to defend their homes from fire and sword.

I will forbear giving an account of atrocities committed by Sherman's men in South Carolina that came to my knowledge through reports of scouts and others.

At this time it is difficult to understand the bitter feeling engendered between the opposing forces by the horrors of this Civil war. It is over and is but a memory, God grant that Civil war may never be witnessed in our country again.

It appeared from the caution observed by the Federal commanders in approaching this section of Carolina that they anticipated a battle, they certainly could not have been fully aware of the inferiority of our force. Cheraw was a town upon the banks of the Great Pee Dee river in which our army had large stores of commissary supplies and ammunition. It seemed to be our purpose to hold it as long as possible, that we might be able to move away supplies into North Carolina where General Joseph E. Johnston was trying to organize an army, and we were expected to move in that direction to join his forces.

The morning after our capture of the two prisoners, we moved upon Cheraw and were ordered to hold the town until a cavalry command under General Taliaferro could be withdrawn and cross the river in our rear. In giving an account of this action I will do so under the name of the battle of Cheraw.

At this time the First Georgia Regulars were under the command of Col. Wayne. One other field officer was with the command, Lieutenant-Colonel Miller Grieve, who was upon the sick list and was transported with our wagons. There were ten companies comprising a total of one hundred and thirty men, with an average of not more than one commissioned officer to each company. I had been appointed some time before as acting adjutant, Colonel Wayne and myself were the only officers mounted. Our regiment was halted about ten o'clock in the morning on the outskirts of Cheraw upon a position taken with the impediment of an old railroad cut in the rear for the reason that we were protected by a thicket of small

trees that concealed our force and movements. The regiment was deployed as skirmishers ten paces apart, so that our front would extend as far as possible. Orders were issued to assemble upon the center only after being driven in, and to hold the lines as long as possible. The officer in charge of this movement was General Butler, who had lost a leg in the war, he was then a young man and had with him a staff of three or four mounted men. My position was by the side of Colonel Wayne who was riding along the lines with General Butler and staff. We had scarcely formed when a messenger came in on horseback in great haste, informing General Butler that General Taliaferro had sent him word that he was nearly surrounded and out of ammunition. I was struck with General Butler's calmness as he ordered one of his staff to ride and tell General Taliaferro to come through with his sabers and by no means to surrender. The brave soldier unslung his carbine and turned his horse to execute the dangerous mission. He had just begun to ride forward when up the road about a hundred yards distant appeared the front of a body of cavalry coming full speed down upon us. We at first felt assured that they were Federal cavalry and were not undeceived until they were quite near us, it proved to be General Taliaferro's cavalry command of probably two hundred. They came thundering in our rear down the road about one hundred yards or so where there was a crossing, at the old railroad cut and were soon going over the river bridge about half a mile in our rear. I ordered one of the skirmishers that I knew to be a cool, brave man to go forward from our thicket of pines and report to me what he saw. He returned in a few minutes, saying that he counted thirteen flags and long lines of infantry and artillery moving forward upon us. The name of this brave man was Musgrove, his fate was a

sad one. A few days after the war was over he killed a Federal soldier and was hung by order of a drum-head court martial in the streets of Macon, Georgia. He was noted for his coolness and courage. The fire of our skirmishers was commencing to be continuous, we were slowly retreating and were entirely without support in our rear. Colonel Wayne could not bear to abandon and lose his bay mare, he saw that the railroad cut was too high and precipitous to cross on horseback and ordered me to ride quickly along the line, ordering all to assemble on the center and across the railroad cut. He turned to my brother Tomlinson, the senior captain in charge of the skirmish line, and ordered him to take charge of the regiment and lead it to the bridge across the river.

In great danger of being captured Colonel Wayne rode swiftly to the railroad crossing to gain it before the enemy arrived. A heavy skirmish line of the enemy was very close to us advancing, and behind it a very short distance, long lines of battle. I heard the loud voice of brother Tom. ordering the men to assemble upon the center in rear of the railroad cut. The small pine grove concealing our regiment, alone prevented us from being run over by such a superior force so close at hand. Our men held their positions and fired upon the advancing enemy as if we had a strong force in support. All the men rose up as I rode along the line giving the order, except four or five on the extreme right, among whom was Lieutenant Fred Palmer. I have been informed since the war by Lieutenant Palmer that they surrendered after a bloody little battle where he was surrounded and his men wounded. Having delivered my orders and seeing them being executed I thought it my duty to follow my commanding officer. Appreciating the danger and fearing that the enemy had arrived at the crossing before me, I put spurs to my brave cream colored

horse and beat the Federal skirmishers to the crossing a few yards. I suddenly appeared in the open, out of the thicket in front of them, two or three of the Federal soldiers threw up their guns and fired at me. As I rode down the open highway a portion of this skirmish line had fine target practice at me, but they were poor marksmen. A bullet cut through my hair (or I always thought so), one cut the tin cup from my haversack, one grazed my horse and caused him to so increase his speed that he stumbled, fell to his knees but soon recovered, and I rejoined Colonel Wayne and the regiment in the streets of Cheraw. As soon as the Federals saw how small was our force, they pressed forward with a battery of artillery on their heavy line of skirmishers to overtake and capture us, but this was not so easy as it appeared. Captain Fort then commanding the regiment, had detailed Lieutenant Rutherford with two companies of about twenty-five men to turn and fire as often as possible at our pursuers which would cause a temporary halt. As we emerged into an open street near the bridge, a shell or so was thrown from a battery knocking down three or four of our men and either wounding or killing Sergeant Spriggs of Company "L." I saw him in front of a little store leaning against a post, with blood flowing from his head. Both sides were now very tired, neither having had time to stop and reload their guns. We were nearing the bridge and the skirmish line of the enemy was not more than fifty yards behind us. This bridge was a covered structure and was saturated with rosin and turpentine and an officer of artillery was detailed to fire it at the proper time, he stood ready with torch in hand. The entire army had crossed except our regiment, the officer in charge of the bridge saw and understood the situation. He beheld our little regiment with its battle scarred flag coming down the street and a few yards behind

them a skirmish line of the enemy. As we set foot upon the bridge the fire was lighted, and I heard one of the Federals immediately behind us cry out "oh, boys don't burn the bridge, we want to go across." The bridge was filled with smoke, I could not see in front of my horse but urged him forward and I can safely say that the bridge was ablaze a few seconds after I crossed. Quite a force of Federals came up and seemed to try to put out the fire, but the flames soon rose high above the structure in an incredibly short space of time. The river was not over seventy-five yards wide and was bounded by a bluff upon which was situated Cheraw and opposite a wide bottom of cultivated fields near half a mile wide. General Hardee was with his staff across this wide clearing, and fearing that the bridge might not be destroyed he sent an order that our regiment remain there until it was consumed. When this order came we were about one hundred yards from the bridge utterly wearied, thinking that our work was accomplished. I never saw a better exhibition of discipline and courage than was here given by our tired men, they turned to face an enemy of ten times their number, where they had no protection and only a narrow river separating them. Very fortunately there was a natural entrenchment along the river bank into which we filed, protecting us fully from the enemy's fire across the river. In turning to march to the river Colonel Wayne and myself dismounted, giving our horses to a boy that followed the regiment acting as orderly, whose name was Busby, he carried them safely to our camp that night. If we had ridden up the small bluff that protected us as we started to do, one hundred balls would have been fired at us on the instant, now our situation was changed. This heavy line of skirmishers was upon the open river bank, and our men who had been so long pursued, were protected in a

ravine from which we exposed only our heads when we shot, the river was between us, the bridge burning beautifully and we now had our revenge. The blue-coats commenced falling upon the open river bank, they quickly comprehended their situation and began to retreat up the bluff, a few remained behind some large trees, but soon they commenced to fall one by one. A red headed soldier named Farmer of Company "C" claimed to have killed four men in four shots before they retreated. While in this ravine there was near me a soldier named Pritchard of Company "C," who loaded his rifle and handed it to me and I had a couple of shots at these soldiers upon the river bank, in return for having been myself made a target of, I had but little doubt of the effectiveness of one of my shots. Some of these skirmishers before their retreat indulged in much swearing, but we answered with balls that left many of them upon the water's edge. At last we could take some revenge upon our pursuers. The tide of affairs soon turned, a battery was brought forward on the bluff and a shelling was opened upon us, a number of guns were turned upon our regiment. About the first shell that was thrown burst near me and a large piece of a ten-pound parrot shell nearly spent struck me in the chest, knocking me breathless, but I soon recovered and we marched down the ravine into the woods, escaping in detached parties across the wide plain. I feel assured that if we had remained there a few moments longer we would have been subjected to such a fire of shells as would have left few of us alive. When we emerged from the ravine and swamp beyond in parties of one and two we were a target for their rifled cannon, but the distance was probably half a mile. I saw one man killed by one of these long shots, having his head shot off, he was I think one of the bridge guards and did not belong to our regiment. They were solid shot I

think, as they did not seem to burst and this was the only effective one from one hundred or more that I noticed. As I went out several cannon balls struck near, that I suppose were aimed at me, the distance being from a fourth to a half a mile. On writing out my report to the Colonel I found that our casualties amounted to thirty, one officer and four men captured, three or four killed and the balance wounded, which was about one-fourth of our number. Sergeant Bruce of Company "I" was so wounded as to have necessitated the amputation of his leg, and Sergeant Spriggs of Company "L" was supposed to have been killed. I do not recollect the name of any other man or officer that was killed or wounded. This retreat and battle consisting of a running fight, taxed to the utmost the endurance of every one.

The command had distinguished itself in the retreat while commanded by my brother Captain Fort, whose firmness while giving orders gave confidence to us all, and although pressed on all sides there was never a rout. When we crossed the bridge the regiment was still intact, no soldier threw away his arms and there was a continual turn to fire at the advancing foe.

That night our weary command lay down to sleep upon the edge of a swamp. Brother Tomlinson unfortunately slept upon the damp earth and in the morning he awoke with an attack of inflammatory rheumatism so severe that he was unable to move a muscle without great pain, he had to be lifted into a wagon so that he could continue with us upon our retreat. On crossing the Pee Dee we were near the southern border of North Carolina, our march being directed towards Fayetteville, a city of some importance upon the Cape Fear river. Our wounded and disabled were left by the wayside and were generally captured by the large cavalry force in our rear under command of

General Kilpatrick. The pontoon train with General Sherman's army soon replaced any bridge that in crossing a stream we had burned. General Wade Hampton had been ordered from Virginia with a few of his cavalry troops, that were compelled to be taken from General Lee's army. They were joined by the disorganized remnants of General Wheeler's command. This formed a force of five or six hundred men with which General Hampton attacked the center of General Kilpatrick's command one morning about daylight. We were approaching Fayetteville, where General Kilpatrick had a large force of cavalry, he never ventured far from his infantry supports. This attack by Hampton's cavalry was a complete surprise. General Kilpatrick escaped in his night clothes in the thick woods near by while a number of his escorts were captured, together with a carriage and horses that had been stolen in South Carolina. In his tent was found his mistress, a woman that accompanied him from Charleston, she was much frightened but was left to her own contemplations. A large infantry force was near at hand and with a few prisoners captured, about fifty or less, our small body of cavalry had to hurry them within our lines. I will never forget the appearance of these men as they were hurriedly marched by in the early morning, they had been awakened before day and nearly all were partly dressed. Their countenances expressed as much malignity as it was possible to show in the human face as they were driven like cattle by our men. One of them, a very large man, bare headed and in his stocking feet but otherwise handsomely dressed as an officer, was so insulting as he approached General McLaw's headquarters that a Texan shot him, the others then recognized the fact that they were prisoners. I do not recollect whether he was killed or not, as the life of a man was of small moment at that time.

My brother Tomlinson was sent forward to be put in the best quarters to be obtained in Fayetteville. Lieutenant M. de Graffenreid who accompanied the wagon promised me to make the best arrangements for him possible, I was detained on the line in front and could not now desert my post. There was a covered bridge spanning the Cape Fear river in Fayetteville and again we were the last to cross the bridge but not so hardly pressed as at Cheraw. As we passed through Fayetteville, Lieutenant de Garffenreid pointed out to me the room where he said brother Tomlinson was placed, it was over a store and some responsible person had promised to care for him. It was about sunrise and the enemy were slowly pressing upon our rear. A few minutes after we crossed the bridge it was set on fire and the heavy column of smoke rose high in the air as a symbol of the destructiveness of war. It appears that my brother was informed of the passing of the rear guard and the expected burning of the bridge across the Cape Fear river, he had a grim determination that he would not become a captive. After we had halted a mile or two beyond the river I was informed that Tomlinson had arrived in camp, aided by a cavalry picket in crossing the bridge. I found him in a pitiable condition, his limbs and joints swollen, in great pain and incapable of walking. The men of his company carried him some distance on a stretcher, until a wagon could be obtained when he was sent on ahead of the command. I was still acting adjutant but was now on foot as my horse had been sent on in front, for some reason that I have forgotten. Our course was towards Smithfield, where we were expected to be joined by General Joseph E. Johnston, who had been reinstated in command and was to assemble the remnants of his old army and all other forces that he could obtain, to try and resist General Sherman. In the meantime Sher-

man's army had been re-enforced by General Peck from Charleston and General Terry from Wilmington and now amounted to near two hundred thousand men of all arms, magnificently equipped and provisioned. His army had marched through the States of Georgia and South Carolina, leaving a trail of devastation behind them from twenty to fifty miles wide. There was no armed force capable of resisting his advance and the excuse given for this wanton destruction of property, was that by bringing home to the Southern people the horrors of war, the contest would be sooner ended. This barbarity did not end the war a day sooner and the reason given was not a true one. Behold the difference when General Lee's army marched into Maryland and Pennsylvania.

Sherman's army was followed by the wail of distress, the lamentations of the bereaved, the moan of the mother and the cry of the child. For years the names of the authors of these calamities among the people of this stricken land, when mentioned was joined with a malediction. The gloomy mind of the commander of this army seemed to be incapable of kind feelings, his justification of his cruel orders, was that war was "Hell."

I marched across this desolated land of South Carolina a few days afterwards on my return home, and thirty years later I rode over the same tract in a palace car. From desolation had sprung thriving cities and cotton factories of larger extent than those of any southern State and rivaling New England in their products. The supremacy of the North in cotton fabrics is threatened by the people whose country their armies had laid waste. The pure strong Anglo-Saxon Southern race refused to succumb to the storm, but arose with the sunshine of peace to rebuild their ruined homes.

The commander of this army of desolation has

passed away some years since. Whatever motive may have actuated him in his campaigns in Georgia and the Carolinas, he is entitled to the name of an able soldier, but also to that of a cold, pitiless, heartless man.

We now return to the campaign in North Carolina. After crossing the Cape Fear river we pressed on to a place called Aversborro, where our flanks were protected respectively by a morass and a river, and it seemed at last that we were to challenge the enemy to combat. Although our ranks had been depleted by long marches, we were weary of the retreat, were prepared to do our best and welcomed the prospect of battle. It was here that the second Georgia reserves were drawn up for battle, and were reduced from three hundred and fifty men to thirty-nine in number, by the hardships of the march from Savannah. The enemy approached and after a sharp skirmish refused to attack us until they had a large force moving toward our rear. It was here that Colonel Rhett rode in our immediate front into the Federal lines, although warned by our pickets and was of course captured. His command was called the South Carolina Regulars; they left Charleston a fair sized regiment, but when drawn up for battle near us numbered less than two hundred men. They were unfit for such a campaign and if I was not misinformed their ranks were largely depleted by desertion.

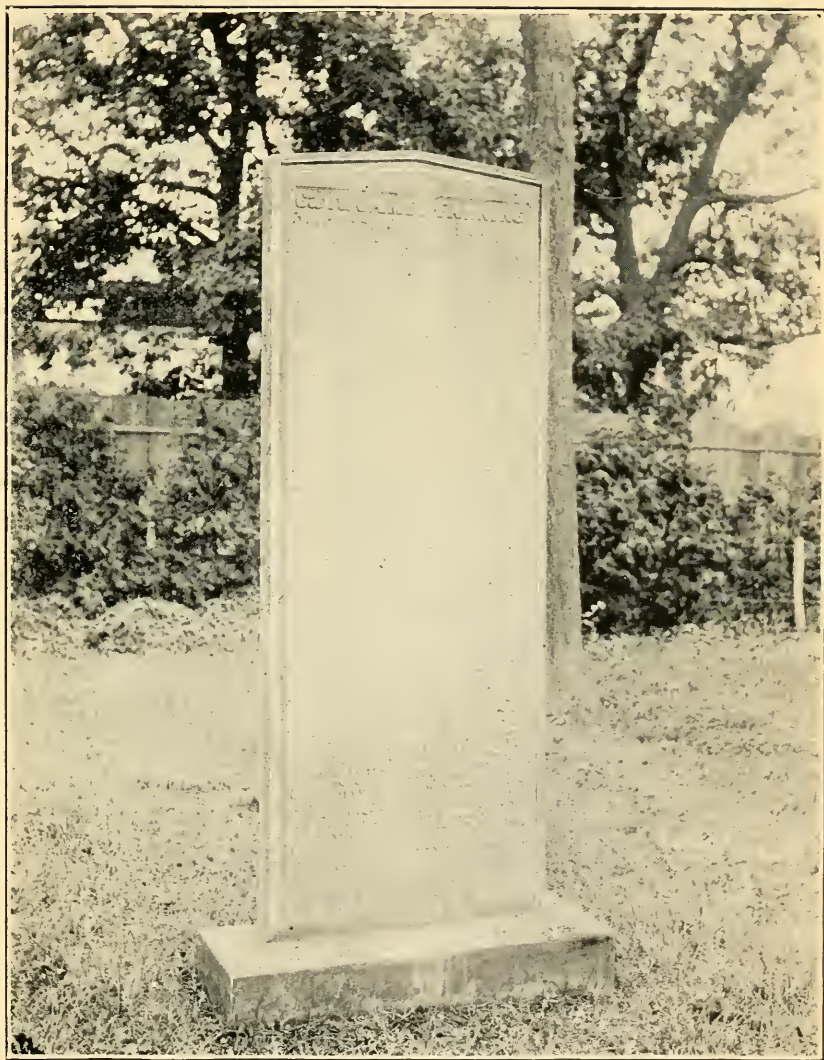
We were without entrenching tools and we hurriedly formed a line of breastworks of pine knots, that lay upon the soil in the pine woods around us. A few shells would have made sad havoc of this barricade. Our pickets were driven very close to our line of battle, and as night approached we were momentarily expecting an attack, the suspense was extreme. I think the appearance of our pine knot barricade saved us from an attack, in which our flank

would certainly have been turned as the swamp was easily crossed and we had no troops with which to defend it.

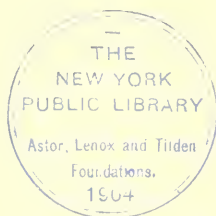
When night approached the camp fires of the enemy appeared, reddening the skies, and nearly surrounding us as far as our vision extended, it was certainly a mighty host and we felt the inequality of the contest. As soon as night had fallen (it was fortunately very dark), our pickets were ordered to cease fire and quietly withdraw into our lines. The sentinels were not over thirty yards from our line of battle when they withdrew and the federal picket was but a few yards further. Our troops filed out of our barricades with a very strong picket line of the enemy within less than an hundred yards of our front. We were very silent and the Federal pickets were talking to each other in the dark woods but were uncertain as to what to do. When our pickets had been brought in and the last of our troops had left our barricade, I have little doubt that some of the enemy were among our pine knots five minutes after we left them.

I was in the rear of the line, and as we were leaving I felt a musket and cartridge box leaning against a tree; and from its position I knew that it belonged to one of the reserves who had abandoned it. I took about a half dozen cartridges from the box and put them one after another in the musket and rammed them down, then threw the ramrod away. I leaned the gun up against a tree saying to myself, some Yankee soldier will find this gun in the morning, will probably shoot it off, and if he does how surprised he will be at the way the Rebels load their guns. I do not know the fate of this musket.

We made a long march that night and rested the next day; we were not as vigorously pursued as we had expected. While in camp here I requested Col-



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Colonel Wayne to appoint another officer adjutant and give me the command of Company "L," my brother Tomlinson's company. This company was twice as large as any company in the regiment having now about twenty men; the first sergeant was supposed to have been killed, its captain was disabled, and the men asked me to take command. Colonel Wayne acceded to my request and wrote an order to that effect, in pencil against the trunk of a pine tree upon a piece of Confederate paper. I supposed that it was not objected to. He then called a meeting of the officers and read it to them. The regiment was drawn up in line, they were ordered to present arms and Lieutenant S. C. de Pass, who had succeeded me as adjutant, read as follows:

"Headquarters First Georgia Regulars.

In the field March 1865, Lieutenant John P. Fort at his own request is relieved from acting adjutant of this regiment and will assume command of Company "L." For his coolness and courage under fire the Colonel commanding desires to return his thanks.

Lieutenant S. C. de Pass will assume the position of acting adjutant of this regiment and will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

R. A. WAYNE,
Colonel Commanding."

While I had done nothing beyond my duty to deserve the compliment contained in this order, I was proud of it as it was entirely unexpected. I have the order in the vault of my iron safe to-day. It was at this camp that something definite had to be done in regard to brother Tomlinson, he was often delirious with pain and his joints so swollen that he was incapable of giving himself food; his condition was pitiable in the extreme. I did the very best I could for him under the circumstances; my post of duty was with my command. A two horse wagon was going to

Raleigh, about a day's journey or more, this I had partly filled with straw and with another disabled soldier I sent him to Raleigh. I had but little hope of ever seeing my brother again. A negro man belonging to Lieutenant Frank Ross of Macon, named Harrison, had instructions to place him in a hospital. Harrison was to accompany the wagon and care for him. I assumed command of Tomlinson's company. We momentarily expected to be called into action, but were not closely pursued at this point. We were joined here by what was called the army of Tennessee, over which General Joseph E. Johnston had again assumed command. The fragments of Hood's army had been transported through Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina, into North Carolina once more to confront Sherman's army. The few that arrived in North Carolina were in a state pitiable to behold. There were brigades with less than one hundred men, and I recollect that a certain Tennessee regiment was represented by one man. The entire army so assembled, I feel sure did not number ten thousand men and I think had less effective strength. The appearance of these bronzed soldiers with their battle scarred flags was one that impressed me with the horrors of war. At the same time I felt a profound respect and admiration for these devoted patriots who had, without organization and of their own free will, marched so many hundred miles, to confront a foe with all the appliances of war and known to be twenty times their strength in number. It is to be regretted that a camera was not at hand to preserve the picture of this little army of heroes and patriots. With undaunted bearing they again presented their bodies in defense of their homes, their country and their constitutional rights of self government.

With these new forces under General Hardee we now had from twelve to fifteen thousand troops of all

arms. The situation was so perilous that President Davis urged General Joseph Johnston to assume command of the troops, although he had displaced him to put General Hood in command. General Hood after the retreat of his army from Tennessee resigned his commission. General Johnston had now under his command an army of twelve or fifteen thousand men capable of accomplishing as much as was possible with their number and resources.

On the day after our combination of forces the entire army moved forward to attack a portion of Sherman's army that was somewhat detached. It consisted of General Slocum's corps and contained an effective strength of probably double our entire army. When we moved forward I am satisfied that the men we expected to attack were further from us than we anticipated, our only prospect of success was in a sudden and unexpected attack. There was an immense body of cavalry in our immediate front under the command of General Kilpatrick; on ascertaining that infantry were attacking them, with their usual custom, their retreat was precipitate. Breastworks of rails and logs were quickly raised, the alarm was given to Slocum's corps and lines of battle were hastily formed to meet us. As we approached the first Federal line gave way with but slight opposition, and we moved through the woods striking another line of battle where a hasty attempt at obstruction had been made. We charged over these with some opposition, but it was abandoned with a slight defense as we moved on. The enemy had been forming their main line of battle with their artillery in position and such breastworks as they could erect upon an hour's notice, their position was a good one being mostly upon rising ground.

The two brigades upon our left, Clingman's North Carolina and Colquitt's Georgia Brigade commanded

by Colonel Harrison, charged the line in our front and upon our left. A large portion of our army were with them. The battlefield was covered with thick woods, the lines approached very near each other. The clash of arms was terrific, the roar of battle and rattle of musketry rent the sky, making a noise inconceivable in its magnitude. Our little brigade, commanded by Colonel Fiser, and our regiment under Colonel Wayne, went bravely forward over the first two lines of battle, and when we commenced the charge up a hill in the weeds upon which was the main line, we were ordered to lie down. I took it for granted that if the enemies lines were broken upon our left, that we were then to charge them in our immediate front, to complete the victory. But the lines were not broken. Our troops advanced in the woods within a few yards of the enemies main line, and fought a bloody, indecisive battle. While this terrible battle was in progress there was a battalion of artillery directly in our front not more than a hundred yards distant, and they saw us charge partly up the incline just as they were getting into position. Then was commenced a shelling upon our little regiment, enough to quail the stoutest heart, and strange as it may seem I do not recollect that we lost any men while in this position. A storm of shell streamed from five to twenty feet above us all, bursting far in our rear. If any one of us had stood upright I think that he would have been torn to pieces, but the artillerists could not depress their pieces sufficiently to strike us. It would have been a very trying ordeal had we been ordered to rise and charge the enemy in our front. The order would have been obeyed, but it was not given. The impression of this battle on our men as we closely hugged the ground on this damp hillside that eventful evening, I have no doubt remained long with them. Colonel Wayne, who usually refused to



THE FANNING MONUMENTS, RIVERHEAD, LONG ISLAND.

In memory of Mr. Thomas Fanning, who departed this life Nov. 29th, 1782,
aged 60 years and 15 days.

Mors omnia vincit.

bend his head at the whistling of a ball or the bursting of a shell, lay down as we did, close upon our mother earth. After an hour or more of cannonading and receiving no reply, the batteries slowly ceased their unwelcome noise, and the entire army commenced to work with great vigor to build breastworks. We could hear them, and knew that with their entrenching tools they would soon have them thrown up. Our commanders also knew that large re-inforcements would soon arrive for the army in our front, and we expected the usual result to follow.

We therefore withdrew from our position to occupy one where our flank could not be turned. This was called the battle of Bentonville and was a bloody, indecisive engagement; we lost nearly three thousand of our best men in killed and wounded and inflicted about the same loss upon the enemy. It was a drawn battle, there was no pursuit by either side. No prisoners of any consequence were captured by either army, except two or three hundred of Kilpatrick's cavalry that we picked up in the charge. We considered them a worthless set of vagabonds and not entitled to be counted. The loss to the enemy was a matter of small moment, but what a rent the battle of Bentonville made in our ranks. Several of my personal acquaintances in Colquitt's Brigade were killed, among whom was F. T. Cohen of Augusta, Georgia, who was upon Harrison's staff.

This battle ought never to have been fought. What effect would it have had if we had killed and captured all of Slocum's corps, with a loss to us of two or three thousand men? General Sherman's force of one hundred and fifty thousand would have been left to confront us. No one understood this better than General Johnston, when urged by President Davis at their conference after Lee's surrender, to continue the contest; he said that to order his soldiers into

another battle would be murder. This ended the first day's battle. That night our army withdrew from in front of Slocum's corps and formed a line of battle in shape of an inverted letter V, with one base line resting upon a river and the other a swamp, with the river in our rear across which was a strong bridge affording a crossing, in case of a retreat. Our entire army was busy making entrenchments, and our little regiment, now reduced to about seventy-five men, was sent out on one of our flanks that had the protection of a swamp. This was done to prevent the enemy gaining the rear of our army, if they attempted to come through this swamp.

It appeared farcical for such a small force to attempt resistance to any serious attack. When we arrived deep in these thick woods we found some cavalry pickets of the enemy, who seemed to be slowly feeling their way in our direction. We immediately threw out a few men as skirmishers under Lieutenant Rutherford, who opened fire upon the cavalry and they at once, as usual withdrew, but not before a great number of bullets had whizzed through the trees about us. We momentarily expected an attack, and felt our isolated position with both flanks exposed. We proceeded to entrench as best we could, and had the size of our small force been known we could easily have been surrounded. Next morning we gave our place to some cavalry and took our position with the balance of the brigade near the apex of our line. The army had worked very hard and completed good entrenchments with logs, and an abattis of brush, a few yards in front of the line. About one hundred yards in front of our main line were rifle pits; they represented our skirmish lines, and were capable of holding four men each, twenty steps apart. We stood on the defensive and dared General Sherman and all his hosts to attack us. General Sherman's organ of caution was largely

developed, he was not fond of charging breastworks.

All day we saw and felt that a mighty army was assembling around us. Artillery was parked in our front and strong double lines of battle were arrayed in a half circle around us, while heavy skirmish lines were pressed toward our rifle pits, and strong batteries opened upon our entrenchments. As far as I saw of our position we were entirely in a forest of high trees and thick undergrowth, except at the apex of our line, where there was a public road across our lines to a bridge over a stream. This was nearly a half a mile in our rear, and I think it was called Black river.

In the afternoon the skirmishers of the enemy in strong force, made a rush upon our rifle pits and captured a space of probably an hundred yards wide. General McLaws came upon the line under the continued shelling of the batteries in front of us, and with one of his aides ordered that they be retaken at all hazards. The bursting of shells over our entrenchments was incessant, but the order was given that a detail of four men from each company in the brigade, making about one hundred men, should be ordered to retake the pits. As this detail was being hurriedly made a few of the Federal soldiers, who had run over the pits, came up to our entrenchments before they saw them in the woods. On observing the strong line before them they stopped and attempted to retreat, but were all shot; they should have thrown down their arms when they saw the situation. The want of presence of mind in such emergencies has often lost a man his life.

About this time I heard Colonel Wayne cry out, "Where is Fort?" I knew my time had come. I was commanded to lead the charge in order to retake the pits. I handed my overcoat and blanket to Sergeant Duke and asked him to care for them, and standing

upon our entrenchments sword in hand, I commanded the detail, "Forward." The men rose up with alacrity and charged toward the pits. We had some difficulty in getting through the abattis immediately in our front, but I formed the men upon the other side and with a spirited yell they charged the Yankees. Before we arrived within twenty paces of the pits the Federal skirmishers evacuated them after giving us a volley. The air was full of smoke and the woods were very thick; we only lost three or four men and killed about the same number. I recollect the first man who occupied the vacant pits was a soldier named Davis of Company "G," the second was Sergeant Ben Smith of Company "B" of our regiment who volunteered in the charge, and the third man was myself. A short time after we had reoccupied these pits, a battery attempted to dislodge us but we refused to abandon them. Night soon brought an end to the contest, but the picket shooting from our pits and the skirmishers of the enemy continued until late at night. It is astonishing how few were killed by this wild shooting in the dark; the flash of guns and the bursting of shells were incessant. I forget our losses but they were light. A shell bursting in the pit in which I was standing with the men covered us with a column of sand, without injury to any of us.

I came near being shot by one of our own men after night, one of the reserves, who mistook me for the enemy, as I was placing a few videtts in front of our rifle pits. General Sherman had our army partly surrounded by ten times our strength, but a road was open in our rear. He was afraid to attack us, but wished us to remain in our position, hoping to throw a strong force in our rear the following day. He feared that our army would retreat during the night, and his surmises were correct. Toward midnight we commenced filing out of our entrenchments into our only

road of retreat. A battallion of artillery was placed in position and commenced a continuous fire down this road toward the bridge about nightfall, up to the time we left the entrenchments. This was continued all night, shot and shell were thrown down the road, at intervals of only a few seconds, it was kept up until dawn, and I suppose was intended to prevent our crossing. The line of fire was from ten to twenty steps to the right of the road, it was dark and the range not exact, and it did but little damage to the army. The bridge was made of strong logs and it may have been struck but was not destroyed; I think it was out of sight of the battery, although the attempt to strike and destroy it was continued. After our army had crossed and the bridge was destroyed, we posted a couple of cannon in a commanding position about one hundred yards or more from the bridge. At daylight a strong force of the enemy appeared at the bridge as if to cross it and then it was that we had a short lived revenge. Our guns threw a few shells thick and fast into their ranks and we had the pleasure of beholding a rapid retreat and confusion of our enemies, many being killed. Our triumph was soon over, we knew what to expect. Before the battallion of artillery that had been firing upon us all night could be brought to bear, in the language of the artillery, "we were limbering to the rear." Our regiment was again the rear guard and I saw this artillery duel in the early dawn. This was the last shot that I saw fired at the Federal soldiers. The fire of our artillery was very correct, striking in the very midst of the enemy. They fired but a few shells, as their departure as well as our own, was hurried. A parting shell or so was fired in the direction of our retreat from across the narrow river, doing no damage and received with a laugh from our tired and hungry command.

This is a reminiscence of personal events as seen and participated in by myself. I will relate an incident that occurred on the evening of the last day of the three days' battle at Bentonville. It was an act of courageous heroism that was without a parallel in these times of heroism. A little after sundown upon the last day at Bentonville, when our army was so pressed in the trenches that not a man could be spared from our front, a large force of the enemy had crossed the marsh and woods, driving in our few cavalry pickets and were about to capture the bridge in our rear. The capture of this bridge would have rendered the retreat of our army almost impossible, and this exigency was comprehended by an officer of General Hardee's staff. Assembling at once all the cavalry available, together with some staff officers, a charge on horseback was made; with a shout, through the woods across the skirmish line of the enemy, upon their lines of battle, they recaptured the bridge. This desperate charge caused a halt all along the Federal lines. Twilight was approaching and a line of battle was formed and entrenchments erected, and as night closed its welcome shade around us our army retreated across this bridge and was saved. It is said that in this cavalry charge there were less than one hundred men. One of the leaders, General Hardee's son, was killed, as well as a large number of the command. The greater portion of the soldiers making this charge were of General Wheeler's veteran cavalry. I am pleased to give credit to the cavalry for this brave charge in time of dire need and to record it, as one of the most heroic of the closing acts in the bloody drama of our Civil War. While not an eye witness of this engagement I heard the account of it at the time from reliable sources.

We soon placed another river, the Neuse, between our army and that of General Sherman and took a

position near Smithfield. Every man and officer in our army felt the full force of the desperate struggle we were in. Our enemies had news of the evacuation of Richmond, of General Lee's retreat, of the pursuit of General Grant's overwhelming force and were awaiting the issue of events. Our camp was filled with rumors of disaster. An order came from General Johnston that an officer be chosen from our brigade to go at once to Georgia and bring absentees, deserters, recruits and all available men to the army. When the order was known it produced a commotion in our camp, and the position was sought for by many; it was thought a field officer, or at least a captain would be appointed. Colonel Wayne was given the authority to make the nomination, and to my great surprise I was ordered to proceed at once to Georgia upon this mission. If I had possessed the power to sell this order or transfer it, I would have had difficulty in transporting my Confederate money. I reported at once to General McLaws and received an order signed by Kinlock Falconer, Adjutant General of General Joseph E. Johnston, to proceed upon my mission without delay. All Confederate authorities were ordered to aid me in every way upon my journey. I bid farewell to the regiment, the envy of all for I was going home to Georgia. With a knapsack weighing twenty-nine pounds and my haversack full of hardtack and some slices of bacon, I started on the road to Georgia via Raleigh.

Before writing of my trip to Raleigh where I hoped to find my brother Tomlinson, I think it well to relate in a general way how we lived in this campaign through the Carolinas. I wish also to give some incidents of a personal character that may have occurred in our arduous marches. We did not forage on the country and often suffered from hunger, our rations consisting of three or four hardtack and a thin slice of bacon

per day. Our brigade consisted of our regiment, the Second Georgia Reserves and a regiment of Georgia Reserves that joined us in South Carolina from Augusta, consisting probably of one hundred and fifty boys. I recollect that one of these new reserves was an old schoolmate of mine at Milledgeville, two or three years younger than myself, named Dolly McComb. I came across him broken down upon a march and gave him half a day's ride upon my horse. I met Dolly many years since the war and he brought up the incident, for which he expressed himself very grateful.

While in the swamps of the Salkahatchee river in South Carolina, it was reported that a small force of the enemy had crossed the river. Our regiment was sent down to resist them in a swamp thick with cane and palmetto. Our pickets reported a small force of the enemy about one hundred yards in our front. We formed in line and charged through the cane and palmetto scattering them to the right and left. On arriving among them we found that they were our own men, a company of the Georgia Reserves who were out of their position and partially lost in the woods. One of them was Lieutenant Joseph B. Beall, a young friend of mine from Milledgeville. These boy soldiers fired upon us as we approached, wounding three of our men and I believe killing one. I remember one of the wounded men lost his arm. I think we were warned that they were our own men before they fired. We joked the boys afterwards on account of having scattered them. Lieutenant Beall said that he recognized me and shouted to his company not to fire, one of his men had his gun drawn on me and that he prevented him from shooting. Years afterwards at Albany, Georgia, he asserted that on said occasion he had saved my life. I replied that when he was a small boy he was drowning in Fishing Creek at Mill-

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edgeville and I pulled him out of the water, so our saving was mutual.

It was not an infrequent custom with our poorly clad and ill fed soldiers, to require a Yankee prisoner to disrobe for our benefit. He was made to take off his overcoat, blanket, or other extra accoutrements that he might have, the word given was known as "shuck." As far as our men when captured were concerned they had no "shuck" upon them worth the taking. In the first day's charge at Bentonville we captured two or three hundred of Kilpatrick's cavalry. We had a very large man in the regiment known as Sergeant Copeland of Company "F." He was six feet and a half tall, had enormous feet and was proportionately large, and was barefooted. I saw him go down the line of these prisoners walking in the ice and mud, trying to get a pair of shoes or boots from one of these troopers, but none could be found large enough for him. I recall the reluctance with which the prisoners held up their feet for inspection.

When we left Fayetteville there was issued to our regiment about a dozen pairs of inferior shoes, that had been brought through the blockading fleet at Wilmington. These shoes were given only to barefooted soldiers, and while I was not barefooted our negro cook Willis was; I wished to circumvent the quartermaster and get a pair of shoes for Willis, I felt sorry to see him wading through the rain and mud barefooted with his long slue feet and jay bird heels. I put on some worthless shoes and went up to see Captain W. W. Paine, our worthy quarter master. The officers gave him the nickname of "Daddy" and so called him when not in his presence, I suppose in derision as he had been married many years, but had no children. I applied for the shoes, he said he had but three pairs left, that they were for the barefooted men in the ranks, and I could not get them. I exhibited

my old shoes and eventually he relented and issued me a pair. I then informed him that I had good shoes and wanted these for my negro cook who was barefooted and entitled to them. The kind old fellow was furious at me but I laughingly kept the shoes (very shoddy shoes they were), and gave them to Willis with instructions to take the best care of them. A morning or so afterwards I saw Willis standing by the camp fire boiling a skillet of mush, his feet were pushed in the shoes over the vamp untied, with his long heels protruding. I was indignant at the sight and seizing a long hickory switch lying near, as Willis was stooping over the fire his tight pants presented a fair mark, and I gave him one cut, a good one, that caused him to jump over and into the fire, I pointed to his shoes. After this Willis was careful of the said shoes. I mention this as the last and only whipping I ever gave a slave and he deserved it.

During the second day's engagement at Bentonville, our small regiment was in an isolated position in front of a thick swamp upon the left flank of the army. As we drew up in the woods with both flanks unprotected, with a very few cavalry pickets in our front, we were informed that the enemy were advancing through the swamp. We became aware of this by the whizzing of balls through the thick trees, the pickets in front of us withdrew. We felt the isolation of our position and the total inadequacy of our force.

Lieutenant Rutherford with about twenty men was ordered to press forward and fire upon the advancing foe and make as much show of force as possible. The rest of our command of about seventy-five were ordered to entrench where we stood. Having no tools but our hands, we commenced with great assiduity to obtain what we could to protect ourselves, while lying down in line of battle. Lieutenant Gus Rutherford, my mess-mate and friend, knew the peril

of his advance and before going came quickly to me and handed me two articles to care for, as he did not expect to return. These two articles were a daguerreotype and a meershaum pipe. I knew that he valued his pipe above all his other possessions, (he was an inveterate smoker), but I had no idea that he possessed such a treasure as this photograph. As we were working to entrench ourselves momentarily expecting an attack, I whispered to a soldier of my Company, a large, red headed man named Gilham. "Gilham if anything happens to me put your hand in my right hand pants pocket and take from it what you find there, they belong to Lieutenant Rutherford, give them to him." Gilham replied, "Lieutenant I will and if I fall, tell my old lady, who lives at Stone Mountain, Georgia, that I died fighting like a man."

The first fire of Lieutenant Rutherford's command caused the enemy to halt and they soon withdrew their line. They were probably cavalry and the thickness of the underbrush prevented our small number being known. When we withdrew toward night I handed back to Lieutenant Rutherford his precious mementoes, with a request that he never give me in trust such a charge again. For the benefit of the curious I will state that I looked at this daguerreotype and recognized a Florida beauty, who shortly thereafter married another man. My friend Augustus consoled himself in the charms of a young widow and at this time is happy and prosperous in the state of Alabama.

For fear these personal reminiscences will be tedious, I have a last word to illustrate what I consider the best qualifications of a good soldier, I would say coolness in time of danger. While in our rifle pits on the last day of the battle of Bentonville a shell struck the mound in front of us. It threw a column of sand over myself and Sergeant Ben Smith of Company "B,"

who was by my side. Smith shook this sand from his person and remarked very calmly, "I do not mind those shells." He was a volunteer in this charge, was an unerring shot, had never missed a battle from the many pitched battles in which the regiment had been engaged, and he was the first to enter the pits and killed a Federal soldier as they left them on our advance. I will never forget the coolness of the remark, spoken in time of such danger. Sergeant Smith was from Coweta County, Georgia, he was my ideal of an effective soldier, but we had many such in our army.

I will now return and give a short sketch of the regiment, for the very few days that it existed after I left under orders for Georgia. I do not recollect the exact date of my departure, but it was early in April 1865, and four or five days before the news came of the surrender of General Lee's army. A few days after I left the regiment, an attempt was made by General Johnston to reorganize his shattered army. A large number of commands from Georgia were placed in our regiment and it was to be known as the First Georgia Regulars. It comprised more than one thousand men and each company had one hundred or more men in its ranks, Colonel R. A. Wayne was given the command. A great many officers were placed in the ranks and many of our officers were dropped, to make room for officers from other commands. This plan of reorganization produced a commotion, but it was borne by the officers and men of the army with patriotism and firmness. While not present I was informed, that there was a great scramble for commissions in the regiment and all kinds of influences were used to retain officers' places. However this may have been, upon the reorganization my brother Tomlinson, although absent, was advanced to the position of senior captain of the regiment, and I was advanced to that of senior first lieutenant. As

neither one of us were present or knew of the reorganization, I have always thought that we had reason to be satisfied with the result. Colonel Wayne did not have the gratification of commanding this large body of men except for a very few days. The news came of the surrender of General Lee's army, of the conference between General Johnston and President Davis, of the refusal of General Johnston to speak at the conference, except to say that any further continuation of the contest by the army under his command, he would consider simply the murder of his troops. There was a conference with General Sherman and the terms of surrender arranged. Alas! the poor Confederacy. The Federal armies at this time comprised a million of men, while our entire forces did not amount to fifty thousand men with resources of supply practically exhausted. No valor could avail against such overwhelming resources. The position taken by General Johnston in this last conference with the President was a sound one, although bitterly contested by the President who insisted upon a further resistance.

The history of the last campaign of our regiment is not complete, until I give some further sketch of one of the principal actors in the many battles participated in by the regiment, during this terrible war between the States.

My first objective point on my way to Georgia was Raleigh. I arrived there in a day's travel and with some trepidation, inquired the whereabouts of my brother. I soon found him and was rejoiced to see him excellently cared for. He was in a small out-house that seemed to have been used for an office, in front of a large building and had the attention of his servant besides the supervision of a beautiful and charming Southern lady, Mrs. Rayner by name. God bless the women of the Confederacy. Mrs. Rayner I after-

wards found to be of a distinguished family. She was a sister of the Confederate General Leonidas Polk. All classes nursed the Confederate soldier.

My brother was in a bed with clean linen and feather pillows, but still unable to move his limbs or feed himself. The wounds that he had received at Malvern Hill and Manassas, together with his rheumatic attack had brought him to death's door. But careful nursing restored him to health and three months thereafter he appeared at our mother's home in Macon to the joy of all the household. My trip to Georgia does not come within the scope of this article.

In conclusion I beg leave to say a word as to war. Stonewall Jackson defined war as "death," General Sherman as "hell." Whatever may be its true definition it is always unjustifiable, inhuman, barbarous, the cause having nothing to do with the issue of the contest. Success attends that side whose resources are sufficient to overcome their opponents, which resources consists of ability to purchase men, supplies, and munitions of war. The acceptance of greenbacks as money and their maintenance as such, kept Federal armies in the field. For the last year of the contest it was the pure white flame of patriotism that sustained the Confederate cause. But no cause however just, no valor however great, could withstand the resources of the North, sustained by immigrants from Europe and with the frown of the civilized world upon the institution of negro slavery.

“UNCLE JOE,”—A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

[By Fannie Fort Brown.]

Family portraits are interesting, to the family apart from deeper feeling, they recall the intimate experiences of life.

Now and then when something startles, annoys or bores me, I catch myself saying, “well, that is heavy,” uncle Joe contributed that use of the word “heavy” to the English language, as he had a perfect right to do, and as I speak it the furrow between the eyes smooths into a remnescent smile. I see him again, an old gentleman, not so very old either, of medium height, bald with a fringe of yellow-grey hair around a well formed head, with the very thinnest, fairest skin imaginable, and the clearest blue eyes which he had a way of opening so widely (when getting off a joke), that the white showed all around the ball, an ugly man perhaps, but for his animated face. He was genuinely contemptuous of his own appearance for he adored fat like a Turk and discussed muscle like an athlete. And indeed he was as lean as “Don Quixote” and undoubtedly looked like our idea of that hero. Ah! but what graceful manners, and he never suspected what distinction they gave him.

High spirited, he ran away from college and went to fight Indians in Florida, he then studied law and never practiced a day. He became a gentleman of leisure, his idea of happiness did not include hard work, why should it? his father did that for him, and then his health was never robust.

So he hired out his slaves, not even caring to establish a plantation as most Southerners did. He had a fine orchard and strawberry beds, out on a pretty farm in the suburbs of Milledgeville and there he

kept his unavailable force, the sick and old negroes and the women with growing families. Even this bored and bothered him and mother had to "jog him up" to see after it.

One day a little darkey came to him saying, "Marse Joe, Cuzzie say the meal and meat done gin out." "Tell her to eat peaches," replied our whimsical uncle.

When his slaves wanted passes to stay out after nine at night (they were afraid of the "patter-rollers"), he never wrote them. If Sallie was not on hand I performed that duty, painfully and with pothooks. Which reminds me of his singular aversion to both reading and writing letters, he sometimes carried one in his pocket unopened for days, some of us finally coaxing him to read it. Why? Who knows?

He always lived with us, as father said "Joe's occupation has been to tease my children." Many were the practical jokes he played on his young victims, to put a small child into a frenzy of rage, was the breath of his nostrils. Near us lived a widower named Ebenezer C——, I was about six or seven years old, yet would Uncle Joe reduce me to bitter tears by allusions to my beau Ebenezer and my ten step-children to be. As we grew up we found out that our tormenter was a most intelligent, original man and unlike most eccentric people he was easy to live with.

On moonlight nights in August, our large and argumentative family would assemble on the long veranda and discuss this world and other worlds, the discussion of politics and religion especially waxed warm. Uncle Joe would rise to his feet, turn red in the face and declaim on the silent night air until some one would burst out laughing and the talk would drift into other channels. It is good to remember that temper played no part in these discussions, I doubt if ever a family lived more pleasantly together. Of course

Uncle Joe Fannin's religious ideas were odd. Everybody lent him strange books with wild pictures in them and delirious text. He leaned toward the mystic, he believed in spiritualism and experimented in mesmerism with a good deal of success. Our careless circle of young people looked on all this as rather a joke, he would have found more sympathy in this day, when people are so interested in the psychic. The war stripped him of everything; this he accepted with a genuine philosophy. He who had worn velvet vests of the finest, with buttons gorgeous to behold, the daintiest shirts, the immaculate broadcloth, peculiar to his class in the South, renounced these vanities with a rare grace, his humor saved him. He also took comfort in the "Banner of Light" and its marvels, a paper devoted to spiritualism.

Just after the war some one asked him for tobacco (gentlemen chewed then), he handed it over saying "Yes, I am chewing up Martin Van Buren." Now Martin Van Buren was a darkey he had sold for a box of tobacco, when the Confederacy was at its last gasp. I must be honest and confess that all his life he was more than a "little gay," a pattern man might be prettier but he would not be "Uncle Joe." His very weakness betrayed his innate refinement, under all circumstances he was the pink of courtesy. He was severe on gamblers, if he ever harmed a living soul we never heard of it.

His treatment of mother bordered on reverence, he was the gentle companion of her old age. If we only had a photograph of them as they sat on the shady veranda playing chess in the afternoons. Mother in thin linen lawn with snowy wash blonde around her neck, a dash of powder on her cheek and a trace of her favorite cologne in the air; and all about her, her favorite flowers, jasmins, geraniums and all the plants she knew how to grow to perfection.

Any one is a benefactor of the race who makes the world laugh and this uncle of ours had that rare "at-tic salt" which seasoned everything he said. His humor was highly intellectual and the things he said often too evanescent to keep exactly in the memory, yet left the liveliest impression. A more honorable man never lived. We ought to cherish his memory for it was his fixed conviction that "sister's children" were wonders, and "sister" he loved more than anything on earth. He never seemed to care to marry and I do not believe ever had a serious romance. Mother once advised him to address a fine girl that she knew saying "And I think she will accept you." "Sister," he replied, "when I decide to marry I believe I prefer to select my wife myself." Yet he was firmly convinced that everybody was trying to marry, especially the women and said that he should get married in the next world.

Few men serve in two wars but uncle Joe went out with the Georgia Militia in 1865 when the South made a last, expiring effort. Probably these poor old soldiers were rather a more pitiful than a terrible looking body, but we were proud of uncle Joe's spirit. He was sick and took with him a servant who carried "Marse Joe's gun and and things," in the little campaign around Jonesboro, Georgia. They did a little marching, no fighting I believe, and wearily with heavy hearts came home again. The play was over, the lights out and strange and hard conditions were to be met. "Uncle Joe" is a living presence in our family gallery, he fills a niche peculiar to himself, unique, alone.

A WAR WEDDING IN 1865.

[By Sarah Fort Milton.]

I am requested by my good sister, who is the historian of the family, to write out a short sketch of a war wedding, in which I took the rather prominent part of bride. Now I might have written a thrilling story of a war wooing, a courtship carried on at parties in which the men were all in uniform and the girls either in calico, which cost ten dollars a yard Confederate money and looked very handsome, or faded silk which had been dyed and turned in every conceivable way. Or I might have told of picnics that were interrupted, because freshly wounded men had been brought to the hospital, so that the surgeons could not remain away from their posts. In fact when I look back at the times I wonder that there was gaiety or any thought of marriage or giving in marriage among us during the year 1864. Macon was one vast hospital, thousands of sick and wounded were there to be cared for, every public building was filled and hundreds of tents were spread in every direction. Sickness and suffering were all around us, while nearer and nearer came the advancing Federal armies. Yet strange to say we danced and were light-hearted. I really can't understand it. Human nature is a queer thing and war brings out its best and worst qualities. In looking back to that time it seems to me that I led a sort of dual life. In the morning sister Kate and I with our mother, went to the hospital to give what aid and comfort we could to the suffering soldiers, poor, brave fellows, how our hearts bled for them. We carried a well cooked breakfast, but the crowning luxury was the large heaped up bowl of tomatoes and onions with a dressing of home-made vinegar. Never

can I forget the pale, haggard faces and gleaming eyes, as they eagerly called for more "tomatuses and inguns," and how glad we were to do anything to help them. We devised slings for the wounded arms, carried clothes to them, in fact, nothing we had was withheld from these poor soldiers. But when the day was over there was a change.

The town was full of young officers, surgeons and assistant surgeons mostly, and when they came to invite us to join in the dance, why we were quite ready to don our faded finery and go.

I suppose it would have been much more romantic to have fallen in love with a wounded soldier in the hospital, but it so happened that it was by one of the good looking young surgeons that I was wooed and won. That essential preliminary settled, the next question was "clothes," the trousseau so important to every bride. By 1865 the old clothes of the family which had been worn during the four years of war were almost threadbare, yet there were some remnants of better days left, which had been carefully packed away as too good for common use, these were all brought out and generously bestowed upon the bride. Three handsome silk dresses were turned and remade, "almost as gude as new." Then a piece of cloth which had been brought in by a blockade runner was fashioned into a cloak with brass buttons. These buttons cost eighty dollars, Confederate money, and the cloak cost \$1,000 in the same medium.

But the struggle was in the little things. The shoes which I wore away were made of coon skin by "Martin Van Buren," my Uncle Joe's famous negro. They had leather strings and I will add here that on my wedding journey I was so unlucky as to burn a hole in one of them and the bridegroom had the pleasure of paying forty dollars for the patch. As for gloves I had three pair given me as wedding presents, all home-

made and my recollection is that they were not only handsome but were well fitting.

A hat which was almost new was re-trimmed with feather flowers, the trimming and flowers cost three hundred and forty dollars. Now I suppose that posterity which is expected to read these memoirs would like to have some idea of the fashions of the day, so I will give a slight description of the wedding dress. It was a soft, thin white material, "silk lisso" I think it was called, the skirt was very wide over the voluminous hoop which was the fashion of the day, while the waist was of white silk with a point, back and front to give a slender effect to the waist.

A bertha of lace fell from the shoulders and full flowing sleeves, called "angel sleeves" fell from the arms. A veil of the same material, caught in with a wreath of tiny white roses (home-made) covered the bride, so on the whole, for war times the effect was quite fine. As for the groom he stood in his Confederate officer's uniform, that of a captain of the staff, and no man ever wore a costume more becoming, or one which reflected more honor on its wearer. From sadness engendered by the war, the intention was not to have a large wedding, but in those hospitable days, when one began to invite they hardly knew when to stop. So my memory recalls a gay and I may say a brilliant throng, which on that February night filled the spacious parlors in the old house in Macon. The men were nearly all in the Confederate gray and the girls in dresses which looked gay and bright, no matter how often they had been turned and dyed. We gathered around the well filled table eating of that then almost forgotten rarity ice cream, for there had been a snow the day before and enough was gathered to make a kind of ice cream. And drinking the last of my mother's good sherry wine, saved for some special occasion, we were all as merry and happy as

if no dark war cloud hung over the land. How little did we dream that in three short months the war would be finished, our fortunes wrecked and our bright hopes of the Southern Confederacy vanished like a dream.

I add a dressmaker's bill which will give some idea of the prices.

MISS FORT to MISS WYTHE,	
To making cloak.....	\$55.00
Two dozen buttons.....	80.00
Altering dress, Basting	
Thread and Pinking.....	38.00
	<hr/>
	\$173.00

Now one can see from this what an item the thread was, that the basting thread was a separate item. It recalls to me that thread was very scarce and very precious, and that we had a device for blacking white thread, which was a ball of wax filled with soot. We knit corset laces and shoe strings out of homespun thread and made buttons of pasteboard or even gun wads, covered with silk or velvet. In fact, the ingenuity of those days fills me with wonder when I recall them. The South was being tested and showed evidences then of what it has since accomplished.

A STORY OF ARTHUR FORT DURING THE REVOLUTION.

[By Sarah Fort Milton.]

My dear father was a man who left no mean reputation behind him as a physician and a man of public affairs, but few even of his nearest and dearest, knew of his talents in a line of which I am going to record.

It was as a story teller and a cook, for the two are associated together with him in my mind during my childhood. He was a man who loved to gather his little ones around him and tell them stories.

Often in the winter twilight before the lamps were lit, if we could coax a piece of dough from the cross old negro cook, we watched him with eager eyes as he moulded for us a duck, or a beautiful bird with a head and tail and two wings and a pert little tail which stood up straight behind. These wonderful creations were carefully placed on a shovel with a long handle, then gently laid over a bed of hot coals on the old-fashioned wood fire; while waiting for the cooking of the bird his delighted audience demanded a tale, "something about Indians or what you used to do when you were a little boy." So my dear father as he gazed into the fire told us of the big wide fireplace of his childhood in the log house, how he used to roast potatoes in the ashes while his mother would tell him stories of the Revolution. How she sat before the fire at night with her baby in her arms with only her faithful servants as protectors, grandfather being away in the war. They spoke only in whispers, so fearful were they of the Tories and Indians which surrounded them and ravaged the country with fire and sword, and they had vowed vengeance against her husband. She said sometimes they would hear a

stealthy tread on the outside and when she sprung to the window a dark form could be seen running away. One night as she was hushing her baby to sleep, she looked up and saw through a crack in the wall an eye, a wicked, cruel eye, watching her. You may be sure that she stopped all the cracks and fastened all the doors as best she could. She was a little woman, slender and frail, but when I think of how she managed to rear her family of nine tall sons and daughters, looking after the wants of white and black, having all the clothes worn, spun and woven on the plantation. I am inclined to think that we must look to the past and not the future for our strong minded and strong hearted women.

One day grandfather came home as secretly as he could on a short visit. You may be sure that all the cracks were stopped and everything closed fast and tight, for there was one man, a neighbor and Tory and a low creature, who had been scouring the country with his cut-throat band. He claimed allegiance to the King, but was in reality robbing and pillaging his neighbors for his own benefit.

Now I wish when I write stories of my household ancestors, as the Chinese say, that I could represent them as being in a stately mansion, with silver plate on the sideboard, but alas! truth compels me to state that the hardy pioneers who struck out into the wilderness left luxury behind them. They moved like Abraham of old with their men servants and their maid servants, their cattle and horses. They built and lived in humble cabins of hewn logs and my grandmother felt a little finer than her neighbors because her house had two rooms with an open hall between. While conversing with my grandfather in whispers, a noise of many feet in the hall startled them, a moment more and with a crash the door was burst open, and in came a band of Tories led by this villainous

as needed - passed as an answer to him - \$12,000 - that he
received and delivered the goods to us until answered the same - a
number of years afterwards while I sitting at the legation in Little Rock
Tresman came forward with a claim issued from these old books of Treason
the amount of 10 or 12,000 dollars our books recording this circumstance
were all taken and destroyed by the British in time of the war
we had nothing to rebut the claim of Tresman but my bare recollection
of the circumstance the claim being so large it was agreed in Senate
to take it up as a committee of the whole when they formed that com-
mittee they appointed me chairman the senate agreed to pay Tresman
the amount of his claim when the senate rose I gave in the report
I stated the whole circumstance of the claim that if Treason it was
paid for it was one that none of us then it was rejected this gave an
alarm to the whole assembly and brought about the act limitation
which I think would be very well for congress to pass some act
of that kind with respect to the claims against the United States
as to Tarkenton &c I think he must have had some very urgent
business or he certainly would have called on you and if I knew
what part of Virginia he lived in I would write to him I had
heard some years ago he was dead

I remain your affectionate
father

Arthur Fort

Sister B. Lodge & Susanah D. Fetter
give me in love to yourself Martha
and little Julia

Yours &c

A. F.

LETTER FROM ARTHUR FORT, SR., 1828.

(Fac-simile.)

neighbor. My grandfather rose to his feet without a word for it was useless to resist, there were twenty to one. "Give me your coat," demanded the leader, and his home-spun and well worn coat was handed over; "and now your shoes," and still without a word the stout home-tanned shoes were given up, barefooted and coatless he stood. "Now Arthur Fort prepare to die," said the leader and he drew his rifle to his shoulder. Up to this time my grandmother had stood paralyzed with fear, she now suddenly rushed in front of her tall husband exclaiming "shoot us both, for if he is to die I will too." She was such a little mite of a woman and her husband so big and tall that there seemed something almost comic in the situation. The leader hesitated, put his gun down and said "we will spare his life for the sake of the little woman, but boys take what you want in the house." My grandfather and grandmother stood clasped in each other's arms while their house was pillaged before their eyes. Nothing was spared, things they could not use destroyed or carried off, feather beds torn up, and even a side-saddle of which my grandmother was very proud taken off; it was found some time after in a swamp near by. At last the wretches left, and grandfather and grandmother laid themselves down to sleep with their baby between them, thankful that they had been spared to each other. After the war was over my grandfather soon had plenty and prosperity around his dwelling. He even as a Christian forgave all his enemies but one, and he always said to his wife, "if I ever meet him I will have to kill him." But this Tory neighbor took care not to meet him; he avoided going anywhere he might meet Arthur Fort, his gang had scattered, and he lived deserted and alone. One day my grandfather suddenly met him in the dark woods. Neither man was armed, when the creature saw grandfather rushing towards him with fury in his eye, he

fell to the ground before him, an object of terror. Grandfather lifted his foot which was of heroic size, gave three vigorous kicks to the brazen wretch, then he walked off muttering to himself, "I'd have killed him but for the little woman at home."

When the story was ended the cooking was resumed and my memory is that the bird was scorched without and was raw within, but no canvas back duck with champagne sauce had ever so fine a flavor.

A STORY OF NEDDY PACE DURING THE REVOLUTION.

[By Sarah Fort Milton.]

I must say by way of preface to my little story which I am about to relate, that it may sound improbable if not impossible to us at this time, when the thought of war suggests the roar of cannon and the sharp crack of rifles. But we must remember that if we step back one hundred years the cumbrous flint and steel musket which took eleven minutes to load, was the best weapon in use, and in a close hand to hand fight these must have been clumsy and hard to manage.

The story is a tradition handed down by word of mouth, and I am going to relate it just as it was told to me by a good cousin of mine who would not tell a lie. She in turn had it from her mother, a regular George Washington, she could not tell one, and she had it from my grand-father Arthur Fort, who was in the fight and knew all about it. The boy hero of the story was my grand-mother's cousin, Neddy Pace by name.

It was a beautiful summer morning during the stormy days of the Revolutionary war when in Warren County, Georgia, a bare-footed youth of sixteen was plowing. As he turned up the soft brown earth we can well imagine that his mind was filled with thoughts of the war, stories of the outrages on his neighbors and friends. The British had overrun the country and they had as allies the Indians and also the scum of the population, a set of border ruffians, who had made of war a system of robbery and pilage, rather than regular warfare.

It was very common for a band of these Tories and

Indians, with perhaps a few of the regular British soldiers, to fall on a defenseless family and carry off all they could and then wantonly destroy what was left. Feather beds in particular were an especial object of their notice, many are the traditions of how these were ripped open and the feathers scattered far and wide. It is hard for us to realize in this day when feather beds are relegated to the attics, how much those hardy pioneers thought of them. It was a mark of respectability to have several, and as they were piled up on those tall bedsteads and covered with the brilliant patchwork quilts which our grandmothers used to make, they certainly gave dignity to their surroundings; but I must return to my story.

My hero was suddenly interrupted by loud shouts. A number of horsemen came rushing by. "Come and join us," they cried, "we are going out to meet the British and Tories, arm yourself and come on, no time to lose," and on they dashed.

Cousin Neddy quickly cut the horse out of the plow, leaped on his back and rushed to the house to get ready to join the fray. He found that the elder brother had taken the gun and he looked in vain for sword or pistol, but found only a pair of spurs which he hastily buckled on his bare feet. Now just here, I must say that he may have owned a pair of shoes which he kept for high days and holidays, but the story was always told me that he had a fine horse but no shoes. At last he spied a long solid bar of copper, the handle of what is now an obsolete and almost forgotten article of household use, a warming pan, they were small copper boxes with long solid handles, used to hold coals to warm the beds of our forefathers. This was doubtless an heirloom brought over from the old country and now kept as a reminder of the days when the family possessed feather beds, now all emptied by those wretches, the Tories. Neddy seized this

pan handle, (whether the pan was attached to it or not I never could find out), and leaping on his horse away he went.

The battle or rather skirmish has never been recorded in history, but the tradition runs that it was a short but spirited fight. Hand to hand, man to man they fought and in the thickest and fiercest of it, young Neddy and his pan handle were to be seen. The Americans were triumphant and the British and Tories departed in haste, leaving their dead on the field, among them a British officer killed by that copper pan handle, and Neddy the proud owner of two swords he had captured in the fight. After the battle there was a division of the spoils, and all the arms taken were sold. So Neddy stood by and saw his handsome officer's sword bought by some body else, while the common one was bidden in and given to him. He returned to his plow having gained experience but not wisdom, for he carefully preserved the sword but foolishly threw away the pan handle. I have often seen the sword which was an old cavalry saber, black with age, and heard the story from my good cousin.

FANNIN AND HIS MEN.

[Col. Fannin was a First Cousin of Martha Low Fort.]

A THRILLING EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF TEXAS IN 1836.
THE MASSACRE OF THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY
PRISONERS IN COLD BLOOD.

The ruins of the old mission church of the antique Mexican town Goliad, gray with time and bristling with thistles and cacti, lies strewn in remarkable confusion along the river San Antonio on the south coast of Texas. These ruins like another Alhambra bring up thoughts of the past, and the Texan of today reverts to the stirring scenes of the Revolution of 1836 and of the bloody incidents connected with that struggle. The main building is still standing, it dates from 1732, it was occupied by the Spanish monks as a fort for defense against the Indians.

Early in 1836 General Santa Anna, the arrogant dictator of Mexico, undertook the invasion of a territory still claimed by the Mexicans. Sending General Urrea to chastise the settlements on the Gulf coast, Santa Anna himself with four thousand troops invaded West Texas, he had taken the city of San Antonio and with characteristic cruelty, putting the Texan garrison in the Alamo fortress to the sword. While Travis and its heroic defenders lay among the heaps of slain, Gen. Urrea rapidly advanced northward and on the 18th of March appeared before Goliad, whose church and stone fortress were occupied by the Texan commander, Col. Fannin, with three hundred men. On the morning of the 19th, with a small detachment of cavalry and several pieces of artillery, the Texans evacuated the town and retreated towards Victoria. But Col. Fannin was too late in the movement, he was intercepted by the Mexicans

on the banks of the Coleta, where ensued one of the fiercest engagements of the Texan revolt. Urrea had seventeen hundred men to Fannin's devoted band of three hundred. After a desperate resistance during which many were slain on both sides, Col. Fannin surrendered his whole command, it being expressly stipulated in writing with the Mexican commander, that they were to be treated as prisoners of war, and eventually forwarded to the United States. The Texan prisoners were placed in the old church, from which only a few days before they had departed assured of victory. Two days later the wounded, among them Col. Fannin himself arrived, the latter being placed under Col. Holzinger, a German engineer in the Mexican army. A number of Texan volunteers were also brought in as prisoners of war. Col. Fannin talked confidently of an early release and a journey into the States; all were cheerful, unconscious that the order for their massacre had been signed by the unscrupulous tyrant Santa Anna. The Mexican commander, Col. Portilla, was entrusted with the order for this wholesale butchery. Palm Sunday, March 27th, dawned bright and clear. The lives of four physicians from the prisoners, Drs. Bernard, Field, Hall and Shackelford, were spared, they were wanted to attend the wounded in the battle of Coleta.

The Texans were marched out in the open prairie and ordered to sit down with their backs to the guards. Upon hearing the order a young man named Fenner, sprang up exclaiming, "boys they are going to kill us, let us die with our faces to them like men." Others waived their hats shouting "Hurrah for Texas." The next instant there was a flash and a report, they fell dead and were dispatched with knives in a brutal manner. Many attempted to escape, but only twenty-seven succeeded. One of these was William Hunter of the New Orleans Grays, who was secre-

ted by a Mexican woman in Goliad and his life saved. Judge Hunter became one of the best citizens of Texas, and took pleasure in recounting the terrible scene of the slaughter of Fannin and his men. Col. Fannin was the last to suffer, he was tied in a chair with his face to his executioners, he then bared his breast and asked them to shoot him in the heart. Before the fatal shot he took off his watch, handed it to the officer in command with the request that it be sent to his wife. At the old Mission church three hundred and thirty Texans suffered death in this massacre on Palm Sunday, March 27th, 1836. The ruins of old "Goliad" cements the hatred every old Texan feels for the despicable character of Gen. Santa Anna, whose perfidy only equalled his capacity for cruelty and butchery.

APPENDIX.

Commission of Tomlinson Fort, as First Lieutenant in the Civil War 1861-65.

In the left hand corner appears the official seal of the Executive Department of the State of Georgia.

The Governor of the State of Georgia. A picture of the Coat-of-Arms of the State of Georgia, and the Motto is given, "Wisdom, Justice and Moderation."

To all who shall see these presents, greeting:

Know Ye, that reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity, and abilities of Tomlinson Fort, I have commissioned him First Lieutenant in the 1st Regiment, in the service of the State of Georgia: to rank as such from the First day of February, Eighteen hundred and sixty-one. He is therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of First Lieutenant by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging. And I do strictly charge and require all Officers and Soldiers under his command to be obedient to his orders as First Lieutenant. And he is to observe and follow such orders and directions, from time to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future Governor of the State of Georgia, or the General or other superior officers set over him, according to the rules and discipline of War. This Commission to continue in force unless removed by sentence of a Court Martial, or revoked whenever a Government shall be established by the Southern States to which Georgia may accede.

JOSEPH E. BROWN.

By the Governor:

HENRY C. WAYNE,
Adjutant General.

Commission of Tomlinson Fort, as Captain in the Civil War, 1861-65.

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

Richmond, May 26th, 1862

You are hereby informed that the President has appointed you Captain First Regiment Georgia Regulars, in the Provisional Army in the service of the Confederate States: to rank as such from the twenty-first day of May, one thousand eight hundred and sixty two. Should the Senate, at their next session, advise and consent thereto, you will be commissioned accordingly.

Immediately on receipt hereof, please to communicate to this Department, through the Adjutant and Inspector General's Office, your acceptance or non-acceptance of said appointment; and with your letter of acceptance, return to the Adjutant and Inspector General the Oath, herewith enclosed, properly filled up, Subscribed and Attested, reporting at the same time your Age, Residence when appointed, and the State in which you were born.

Should you accept, you will report for duty to Colonel Magill.

GEORGE W. RANDOLPH,

Secretary of War.

CAPTAIN TOMLINSON FORT,

1st. Reg. Geo. Regulars.

The Commission of John P. Fort, as Second Lieutenant in the First Georgia Regulars during the Civil War 1861-65, was burned after the War, in Macon, Georgia, together with his office and contents.

K. H. F.

Memoranda furnished me by Julius L. Brown, of Atlanta, Ga :

ARTHUR FORT, SR.

Member of Council of Safety.

White's Hist. Coll. of Georgia, page 687.

2. McCall's History of Georgia 133.

2. Stephen's History of Georgia, (Bacon Stephens) 300.

2. Jones' History of Georgia, 270.

Resided in Warren County, Georgia, 1793, and was one of the commissioners to lay off the County site.

Watkin's Dig. Laws of Georgia, 526.

Was appointed Justice of the Peace for Wilkes County, Georgia, March 9, 1778.

Was appointed J. Inferior Court Warren County, February 9, 1799.

Was appointed Justice Inferior Court of Twiggs County, Georgia, December 15, 1809.

Was appointed Justice of the Peace of Twiggs County, Georgia, 1818, and again in 1821.

TOMLINSON FORT.

SON OF ARTHUR FORT.

Was wounded September 11, 1812, at the battle of Davis Creek, Florida, and Colonel John Williams killed at the same time.

Williams' History of Florida (1837) 197.

Dict. of the Army of the U. S. (Gardner) 177, 487 and 565.

Fairbank's History of Florida, 256.

Fairbank's History makes the date May 12, 1812.

MOSES FORT.

SON OF ARTHUR FORT.

Judge of the Superior Court of Georgia 1827.

White's Historical Coll. of Georgia 261.

JOSEPH D. FANNIN, SR

Sheriff of Green County, Georgia, October 26, 1801.

Justice of the Peace of Putnam County, Georgia,
January 20, 1813.

Copied from a Volume of Commissions at the
Georgia State Capitol in Atlanta by Fannie Fort
Brown :

Abram Fannin, Gent., Ensign.

William Fannin, Ensign.

James Fannin, Esq., Captain.

Moses Fort, Esq., Captain Militia.

Isham S. Fannin, Esq., Major Militia.

Arthur Fort, Gent., Lieutenant Militia.

Dates of these commissions issued sometime during
the war of 1812.

COPY OF "FAMILY RECORD."

Taken from the Family Bible of Arthur Fort, Sr.,
who died in Twiggs County, Georgia, June 15, 1833 :

This Bible is the property of John P. Fort, son of
Tomlinson Fort.

This copy is made from the original, February 7,
1893.

"This book was purchased Anno Domini, 1803,
June 28, by Arthur Fort," appears on the fly leaf.

Susannah Fort was born June 9th, 1755, and died
December 13, 1820.

Arthur Fort was born January 15, 1750, and died
November 16, 1833.

Richard Whitehead was born 20th of February,
1776.

Sarah Fort was born 14th of August, 1779.

Moses Fort was born 17th of March, 1782.

Arthur Fort was born 3d of April, 1785.

Tomlinson Fort was born 14th of July, 1787.

Elizabeth Fort was born 11th of March, 1792.

Zachariah Fort was born 12th of February, 1795.

Owen Charlton Fort was born 1st of December, 1798.

In another column headed "Births :"

Charlton Fort Smith was born 25th of October, 1809.

Seaborn Augustus Smith was born 30th of June, 1811.

Susan Louisa Smith was born 27th of March, 1813.

Susannah Fort was born 5th of June, 1823.

Sarah Fort was born 10th of August, 1825, and died (which appears to be torn) 6th, 1826.

In another column under the head of offspring of Arthur Fort, Jr., and Mary Newsom, his wife. "Births :"

Elizabeth Fort was born 30th of September, 1808.

Tomlinson Fort was born 18th of January, 1811.

Martha Fort was born 14th of July, 1813.

William Fort was born 12th of April, 1816.

Richard Fort was born 15th of March, 1819.

James Fort was born 22d of January, 1822.

Penelope Wicker was born 18th of April, 1818.

In another column under the head of "Deaths :"

Arthur Fort, Jr., died 15th of June, 1825.

Mary Fort, wife of Arthur Fort, died 14th of August, 1823.

Owen Charlton Fort died 24th of August, 1829.

In another column under the head of "Deaths :"

Elizabeth Smith departed this life October 2, 1814.

Moses Fort died December 8, 1845.

COPY OF FAMILY RECORD.

Taken from the Family Bible of Joseph Decker Fannin, Sr., who died in Putnam County, Georgia, December 21, 1817.

"J. D. Fannin's Book, June 18, 1811. Price \$6 50. Eatonton, Georgia," appears on the fly leaf.

Under the head of marriages :

James Fannin and Elizabeth Saffold were married 13th of October, 1767.

Littleton Mapp and Ann Fannin were married July 21, 1786.

James Allison and Sarah Fannin were married September 4, 1794.

William Y. Fannin and C. Martin were married January 19, 1807.

Isham S. Fannin and P. Porter were married August 29, 1809.

Stephen Bishop and Eliza Fannin were married April 9, 1811.

James W. Fannin and Ann P. Fletcher were married 11th of February, 1817.

J. D. Fannin and Betsey Low were married March 18, 1802.

James Allison married Catharine Hand, September 13, 1816.

John H. Fannin married Mary Wright, February 3, 1820, of Putnam County.

A. B. Fannin married 15th of November, 1821, to Jane P. Williamson, of Savannah.

"BIRTHS."

James Fannin, Sr., was born November 28, 1739.

Elizabeth Saffold, wife of said James Fannin, was born November 12, 1748.

Ann, daughter, September 18, 1769.

Sarah, daughter, October 15, 1771.

William Y. Fannin, son, October 22, 1773.

J. D. Fannin, son, January 1, 1776.

Isham S., son, April 17, 1778.

John H., son, May 14, 1780.

James W., son, April 29, 1782.

Jephthah, son, February 17, 1785.

Eliza, daughter, June 29, 1787.

A. B., son, November 19, 1789.

Betsey Low, wife of said J. D. Fannin, June 28, 1781.

Martha L., daughter, January 8, 1804.

Ann Mapp, daughter, October 31, 1806.

A son, October 28, 1808.

James A., son, February 5, 1810.

Betsey Minerva, a daughter of J. D. Fannin and Betsey Fannin, was born May 3, 1812.

Sally Allison Fannin was born 17th of August, 1815.

Joseph D. Fannin, Jr., was born 22d of May, 1818.

"DEATHS."

James Fannin, Sr., November 4th, 1803.

Elizabeth Fannin, March 30, 1814.

Littleton Mapp, March 19, 1814.

Seymore Low the 27th of October, 1814.

Sally or Sarah Allison, 13th of April, 1815.

Joseph D. Fannin departed this life on the 21st of December, 1817.

James A. Fannin on the 4th of January, 1818.

Isham S. Fannin departed this life on the 26th of April, 1817.

Ann Mapp, sister to Isham S. Fannin, departed this life April 18, 1817.

Sally Low, consort of George Low, departed this life October 26, 1818.

Betsey Fannin, wife of J. D. Fannin, died on the 10th of November, 1821.

A son of J. D. and B. Fannin, departed life December 9, 1808.

This Bible is the property of and in the possession

of Kate H. Fort, daughter of Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort.

JAMES FANNIN'S WILL.

(Grandfather of Martha Low Fort.)

In the name of God, amen. I, James Fannin, of Green County, and State of Georgia, being weak of body, but of perfect mind and memory, thanks be given unto God; calling unto mind the mortality of my body, and knowing that it is appointed for all men, once to die, do make and ordain this, my last will and testament. That is to say, principally and first of all, I give and recommend my soul into the hands of Almighty God that gave it, and my body I recommend to the earth to be buried in decent Christian burial, at the discretion of my executors, nothing doubting but at the general resurrection I shall receive the same.

As touching my worldly estate, I allow my wife and family to live on the plantation we now live on, which I bought of Winstrell; till the death of my wife, and then to be equally divided between my two youngest sons, Jephthah and Abraham. And further, it is my desire that my wife do keep the stock of all kinds and working tools together, to raise and support the family.

As for the rest of my property: To be equally divided by the judgment of three, five, or seven men, chosen by the legatees, and not divided till their mother's decease; but she is to keep full possession of real and personal estate during her life time, only I wish a deduction of the amount of One Hundred and Fifty Dollars out of my son William's, share of my estate, at the division, and my son, Isham and my wife to be the Executor and Executrix.

JAMES FANNIN.

Signed in the presence of us the 4th day of November, 1803.

Nathl Parrot,
James Parrott,
^X
Mary Parrott.
mark

State of Georgia, }
Greene County. }

I, James McWhorter, Ordinary of Greene County, Hereby certify that the within and foregoing is a correct and true copy of the last Will and Testament of James Fannin, as the same appears from the original records of this office.

Given under my official signature, and seal of office, this the 31st day of December, 1900.

JAMES H. MCWHORTER,
Ordinary and Ex-officio Clerk of Greene Co., Ga.

THE FANNING FAMILY.

A HISTORY ON A TOMBSTONE.

The following inscription on a tombstone in the village Cemetery at Riverhead, Long Island, attracts the attention of visitors. Seldom, if ever, has a more complete history of a family been carved on a tombstone:

"Captain James Fanning died in 1776, in the ninety-second year of his age. He was the great-grandson of Dominicus Fanning, who was Mayor of a city in Ireland under Charles I, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Drogheda in 1649, all the garrison except himself being put to the sword. He was beheaded by Oliver Cromwell, his head stuck upon a pole at the principal gate of the city, his property confiscated because when Charles I made proclamation of peace, as member of the Irish Council, he advised not to accept unless the British Government would

secure to the Irish their religion, their property, and their lives.

"His son Edmund was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, married Catharine, daughter of Hugh Hays, Earl of Connaught, and emigrated to this country with his family, consisting of his wife, two sons, Thomas and William, and two servants, Lahorne and Orna, settled in Stonington, Conn. William, in a battle with the Indians, was killed by King William, who split his head open with a tomahawk. Thomas had a daughter, Catharine Page, and one son, James. This Captain Fanning served under Great Britain, whose Government was at war with France, married Hannah Smith, of Smithtown, had five sons and four daughters, viz: Phineas, Thomas, Gilbert, Edmund, James, Catharine, Bethia, Sally and Nancy. Phineas had a son, Phineas, who graduated at Yale, 1768, two of whose sons are now living, 1850, viz: William Fanning, in New York City, and P. W. Fanning, in Wilmington, N. C. His wife, Hannah, son, Thomas, and daughter, Catharine, are buried beside him. Gilbert settled in Stonington, Conn. Edmund became Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, where he held large estates. James settled on Long Island; had two sons, John and James. The latter was a merchant, residing for many years three miles east of Riverhead; had five sons, four of whom are now living. The elder, James, died at Moriches, in his seventy-second year; two Manasseh and Carl, reside in Riverside Town; Nathaniel resides in the town of Southampton, and the fifth son, Joshua Fanning, physician, in Greenport, Southold Town. Sally Fanning married Captain Josiah Supton; Catharine married a Mumford, Bethia married a Terry, and Nancy married Major John Wickham."

This inscription was sent to my mother. She was greatly interested in it, and had it printed and distributed among the family. She said it coincided with

the family traditions which had been taught her from her childhood. An uncle of my grandfather's joined the British during the Revolution. This produced a great family rupture. My grandfather and his brothers disowned him, and ever after spelled their names without the "g."

Brother Tomlinson and Sister Fannie (Mrs. Brown), were in New York City in 1883. They made a special visit to Riverhead to see this Cemetery. Fannie described the Fanning tombs as antique and very impressive, as well as most interesting and picturesque, one dating as far back as 1734. They are local celebrities, and are often visited by strangers. They have the reputation in the village of being haunted, and the children fear to venture near them.

The monument with this inscription is an upright marble slab, about four feet high. They hunted up the old stone cutter who made it. He said it was the longest inscription he had ever carved. It consisted of about eighteen hundred letters. He told them that this tomb was erected in 1856 by a descendant of James Fanning.

The monuments were in an excellent state of preservation in 1883.

K. H. F.

AN INVITATION FROM MR. AND MRS. HENRY CLAY, 1828.

This reception was given by the celebrated Henry Clay, of Kentucky, when father was in Congress in 1828-29. It shows the style of invitation used at that time. Mr. Clay visited Milledgeville, Ga., in his great electioneering tour, as candidate for the Presidency in 1844. Crowds followed him. He electrified the people by his stirring eloquence and magnetic presence. He was popularly called "Harry of the West." A lady friend described to me the visit of Mr. Clay to their school, his charm and fascination and the enthusiasm of the girls over him. He kissed them all, herself among them.

Father was seated on the stand from which Mr. Clay spoke, in front of the old McComb's Hotel (it is still standing) in Milledgeville. Brother Tomlinson, then a very small boy, was taken by father to see, or probably to be seen, by the great man. Mr. Clay placed his hand upon Tom's head, with, I dare say, flattering wishes as to his future.

I have in my possession an old banner, used at this time at one of the great barbecues given in Mr. Clay's honor at Eatonton, Georgia. It is of blue satin, with a rude picture of Ashland, the home of Mr. Clay. It is surrounded by cows and horses, with the verse:

'Up, Whigs, with your banners,
And out with thy strength,
And elect Henry Clay,
For your next President."

On the reverse side is a picture of a steamer under full headway, with the verse:

"Rise, Stephens, rise,
And in the might of towering mind,

W. and W.^{rs} Clay
request the favor of
Mr. & Mrs. Fort's
company on Wednesday evening
the 24th inst., and on every
alternate Wednesday thereafter 'til the 4th
of February next.
Dec: 1828

INVITATION FROM MR. AND MRS. HENRY CLAY, 1828.
(Fac-simile.)

Once more obey your country's call,
And serve her in her Council Hall."

This was Georgia's great statesman, Alexander H. Stephens, called "The Great Commoner." He was for many years in the lower house in Congress. He became afterwards Vice President of the Confederate States.

My father, a life time Democrat, was opposed to Mr. Clay politically, and also to his views as a statesman.

K. H. F.

SKETCH OF NANCY ALLSTON.

"Mammy Nancy," also called "Aunt Nancy," for nearly fifty years the faithful colored nurse in our family. Thoughtful, tender, kind, every memory of my childhood is associated with gentle "Mammy Nancy." In ante-bellum times almost all well-to-do families in the South had among their slaves a trusted nurse, an elderly female servant, whom the children called "Mammy." To her they came with their childish grievances, entertaining for "Mammy" a love akin to that given their mothers. At the close of the war, the Fort family gave to "Aunt Nancy" a house and lot in Milledgeville, Georgia, where she lived and died. Colonel Tomlinson Fort and Mrs. Julius Brown attended her funeral.

God bless the memories of the dear old Southern "Mammies."

SKETCH OF THE REV. WILKES FLAGG.

The Rev. Wilkes Flagg was born in Virginia about 1802, was brought to Milledgeville, Georgia, before he was grown, and then bought by my father. He became an expert black-smith, was taught to read and write by the elder white children of the family. He bought

himself, his wife and his only child, Wilkes, Jr. He bought and owned a home and the black-smith shop where he worked, and when the Civil War began had loaned out from \$20,000 to \$25,000.

He was a Democrat, a Baptist preacher and an abolitionist. He did not, of course, talk politics or abolitionism from his pulpit, but discussed these questions with the Fort family, to whom he was devoted. He would come to the house, generally stood with hat off, and talk for hours. He was one of the best bred of men and one of the most accomplished of house servants, for years had charge of nearly every "State dinner" given by the Governors of Georgia from Lumpkin down to Brown.

When Sherman began his "march to the sea," Wilkes was intrusted by the Fort family (who had removed to Macon), with all their silverware and jewelry, buried it on his own lot, in the floor of an old stable, then burnt the stable so as to conceal the evidence of the burial of these valuables. When the Federal army reached Milledgeville they robbed Wilkes of a handsome gold watch and chain, stripped his house of everything that they wished, tied him up by the thumbs to make him discover the hidden valuables which they were told he had, but he refused to give up what had been intrusted to him.

Wilkes believed that the hand of the Lord was in the abolition of slavery; that it was his duty not only to lead the colored people as a minister of the gospel, but to teach them in a business way how to take their places as citizens in the development of the future of the new south. He bought a lot and built on it a church known to this day as "Flagg's Chapel," and established a colony principally of the kins-people of himself and his wife, Lavinia.

No man was better qualified to have made a success of this scheme. For twenty years he worked at



NANCY ALLSTON,
Faithful nurse in the Fort family for fifty years.

it, bankrupted himself and died poor, leaving his old widow who had lived in luxury for fifty years a pauper. In one of the last conversations I ever had with him he said to me that in the latter years of his life his experience with the negroes had caused him to change his mind on the subject of abolitionism; that he was satisfied that the hand of the Lord was in it when the white people went over to Africa to bring them into slavery under white people, this being the only way under Heaven by which they could be taught Christianity and civilization; that they had progressed more in slavery than they would have done under any other circumstances. He was certain that they were not yet in a condition to be set free, and he was afraid they could not maintain themselves against "race prejudice," except with white people, who had been raised with them; that the master, with the property right in the negroes, was necessary to prevent a race conflict and the extermination of the negro.

He was a remarkable man, copper colored, six feet high, weighed about 180 pounds, very dignified and with the manners of a Chesterfield. As a minister of the gospel he was a man of great force, with piety to fanaticism. During slavery he was one of the most hopeful for the future of the negro, and after twenty years of freedom he said freeing the negroes was a mistake, a greater misfortune to the slave than to the owner. He knew that God did all things well and was satisfied, although he could not see it; that what had been done must be for the best or God would not have permitted it. His reputation for honesty and integrity was as good as any man's. I do not recall a negro developed since the Civil War who was more highly respected in the community in which he lived than the Rev. Wilkes Flagg.

Genealogy of the families of Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort:

Arthur Fort, grandfather of Tomlinson Fort, Sr., married Sallie Pace.

Arthur Fort, father of Tomlinson Fort, was born in North Carolina, January 15, 1750, A. D. He married Susannah Tomlinson. He died in Twiggs County, Georgia, November 16, 1823. Interred in Twiggs County, Georgia.

Susannah Tomlinson, mother of Tomlinson Fort, Sr., was born June 9, 1755, A. D. She married first Richard Whitehead, having one son, also called Richard Whitehead, born February 20, 1776, left a widow with one child, she married Arthur Fort. She died December 13, 1820. Interred in Twiggs County, Georgia.

The following children were born to Arthur and Susannah Tomlinson Fort:

Sarah Fort, born August 14, 1779. She married Appleton Rossetter. Died and interred at Macon, Georgia.

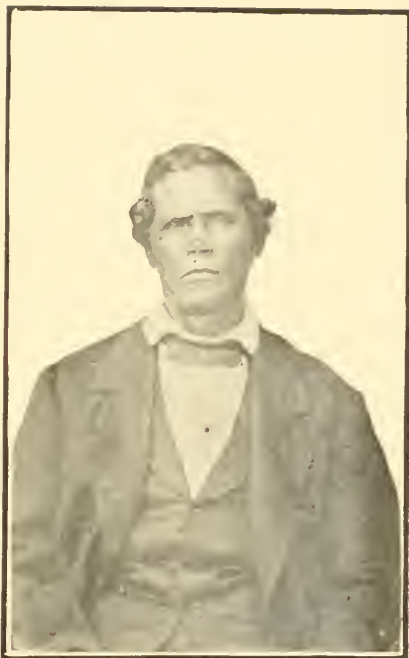
Moses Fort, born March 17, 1782. He married Endocia Walton Moore. He died and was interred at Milledgeville, Georgia, December 8, 1845.

Arthur Fort, Jr., born April 3, 1785. He married Mary Newsom. He died June 15, 1825.

Tomlinson Fort, Sr., born in Warren County, Georgia, July 14, 1787. He married Martha Low Fannin. He died at Milledgeville, Georgia, May 11, 1859. Interred in Milledgeville, Georgia.

Elizabeth Fort, born December 26, 1789. She married Lovett B. Smith. She died October 2, 1814.

Susannah Fort, Jr., born March 11, 1792. She married first Robert Jemison, who died, after which she married Samuel B. Hunter. She died in Bibb County, Georgia, 1875. Interred at Macon, Georgia.



REV. WILKES FLAGG,
Faithful servant and friend of the Fort family for fifty years.

Zachariah Cox Fort, born February 12, 1795. He married Amanda Beckam.

Owen Charlton Fort, born December 14, 1798. He never married. He died and was interred in Twiggs County, Georgia, August 24, 1829.

James Fannin, grandfather of Martha Low Fort, was born November 28, 1739. He died November 4, 1803, and was interred in Georgia.

Elizabeth Saffold, his wife, was born November 12, 1748. She died March 30, 1814, and was interred in Georgia.

James Fannin and Elizabeth Saffold were married October 13, 1767.

The following children were born to them:

Ann Fannin, born September 18, 1769. She married Littleton Mapp, January 21, 1786. She died April 18, 1817.

Sarah Fannin, born October 15, 1771. She married James Allison, September 4, 1794. She died September 13, 1815.

William Y. Fannin, born October 22, 1773. He married C. Martin, January 19, 1807.

Joseph Decker Fannin, father of Martha Low Fort, born January 1, 1776. He died December 21, 1817; was interred in Putnam County, Georgia. His wife, Betsey Low, was born January 21, 1781. She died November 10, 1821, and was interred in Putnam County, Georgia.

John H. Fannin, born May 14, 1780. He married Mary Wright, February 3, 1820.

James W. Fannin, born September 5, 1782. He married Ann P. Fletcher, February 11, 1817.

Jephthah Fannin, born February 17, 1785. He married Katie Porter.

Eliza Fannin, born January 29, 1787. She married Stephen Bishop, April 9, 1811.

Isham S. Fannin, born April 17, 1778. He married Fatsy Porter, August 29, 1809. He died April 26, 1817.

Abram B. Fannin, born November 19, 1789. He married Jane Williamson, November 15, 1821. He died and was interred in Savannah, Georgia.

Joseph Decker Fannin and Betsey Low, parents of Martha Low Fort, were married in Georgia, March 15, 1802.

The following children were born them :

Martha Low Fannin, born in Putnam County, Georgia, January 8, 1804. She married Tomlinson Fort, October 28, 1821. She died June 14, 1883, at Macon, Georgia. She was interred at Milledgeville, Georgia.

Ann Mapp Fannin, born October 31, 1806. She married John W. Porter in Madison, Georgia, May 6, 1824. She died July 21, 1875. She was interred at Madison, Georgia.

James A. Fannin, born February 5, 1808. He died January 4, 1817.

Betsey Minerva Fannin, born May 3, 1812. She married at Madison, Georgia, Seaborn Jones Johnson, November 22, 1831. She died at Talladega, Alabama, July 25, 1899. She was interred at Cave Spring, Georgia.

Sallie Allison Fannin, born August 17, 1815. She married Stewart Floyd, at Madison, Georgia, November 22, 1831. She died at Blakely, Early County, Georgia, 1877. She was interred at Madison, Georgia.

Joseph Decker Fannin, born May 22, 1818. He never married. He died in Dougherty County, Georgia, May 18, 1886. He was interred at Milledgeville, Georgia.

Tomlinson Fort and Martha Low Fannin were married at Madison, Georgia, by the Rev. Remem-

brance Chamberlain (a Presbyterian minister), October 28, 1824.

The following children were born to them :

A son still born, born August 1, 1825.

Julia Emily Fort, born September 20, 1826.

George Washington Fort, born March 22, 1828.

Abram Fannin Fort, born January 12, 1830.

Ann Elizabeth Fort, born September 3, 1831.

Martha Fannin Fort, born December 17, 1833.

Susan Augusta Fort, born January 25, 1836.

Catharine Haynes Fort, born February 16, 1838.

Tomlinson Fort, Jr., born April 26, 1839.

John Porter Fort, born August 16, 1841.

Sarah Floyd Fort, born December 23, 1843.

Eliza Roan Fort, born August 2, 1846.

Frances Gilmer Fort, born January 29, 1849.

Marriages of the children of Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort :

Married at Milledgeville, Georgia, by the Rev. John Baker, Edward David Huguenin to Julia Emily Fort, April 15, 1847.

Married at Milledgeville, Georgia, by the Rev. Mr. Foote, Robert Jarold Morgan to Martha Fannin Fort, September 19, 1854.

Married at Macon, Georgia, by the Rev. William Flinn, Harvey Oliver Milton to Sarah Floyd Fort, February 1, 1865.

Married at Macon, Georgia, by the Rev. Benjamin Johnson, Julius Lewis Brown to Frances Gilmer Fort, November 8, 1871.

Married at Atlanta, Georgia, by the Rev. William F. Cook, John Porter Fort to Tallulah Hay Ellis, October 29, 1881.

Births of the grandchildren of Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort :

The children of Edward David and Julia Emily Huguenin :

Martha Fannin Huguenin, born at Milledgeville, Georgia, September 3, 1848.

Edward David Huguenin, Jr., born at Milledgeville, Georgia, December 2, 1849.

Eliza Villard Huguenin, born at Milledgeville, Georgia, January 7, 1851.

Julia Emily Huguenin, born at Macon, Georgia, March 18, 1851.

Julia Dora Huguenin, born at Macon, Georgia, October 19, 1852.

The children of Robert Jarold and Martha Fannin Morgan :

Mary Lou Morgan, born at Milledgeville, Georgia, March 28, 1855.

Tomlinson Fort Morgan, born at Milledgeville, Georgia, September 25, 1858.

John Ellington Morgan, born at Memphis, Tennessee, February 5, 1861.

The children of Harvey Oliver and Sarah Floyd Milton :

Tomlinson Fort Milton, born at Macon, Georgia, November 29, 1865.

George Fort Milton, born at Macon, Georgia, July 16, 1869.

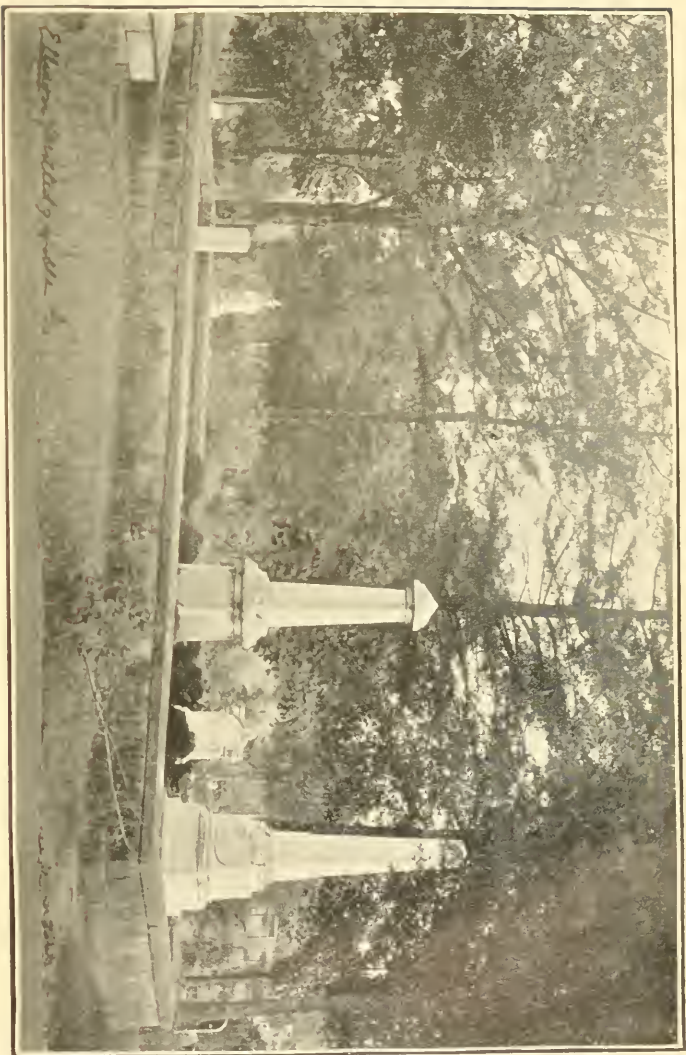
The children of Julius Lewis and Frances Gilmer Brown :

Martha Fort Brown, born at Atlanta, Georgia.

Elizabeth Grisham Brown, born at Atlanta, Georgia, March 31, 1876.

The children of John Porter and Tallulah Hay Fort :

Susan Ellis Fort, born at Macon, Georgia, August 12, 1882.



Milledgeville, Ga.

CEMETERY LOT AT MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.

Kate Haynes Fort, born at Macon, Georgia, December 13, 1883.

Martha Fannin Fort, born at Macon, Georgia, June 22, 1885.

Tomlinson Fort, born at Cooleewahee, Dougherty County, Georgia, December 17, 1886.

John Porter Fort, Jr., born at Mount Airy, Georgia, October 4, 1888.

William Ellis Fort, born at Albany, Georgia, December 28, 1891.

Marriages of the grandchildren of Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort :

The children of Edward David and Julia Emily Huguenin :

Married at Macon, Georgia, May 19, 1869, by the Rev. Henry Bunn, Eliza Villard Huguenin to Benjamin Marcus Tarver.

Married at Macon, Georgia, June 14, 1871, by the Rev. Benjamin Johnson, Martha Fannin Huguenin to Joseph Marshall Johnston.

Married near Albany, Georgia, November 23, 1874, Edward David Huguenin to Mary Priscilla Randall, by Rev. F. C. Johnson.

Married at Macon, Georgia, August 21, 1883, by the Rev. Joseph S. Key, Julia Dora Huguenin to John Richard Ellis.

The children of Robert Jarold and Martha Fannin Morgan :

Married at Memphis, Tennessee, February 22, 1881, by the Rev. Mr. Mahon, Mary Lou Morgan to John A. Keightley.

Married at Oxford, Ohio, May 30, 1892 (second marriage), Mrs. Mary Lou Morgan Keightley to Terry W. Witt, of Kentucky.

Children of Harvey Oliver and Sarah Floyd Milton :

Married at Chattanooga, Tennessee, February 8, 1893, by the Rev. Dr. J. P. McFerrin, George Fort Milton to Caroline Moulner McCall.

Births of the great-grandchildren of Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort :

Children of Joseph Marshall and Martha Huguenin Johnston :

Richard Wilton Johnston, born in New York City, January 7, 1873.

Martha Johnston, born on Long Island, in New York State, August 1, 1877.

Children of Edward David and Mary Priscilla Huguenin :

A son still born, December 1, 1876.

Julia Emily Huguenin, born at Macon, Georgia, September 29, 1878.

The children of John Richard and Julia Dora Ellis :

John Richard Ellis, Jr., born at Macon, Georgia, June 5, 1884.

Kate Fort Ellis, born at Macon, Georgia, May 31, 1887.

Edward Huguenin Ellis, born at Macon, Georgia, January 13, 1889.

Marshall Johnston Ellis, born at Macon, Georgia, May 5, 1890.

Tomlinson Fort Ellis, born at Macon, Georgia, December 1, 1896.

The children of George Fort and Caroline McCall Milton :

George Fort Milton, Jr., born at Chattanooga, Tennessee, November 19, 1894.

Deaths in the family and descendants of Tomlinson Fort and his wife, Martha Low Fort :

Abram Fannin Fort, son of Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort, died August 13, 1831.

Ann Elizabeth Fort, daughter of Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort, died April 6, 1833.

Eliza Roan Fort, daughter of Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort, died February, 1847.

Susan Augusta, afterwards changed to Susan Elizabeth Fort, daughter of Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort, died at Milledgeville, Georgia, April 18, 1859. Aged 23 years. Interred at Milledgeville, Georgia.

Tomlinson Fort, Sr., died at Milledgeville, Georgia, May 11, 1859, aged 72 years. Interred at Milledgeville, Georgia.

Edward David Huguenin, Sr., son-in-law of Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort, died at Macon, Georgia, March 1, 1863, aged 57 years. Interred at Milledgeville, Georgia.

Julia Emily Huguenin, daughter of Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort, died at Macon, Georgia, November 30, 1863, aged 37 years. Interred at Milledgeville, Georgia.

Julia Emily Huguenin, Jr., granddaughter of Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort, died at Macon, Georgia, August 29, 1864, aged 3 years. Interred at Milledgeville, Georgia.

Tomlinson Fort Morgan, grandson of Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort, died at Memphis, Tennessee, April 11, 1860, aged 16 months. Interred in Memphis, Tennessee.

George Washington Fort, son of Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort, died at Macon, Georgia, May 4, 1866, aged 38 years. Interred at Milledgeville, Georgia.

Tomlinson Fort Milton, grandson of Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort, died and interred at Villula, Alabama, October 14, 1866, aged 11 months.

Elizabeth Griscom Brown, granddaughter of Tom-

linson and Martha Low Fort, died at Macon, Georgia, June 7, 1877, aged 14 months. Interred at Atlanta, Georgia.

Martha Low Fort, wife of Tomlinson Fort, Sr., died at Macon, Georgia, June 14, 1883, aged 79 years. Interred at Milledgeville, Georgia.

Martha Fannin Morgan, daughter of Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort, died at Memphis, Tennessee, February 23, 1886, aged 53 years. Interred at Memphis, Tennessee.

Caroline McCall Milton, wife of George Fort Milton (grandson of Tomlinson and Martha Fort), died at Knoxville, Tennessee, September 3, 1897. Interred at Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Robert Jarold Morgan, son-in-law of Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort, died at Aberdeen, Mississippi, July 23, 1899. Interred at Memphis, Tennessee.

Mary Lou Morgan Witt, granddaughter of Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort, died in Chicago, Illinois, August 16, 1902. Interred in Henderson, Kentucky.

Chattanooga.

607

Mr Wierman

Dear

Sir

Forwarding

of my book

to you & family

It was at first

for private

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